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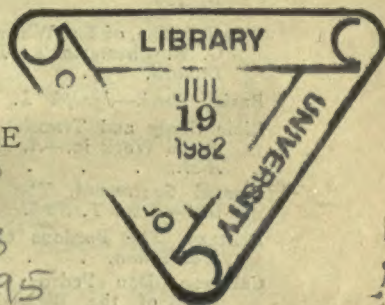
THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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V.95



GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

PUBLISHED BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

VOL. XCV.

APRIL, 1912, TO SEPTEMBER, 1912.

NEW YORK.

THE OFFICE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD,
120 WEST 60th STREET.

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1912.

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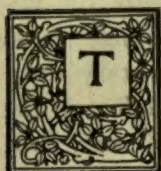
VOL. XCV.

APRIL, 1912.

No. 565.

DARWIN AND "DARWINISM" AND CERTAIN OTHER "ISMS."

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THOSE whose business or hobby it is to read the almost innumerable manuals, pamphlets and magazine articles dealing with what is compendiously called "Darwinism," cannot fail to be struck with the fact that the diverse, and not infrequently conflicting opinions, put forward under that title are not merely advanced as biological theories, but that they are also, more often than not, set forward, with more than pontifical dignity, as a complete philosophy of life on a monistic basis, as a sound substructure for educational and even for far-reaching political theories and, in fact, one might almost say, as a kind of new gospel wherein may be found help and direction in all the changes and chances of life. It is a bold claim; and the object of these papers is to see how far it is justifiable.

To those, at any rate, who have really studied Darwin's works and especially those works as illustrated and commented on by his "Life and Letters" and who consequently know something of what his real views were, the glosses—to use no stronger term—which are put upon his theories must often cause astonishment. Not less astonishing is the calm way in which opinions put forward by Darwin in a very tentative manner, and opinions founded upon them which were quite unknown to that author are now enunciated as the last and infallible word of science, and whoever denies it will without doubt be scientifically damned.

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

VOL. XCV.—I

Now dogmatism when practised by the Church of God—which if it is what it claims to be and what we believe it to be certainly has the right to be dogmatic—is just the thing which excites the righteous wrath of the kind of writers of whom I have been speaking. "Enslaving the minds of men"—"blinding the intellect"—"interfering with scientific progress," one knows the whole litany, "bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs and bobs-royal, and triple-bob-majors and grandsires—to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal" as Cardinal Newman remarked concerning another anti-Catholic litany now become somewhat musty.

It does not ever seem to strike our critics of religious dogmatism, however, that there is an old adage concerning the pot and the kettle, not unworthy of consideration in this connection; in other words it does not seem to strike them that there is just the possibility of the existence of such a thing as scientific dogmatism, unjustifiable as well as justifiable. At any rate men of science, whose claim to that title cannot be gainsaid, have in set terms complained of such a thing. In the first days of the materialistic conflict of the second half of the last century, two very distinguished men, Professors Stewart and Tait, wrote a book called "The Unseen Universe," the object of which was to "confute those who (in the outraged name of science) have asserted that science is incompatible with religion." In the book* replying to some of their critics who had accused them of dogmatising, they exclaim, "Surely it is not *we* who are dogmatists, but those who assert that the principles and well-ascertained conclusions of science are antagonistic to Christianity and immortality."

Coming down to our own immediate days, let us see what Professor Driesch has to say on this point, premising his statement by the note that no one will deny him a position amongst the most distinguished biologists of the day. In his excellent and most convincing series of lectures delivered in Aberdeen in 1907 and 1908,† he says:

Strange to say, Darwinism, and the opinion of Charles Darwin about descent of organisms, are two different things. Darwin, the very type of a man devoted to science alone and not to personal interests, was anything but dogmatic, and yet Darwinism is dogmatism in one of its purest forms.

*Preface to 2d. ed., p. xv.

†"The Science and Philosophy of the Organism," vol. i., pp. 260-261.

Again he states:

Darwin's polemics never left the path of true scientific discussions. He never in all his life abused any one who found reason to combat his hypotheses, and never turned a logical problem into a question of morality. How different is this from what many of Darwin's followers have made out of his doctrines, especially in Germany; how far is "Darwinism" removed from Darwin's own teaching and character!

But enough of this: every scientific man of middle-age will remember this when Weismannism was in the ascendent. If dogmatism there be, one may reasonably ask on what authority the dogma is promulgated. In the first place, then, there are certain things "*quod ab omnibus*" which nobody doubts, such as the fact that certain living things have backbones and certain others have not; that the composition of water and of various other common objects is what it is; that the earth is round and that there is such a thing as gravitation though no one knows how, whatever it is that causes that effect actually works. On such points no one would object to dogmatism. No one, in the present state of knowledge, can object to a man laying it down as a principle that there is such a thing as the force of gravitation, and postulating that as the basis of any other theory. Take a more debatable case, that of the ether, a thing of contradictory attributes which cannot be isolated, or seen, or estimated, yet, which is so generally assumed, that one may almost say that it may be dogmatised upon—but with caution and always with the reservation that some day everything built on this foundation may have to be re-considered. Very shortly we shall consider how far dogmatic Darwinism falls in with the conditions just laid down.

Or again one may be awed into accepting a dogma by the magic of the name of its promulgator—at any time a dangerous attitude. But in the cases with which we are now chiefly concerned, there is but little magic to affect us. I lay it down as a principle that no person who has not devoted a certain number of years to really hard original research in some line of biology, is fit to estimate the value of many of the theories which are daily put forward. Manuals written by those who have not gone through such a discipline and received some measure of acknowledgment from their scientific compeers, are usually not worth the paper which they are written on. Such manuals may be wholly disregarded; and I

make this statement in the belief that it would, at least in the main, be agreed to by those whose opinion on the matter is worthy of consideration. Tried by this test, ninety per cent. of the manuals and articles may be ruled out of court. Written, as many of them are, by the half-ignorant for the use of those even less well-informed than themselves, they abound at once in misstatements and bold assertions. It is this ignorant rubbish, the back-wash of the last half of the nineteenth century, and its effect upon the uninstructed reading population and not the opinions of the really great exponents of, and workers at, science that we have to meet. It is impossible to pursue these points further; but a most interesting catena of absurd and pretentious statements might be made from the misleading manuals. An equally interesting and much more convincing catena might also be made of the admissions—the honest admissions—the doubts, the hesitations of genuine men of science in putting forward their theories for the consideration of their compeers. At any rate there is one thing quite clear and it is this:—*the ordinary non-scientific person cannot be expected to embrace, and ought not to be expected to embrace, any scientific opinion until it may be asserted of that opinion, that the genuine scientific world is fairly unanimous in giving its adherence to it.* It may be claimed that this is the minimum of evidence on which a doctrine should be received as coming with authority. Tried by this test, how very few of the theories of to-day would stand any chance of survival?—

The following remarks in a review of some works on evolution, by a witty writer in the Literary Supplement of the "Times,"* sum the situation up rhetorically, perhaps, but not inaccurately, and much more graphically than is within the power of the present writer.

No one possessed of a sense of humor can contemplate without amusement the battle of evolution, encrimsoned (dialectically speaking) with the gore of innumerable combatants, encumbered with the corpses of the (dialectically) slain and resounding with the cries of the living, as they hustle together in the fray. Here are zoologists, embryologists, botanists, morphologists, biometricians, anthropologists, sociologists, persons with banners and persons without; Darwinians and Neo-Darwinians (what a name), Lamarckians and neo-Lamarckians, Galtonians, Haeckelians, Weismannians, de Vriesians, Mendelians, Hertwigians, and

*June 9, 1905.

many more whom it would be tedious to enumerate. Never was seen such a *mêlée*. The humor of it is, that they all claim to represent "Science," the serene, the majestic, the absolutely sure, the undivided and immutable, the one and only vicegerent of Truth, her other self. Not theirs the weakness of the theologians or the metaphysicians, who stumble about in uncertainty, obscurity, and ignorance, with their baseless assumptions, flimsy hypotheses, logical fallacies, interminable dissensions, and all the other marks of inferiority on which the votaries of science pour ceaseless scorn. Yet it would puzzle them to point to a theological battlefield exhibiting more uncertainty, obscurity, dissension, assumption, and fallacy than their own. For the plain truth is that, though some agree in this and that, there is not a single point in which all agree; battling for evolution they have torn it to pieces; nothing is left, nothing at all on their showing, save a few fragments strewn about the arena.

Exaggerated, you say. Well, read Professor Kellogg's work "Darwinism To-Day." The Professor is a man who has won his spurs in original research; he has a very wide acquaintance with the literature of evolution and he gives his summaries of it with scrupulous honesty—at least that is my judgment.

He cannot be accused of anti-Darwinian bias and he does not conceal his contempt for the poor deluded Catholic. But read his book and particularly read the excellent summaries appended to the chapters, and then ask yourself the question, "Is the man in the 'Times' so great an exaggerator as I thought?"

I began by saying that a scientific theory, if it is to command the respect of the unscientific (let alone the scientific) reader should have something like general consent behind it. If that proposition is unassailable, then there are very few of the theories grouped under the name of "Darwinism" which occupy such a position or anything like such a position, and this statement I now proceed to elaborate and justify.

WHAT DARWIN HIMSELF HELD.

It has already been pointed out that what Darwin held is not exactly the same—in some cases by no means the same—as what is commonly called "Darwinism." It may, therefore, be well to take a few points seriatim with the intention of discovering what Darwin himself thought about them and what is thought about them to-day.

1. In the first place, then, it is quite clear that Darwin held

that Transformism was the explanation of the world of life as we know it, that, that all living things came from one or more forms and were thus genetically related to one another. But he did not commit himself absolutely in "The Origin" to either a mono- or a polyphyletic scheme of transformism, for in the celebrated passage which occurs at the end of that book he alludes to "life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or one," and it may be noted that the words "perhaps into only one" which represent those quoted in the latest draft were actually written into it in pencil, as if they were an afterthought.*

II. Darwin also believed that Natural Selection—which unlike transformism, an old theory (as we shall see) of which he made use, was his own original idea—was a very potent agent of transformism. It was to prove this that his most celebrated work was written, as its title—often ignored by persons who ought to be familiar with it—quite clearly shows. "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life."

III. Darwin further put forward a theory of Sexual Selection, as an adjunct factor of transformism. Accordingly to this theory the struggle on the part of male members of a species to secure the most desirable females also produces a form of selection by which transformism may be brought about.

IV. Darwin put forward the theory of Pangenesis, which is difficult to define as briefly as must be done here, but which may be described as a means of accounting for heredity by postulating an accumulation, in the germ from which the scion is to arise, of small particles representing each heritable factor in the parental body.

V. Darwin held that Man, body and all, including mental characteristics, was developed from some lower form.

VI. Darwin held doubtfully and tentatively to various other matters or perhaps it would be fairer to say that he kept an open mind upon them, such as Lamarckianism (now held by the neo-Darwinians to be utterly opposed to his views). "He was Lamarckian to a very far-reaching extent" says Driesch.† Again he does not make it absolutely clear as to what he believed respecting the importance of small and great variations respectively in the

*"Origin of Species, etc.," ed. vi., p. 429; and see "The Foundations of the Origin of Species," 1909, pp. 52, note 2; and 254, note 4.

†Op. cit., vol. i., p. 260.

process of evolution, which is, no doubt largely to be accounted for by the fact that this point, now one of crucial importance, had been but little discussed in his own time. At any rate his own commentators of to-day seem uncertain as to how his views are to be interpreted on this matter.*

VII. Darwin's attitude towards the idea of a Creator is a little difficult to define, but as he has been claimed by Haeckel as a monist, something should be said upon this point. As will be gathered from the quotation given above Darwin in the "Origin" acknowledged the existence and work of a Creator, and what is rather remarkable, actually added the words "by the Creator" in the second edition. There they remained till the end, in spite of any changes which took place in Darwin's own opinions. These, as he himself admitted, became more and more agnostic towards the end. In one of his letters he states his "inward conviction" that "the Universe is not the result of chance," but, he continues, "with me the horrid doubt always arises, whether the convictions of man's mind which has been developed from the mind of the lower animals, are of any value or at all trustworthy." This attitude of despair with regard to the intellectual powers, it may be remarked incidentally, like solipsism, must logically lead to a complete paralysis of thought.† This change of mind may perhaps be in part attributed to the *Zeitgeist*, for materialism was then in the air far more than it is now; partly to the unkind, unfair and unreasonable things said about Darwin himself and his views by some of his religious, but imperfectly instructed, opponents; and partly—perhaps one may even think largely,—to the strange atrophying effect upon a large part of his intellect caused by too great absorption in scientific questions.

It is well known that he admitted that whilst he had once loved poetry, pictures and music, he had lost all these tastes, could not "endure to read a line of poetry," found Shakespeare "so intolerably dull that it nauseated me." And so on with other artistic pleasures. "My mind," he says, "seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive."‡ These points have been briefly mentioned here because from the

*See the discussion on pp. 70 and 71 of "Darwin and Modern Science."

†See "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," vol. i., p. 316. Further statements respecting his religious attitude at same place.

‡Ib., vol. i., pp. 100-101.

paean uttered by some it might be taken that Darwin himself had led an anti-religious campaign, whereas the fact seems to have been that his interests were not vividly excited in this direction at all, and that in his "most extreme fluctuations" he had "never been an atheist in the sense of denying the existence of a God."*

The above list of opinions is, (need it be said?) by no means exhaustive, but some of them will suffice as a groundwork for the historical criticism which has now to be attempted. Moreover they will, in some measure, indicate what Darwin's own views were and in what measure they correspond with the thing called "Darwinism" at the present day.

We shall take up the various points *seriatim*, before proceeding to the consideration of some general matters which arise in connection with the subject of Darwinism as a whole.

I.

TRANSFORMISM.

Transformism is the theory which teaches, that one living form or species is derived from another and not specially created. "The fact of organic evolution is at least as certain a part of knowledge as the law of universal gravitation." I set down this amazing quotation from a very cocksure and very misleading little manual, because it is an excellent example of the kind of nonsense which is brought before the ignorant public by—charity demands that we should say—ignorant writers. As a mere matter of fact the theory of transformism or organic evolution is not proved; it may never be proved; it is perhaps incapable of complete demonstration. That this statement is not merely the biased expression of opinion of a mere Catholic can be proved by a quotation from the work of a master of science who has never, I think, been accused of any Catholic leanings. I allude to Professor T. H. Morgan. In a most admirable and careful discussion of the whole question of so-called "Darwinism,"† after discussing Fleischmann's views on evolution, and deciding that his arguments have not seriously weakened the theory, he continues:—"He has done, nevertheless, good service in recalling the fact that, however, probable the theory (*i. e.*, of evolution) may appear, the evidence is indirect and an exact proof is still wanting." There is the sober word of true science as

**Ib.*, p. 304.

†"Evolution and Adaptation," Macmillan Co., New York, 1903, p. 57.

opposed to the irresponsible babble of the pamphleteer. Let us now try to estimate temperately the position held by the transformist theory to-day.

I. Unquestionably the overwhelming majority of biologists would accept some doctrine of transformism, however much they may and do differ as to details. Fleischmann, whose name has just been mentioned, is perhaps the only biologist of position who has taken up an attitude opposed to the theory, and it cannot be said that his arguments have produced any impression on scientific opinion. In fact, it may be said, quite fairly and definitely, that transformism or organic evolution holds the field as the working hypothesis generally adopted.

II. The evidence on which it is based is, as has been said, not completely convincing, and certain pieces of evidence brought forward, and formerly considered as conclusive, have not now the weight which they once possessed. Two examples may be cited:—

(a) The so-called recapitulation theory of Fritz Muller and Haeckel (which teaches that ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny, that is to say, that the life-history of the individual portrays that of the species) is, I see, described in a translation lately published in America,* "established, now perhaps irrefutably." Yet Professor Kellogg† says of this same theory, that it "is chiefly conspicuous now as a skeleton on which to hang innumerable exceptions." And further:—"the recapitulation theory is mostly wrong; and what is right in it, is mostly so covered up by the wrong part, that few biologists longer have any confidence in discovering the right." The evidence for transformism founded on this doctrine has then at least been considerably weakened.

(b) The whole intermediate link evidence is not as strong as, during earlier days, it was expected that it would become. Further, some parts of it do not hold as strong a position as they did when the field of geology had been less explored. For example, the well-known and oft-cited case of the horse's foot, claimed still by ignorant little books as a "conclusive proof" of the truth of organic evolution. Yet as a real master of zoology points out,‡ "there are flaws in the chain of evidence, which require careful and detailed consideration." And, after pointing out some of these flaws and

*"On the Inheritance of Acquired Characters," Rignano, Open Court Pub. Co., 1911, p. 11.

†Op. cit., pp. 18 and 21.

‡Sedgwick, "Text-Book of Zoology," 1905, p. 600.

difficulties, he adds, "It is possible that these difficulties and others of the same kind, will be overcome with the growth of knowledge, but it is necessary to take note of them, for in the search after truth, nothing is gained by ignoring such apparent discrepancies between theory and fact." This guarded statement is worthy of careful attention, for it shows that further observations have not always confirmed the impressions of the earlier writers.

III. Transformism in its simplest terms has been a theory put forward by many writers prior to Darwin, and by quite a number of Catholic writers of the first authority. Not to labor this point, the following quotation from Fr. Wasmann's work may suffice.*

Even to St. Augustine it seemed a more exalted conception, and one more in keeping with the omnipotence and wisdom of an infinite Creator, to believe that God created matter by one act of creation, and then allowed the whole universe to develop automatically by means of the laws which He imposed upon the nature of matter. God does not interfere directly with the natural order when He can work by natural causes: this is a fundamental principle in the Christian account of nature, and was enunciated by the great theologian Suarez, whilst St. Thomas Aquinas plainly suggested it long before, when he regarded it as testimony to the greatness of God's power, that His providence accomplishes its aims in nature not directly but by means of created causes.†

IV. From what has been said it follows quite clearly that a belief in transformism in no way leads up to a monistic philosophy. It may be looked upon as a method of creation, but it does not in any way explain the origin of things, or the origin of life, nor does it in any kind of way help us to do without an Author and Designer of the laws—whatever they may be—under which it works. These statements cannot be further dealt with here; they form part of quite another line of discussion, but since it has been claimed that a monistic philosophy logically follows from Darwin's theories, it may be said that from this one of his beliefs, no such conclusion follows. Transformism may be looked at from a Christian or an anti-Christian point of view. The former at least offers an explanation of matters left wholly unexplained by the latter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*"Modern Biology," 1910, p. 274.

†The reader desirous of following this matter further may be referred to the concluding portion of Mivart's "Genesis of Species."

CONSEQUENCES.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

CHAPTER VIII.



MARY Hartford stood upon the porch of her brother's rectory. She made no outcry when she saw the Senator approaching with his unconscious burden. Her arms were outstretched in mute welcome to any one in sore distress. She waited for no explanations or introductions, but led the way to her own bedroom, and turning down the spotless sheets of the narrow bed, she made a place for Jane's dusty little figure.

"Doctor Staples is the nearest physician; he lives five miles away. I think you had better go for him at once; we have no telephone. Follow the straight road to the left. Meanwhile I'll undress the child and do all that I can."

In the dim light of the shaded room, with her heavy hair falling about her, Jane had all the appealing look of a child, but the dispassionate woman, working so skillfully with the intricate fastenings of the girl's dress, did not care for children. Mary Hartford was not an old woman, but there was a grey rigidity about her face that seemed to preclude all emotion. Her soul had been swept by fire and now there had come a peace, a strange unsatisfying calm, born of her belief in her inability to feel further. Life held few interests; she was tired—tired of her world of tragedy. She held to no particular religious creed; but death, for many years, had seemed to her a release from suffering. She cared little for the idea of immortality; it was so impossible for her to comprehend a continued existence apart from the memories that had changed her from a happy enthusiastic girl into a woman who moved through life with the precision and passiveness of a machine. She never talked of herself. Few people knew her history. Some of the more conservative of the parishioners regarded her suspiciously; they had heard rumors that she was a divorcee who had resumed her maiden name because she had grown weary of explanations. The only definite thing known about her was that years ago she had taken a course in trained nursing and that her health had broken

down before she was able to practise her profession; but her knowledge made her very useful in assisting her brother with his charity cases. The poor did not warm to her because her personality eluded them; she gave them neither her sympathy nor her confidence, but they called upon her in all their emergencies and she never refused them her aid.

Above the white washstand in her room was a little closet full of simple remedies, and as she applied some restoratives to Jane the girl opened her eyes and looked about her wonderingly.

"Where—where am I?" she asked.

Mary Hartford's fingers were upon the girl's pulse. She tried to welcome her back to consciousness with a wan smile. "You are at St. John's rectory," she said.

"But I thought the church was closed."

"This is the house."

"The house with the roses—I remember now—I was thrown from a horse. Where is the Senator?"

"He has gone for a doctor."

"Is there anything the matter with me?"

"Only a nervous shock," said the older woman with professional brevity.

"No, I'm not shocked." Jane laughed that wonderful laugh that had startled Bainbridge with its strange likeness to her father's, and now Mary Hartford's slim white hands tightened on the wooden posts of the bed and she gazed at the girl with a pained sort of intensity.

"Where did you come from, child?" she asked.

"I hardly know how to answer that question," answered Jane, and she looked at the sleeve of her nightdress as if she realized for the first time that she had been undressed. "I came out of the woods just now on a horse; I did not know how to ride. As for my past history, I was born in France. I have spent most of my life in Paris. I came to Mrs. Dandrey's yesterday. And now would you please tell me who you are?"

"I am Miss Hartford," said her hostess slowly. "I wonder where I have met you before."

"Then you are Mr. Paul Hartford's sister," said Jane eagerly. "I met him last night. He dined at Mrs. Dandrey's. I believe we became very good friends. I hope to see more of him."

Miss Hartford was accustomed to women's admiration for her brother. She watched, with a sort of amused tolerance, their vary-

ing methods to individualize his attention but somehow this girl's attitude seemed different. She had all the ingenuousness of a child.

"I am afraid I embarrassed him greatly last night," continued Jane. "I am so hopelessly impulsive, and I'm afraid I have a very bad temper. When my father and I lived together in a chateau just outside of Paris, I used to stamp my foot in rage when he did not give me what I wanted. Once I wanted to join a band of strolling players, and when he refused his permission I ran away; and another time I got in a row boat and nearly drowned myself, because someone had told me that no one could act who had not suffered from terror and starvation."

"Act?" repeated Mary Hartford with a puzzled smile.

"Yes, you see I always wanted to act. My mother was an actress. It's my only talent. Some day I may go on the stage. The nuns used to tell me it was a life full of danger. I do not know. But please may I get up? It is so pleasant here that I did not realize that I was an intruder. I am sure that I am able to walk home."

"Do as you please," said her hostess indifferently. "I think you are quite strong. Here is a basin of fresh spring water and some towels. I'll take your skirt out on the porch and brush it and then perhaps you had better sit still until your escort arrives."

"I quite forgot my escort," said Jane. "It's the first time I ever had one in my life. He ought to be angry with me. I never rode a horse before, and I ought not to have tried it; but this morning I was in such a humor that I believe I would have tried to ride an elephant."

Mary Hartford was amused. Her laugh was a strange contrast to Jane's. It sounded faint and far away like some unused instrument long since out of tune. The sound seemed to startle even its maker, for she became silent and fell to wondering why this strange girl should rouse her interest—this child with no reserves.

"I hope your friends won't be anxious about you," she said, voicing this commonplace to escape her own introspection. "No doubt the horse has reached Mrs. Dandrey's by this time and an empty saddle is always alarming."

"There is nobody there to care very much," said Jane with a sudden pathetic droop to the corners of her mouth; "Mr. Bainbridge is only my guardian. He never saw me but once before yesterday. I have spent years in a convent in Paris; some of the nuns were fond of me, but there is no one else who cares."

"But the tall man who brought you here?"

"He is a stranger too. I met him for the first time last night. I am the most lonely person in the world."

A new look of sympathy dawned in Miss Hartford's deep eyes. "And I, too," she said, impulsively holding out her cold white hand. "Women know a greater sense of loneliness than men because—well, I suppose that love was meant to be life to them."

"I don't know," said Jane thoughtfully. "I think one might find great satisfaction in work if one had great talent and longed to express it."

"No, no," said the other quickly. "It's a fallacy that the modern woman clings to. I tried, so I know."

"And what did you want to do?" Jane asked the question with no consciousness of being inquisitive. She felt strangely drawn to this sad-faced woman, whose life seemed to hold some romantic tragedy.

"I wanted to paint portraits."

"And did you?"

"Why yes, until"—she hesitated, "until some years ago. I had a studio in California. I planned the place myself on a hill overlooking the sea."

"And you gave it all up to come here?"

"Not exactly."

"But a talent like that one takes with one."

Mary Hartford was silent for a moment. "One needs enthusiasm to work at anything," she said regretfully, "and I—I have none left. My brother was very considerate and he had a studio arranged for me here. It was very kind of him, but I rarely paint in these days."

"Please take me there and show me your pictures," pleaded Jane. "Perhaps some day I'll come and have my portrait painted; that is, if my guardian will let me, and I have the courage to ask him. At present, he seems a bit unapproachable; he is such a finished product of the world, while I—well you see me." She touched her disheveled hair, looked down ruefully at her dusty boots and then, putting on the riding skirt and overlapping it at the waist with a safety pin, she added, "I doubt if I ever shall be finished. I'm all ravellings. Now let me see the pictures and I'll stop talking about myself. The girls at school used to tell me that I was very egotistical, but they were too. How is one to get acquainted if one doesn't try to explain oneself? Please can't I see the pictures?"

The request was made with such genuine interest and childish simplicity that Mary Hartford did not even feel inclined to refuse. She had never admitted anyone but her brother into this sanctum, but now, as she led the way, she asked herself why this strange girl, dropped at her door by the merest accident, should compel her confidence and bring a certain vivifying atmosphere into her life again.

"It's a messy little place," said Mary Hartford with her hand upon the door knob. "There's a disintegrating quality about me when I work, but come in."

The crowded room was, indeed, disorderly. A faded tapestry hung on one side of the wall completely covering the cheap paper; some half-finished canvasses stood leaning uncertainly against the legs of chairs and tables, while others had fallen prone upon the floor, their faces raised rigidly to the ceiling. The wooden mantle held some jades and porcelains of great value; palettes and brushes were scattered over a teak-wood table, and the paint had dribbled through the intricate carving, leaving it daubed with mixtures of color. Next to the window, in the best light in the room, hung a number of miniatures framed in gold.

Jane went closer to examine them. The head of a young girl first claimed her attention. A beautiful woman, her lips parted in an ecstatic smile, her brown hair crowned with flowers.

"How lovely," said Jane enthusiastically. "Who is she?"

The expression of tragedy seemed to deepen in Mary Hartford's eyes.

"That is I."

Jane turned quickly, not in doubt, but as if she wanted to search out the likeness of youth in this grey woman beside her; and then, feeling that the older woman understood, she glanced quickly away full of contrition for her rudeness. For a moment she did not see the other pictures; a mist was before her eyes. Old age had never been revealed to her in this mocking way before. Now it appeared a dark, lurking shadow imminent to all.

But she was so young—so young. The mist cleared; she stood staring bewildered at one of the miniatures that hung below the rest.

"Why I—I have that picture," she cried excitedly. "That—that is my father."

Mary Hartford's lips were white, but the long years of self-repression had not been borne with barrenness. The cry that rose in her heart was stilled to a sigh.

"Your—your name is—Tully, then"—she said, and her voice fell calm and even. "I painted that picture at my studio in California many years ago."

"Mine is much smaller. Since my father's death I have always worn it around my neck," and opening the collar of her dress she unfastened the chain of a locket and laid the smaller miniature in Mary Hartford's hands.

The older woman sank weakly down in a chair. Her voice had grown a bit husky and she rested her hands in her lap to conceal their trembling.

"He is dead then?" she said.

"Many years ago. You knew him well?"

"Yes."

"When he lived in California?"

"Yes."

"That must have been when he was very young?"

"Yes," she said again.

"And you painted both these pictures?"

Mary Hartford lifted the locket in her nerveless hands. In the silence she gained strength to say, "That, too, is my work."

CHAPTER IX.

When the riderless horse came galloping up the graveled roadway, Bainbridge was standing at the library window talking to Madge. With an exclamation of dismay he quickly opened the low French casement and ran out just in time to seize the bridle of the horse and swing himself into the saddle.

"Jane has evidently been hurt," he called back. "I must go and find her." And without further explanation he turned the excited animal back in the direction in which it had come.

Madge watched her host disappear with strangely mixed emotions. She had never seen him face an emergency before, and this exhibition of his virility pleased her, even though she was not the object of his solicitude. She had long been interested in George Bainbridge; his indifference was one of his chief charms; it made his suspected admiration for her seem so much more of a tribute. But there were some things that did not appeal to her: his lack of enthusiasm, his tendency to drift always, his position as spectator in

a world of dazzling possibilities. She had often wondered how he would meet a crisis, and now, she saw him acting promptly, eagerly and naturally, like any other forceful man.

It had been many years since a primitive impulse had dominated Bainbridge. All his life his motives had been weighed and sifted. Like all egotists, he exaggerated his own complexities, until nothing seemed simple, and spontaneity impossible. Even now, as he searched the roadway and hedges, he began to wonder how he should feel if he found Jane—dead. It would relieve him of a great burden, his baser mind suggested. The next moment he put the thought from him with an outraged sense of loyalty for his friend; but was the feeling he had only loyalty? Did not the girl's own personality play some part in the horror he experienced at the dread of some fatal accident.

Every foot he traveled, finding nothing, added to his sense of relief.

Then, just in front of Paul Hartford's cottage, he saw a handkerchief lying on the road. Dismounting from his horse, he stooped to examine the initials. J. T. was embroidered in one corner. Following this clue he turned into the rose-bordered path.

A group of people stood upon the tiny porch and Jane called out a cherry greeting and came running to meet him.

"Not killed—not hurt—not a bone broken! I am going to walk home."

Senator Wurtemberg leaned against one of the posts of the vine-covered veranda, fanning himself with his felt hat. He had had a hard ride, for he had insisted that the doctor gallop all the way back with him. The lean-faced little doctor, who had the disposition of a dyspeptic, was trying to conceal his present irritability in the presence of the ladies. He was no horseman; he was accustomed to jogging along the peaceful country roads on his gentle old mare; but to go racing along like a drunken cowboy at a round up, was an indignity that someone ought to pay for and who was going to pay for it when the patient was in no need of his services?

The Senator was a shrewd observer, and he watched his medical aid with some amusement.

"Everything was my fault," he said as Bainbridge came up the steps; "though the Lord only knows why that horse bolted as he did. Miss Jane is all right, thank God. Her foot fell free of the stirrup, so she was not dragged. In my country, women ride astride and I think it is much safer."

"And I insist that it was my fault," said Jane, smoothing back her straggling hair from her heated face, "I never was on a horse's back in my life. I ought to have been killed. I really deserved to be killed creating all this excitement for nothing."

"It's a much pleasanter ending than a funeral," smiled Bainbridge, taking her small hand with an air of possession. "I am very grateful to you," he said, turning to Mary Hartford. "Jane, won't you introduce us?"

"Miss Hartford, this is my guardian, Mr. Bainbridge," said Jane, "He was my father's best friend—"

Bainbridge fancied that the woman's eyes held a look of animosity, but, remembering what his sister had told him about Miss Hartford, he attributed her expression to her dislike of meeting strangers.

"I am sure you are most welcome," She forced the words with no graciousness. "I regret that my brother is not here. He had early service this morning and he has another mission three miles from here."

"I am very sorry, too," said Bainbridge with ingratiating regret. "We had the pleasure of having Mr. Hartford dine with us last night. My little ward has caused you some anxiety and trouble I fear."

"No anxiety," she answered. "I am accustomed to sick people. I was sorry afterwards that I sent Senator Wurtemberg for the doctor, but I acted on impulse—one usually regrets one's impulses."

"I suppose that's the reason I'm always regretting—everything," reflected Jane.

The Senator laughed. "You'll get over that," he said.

"What, the impulses or the regrets?"

"Both," said Bainbridge; "the years bring some consolations or they would be intolerable."

"They are intolerable," interrupted Miss Hartford. The speech was as rude as it was expected. She seemed anxious to be rid of her visitors; she twisted her hands nervously together, more conscious than they that her studied calm had failed her at last.

"I want to walk home," said Jane, striving to fill in the embarrassing pause. "I'm afraid to get on a horse's back again to-day. I'll get my hat, I left it in your bedroom, Miss Hartford. You have been so good to me, and I have had a pleasant time that I didn't deserve. I should like to come again."

"Why of course come," said the older woman with no cordiality. She turned with a sense of relief to follow Jane into the house.

During the short interim, the Senator had time to slip a twenty dollar note into the doctor's willing hand.

"I've led you a wild chase this morning," he said in an undertone. "You've had a much more unsatisfactory time than if the young lady's bones were broken, because, of course, setting bones is a valuable experience and comes high. I realize that—"

The doctor glanced at the color of the note and grew voluble with gratitude. Such prompt payment of ready money to one who was accustomed to waiting indefinitely to be recompensed, and half the time in farm produce, was an experience not soon to be forgotten. Bainbridge had not noticed this little by-play. He had walked to the end of the porch and was examining a strange variety of vine that Mary Hartford had planted in a sheltered corner. He wanted a moment to recover himself. He felt very weak and much exhausted after his ride. Like most men, he hated to acknowledge physical disability, and he did not want to add to Jane's sense of remorse by telling her that the short horseback ride had taxed his every power of endurance.

"I don't know how I'm going to get home," he confessed, sitting down on a rustic bench under the flowering vine. "You see, I'm a convalescent still, and that horse was excited and needed more strength to manage him than I had to give."

"Well, we won't let on to Miss Jane," said the Senator, "she feels like a criminal already. Anybody to hear her talk would think she made that horse run away on purpose. Here, Doctor, fix Mr. Bainbridge up with something. Haven't you any brandy in that funereal-looking grip of yours?"

The doctor opened his black valise and busied himself with his small array of bottles.

"Some brandy?" he said, holding out a collapsible cup such as travelers carry. "I would not try to ride that horse home."

"Take mine," said the Senator without much sympathy, as he was not used to commiserating men. "I suppose he and you are both played out together. The doctor will come with us, and see us through I know. I'll take your horse and I'll put Miss Jane up in front of me. She's nothing but a slip of a girl, and she can't walk in this hot sun. We have no sort of a vehicle. It's the easiest and shortest way out."

The Senator was accustomed to taking command and making events move to his fancy. He had a way of delivering his judgments with a finality that seemed to preclude argument.

When the plan was suggested to Jane, she drew back. "I'm afraid—indeed, I'm afraid."

"Now don't say that," said the Senator lifting her in the saddle with parental tenderness. "I'm going to get on behind you and you'll be as safe as you were in your mother's rocking cradle. I've ridden every kind of a horse west and east of the Rockies. This beast is as harmless as a kitten—tough mouth and a bit nervous, but he hasn't got sense nor blood enough to run away with two of us."

And so, bidding their hostess goodbye, they rode away down the dry, white road, together a trio of men as different as their varying worlds could make them. Some such idea passed through Mary Hartford's mind as she turned to go into the house, but she was too tired to think. She had been completely unnerved by the events of the morning. She sank down upon her narrow bed, all mussed and imprinted with Jane's frail figure, and she gave way to a flood of tears, such as she had not allowed herself since her own vehement girlhood.

CHAPTER X.

As a result of his anxious ride, Bainbridge was threatened with a relapse and had to go to bed again. The guests, feeling that they were in the way, went home and busied themselves sending flowers, and telephoning their sympathy. Madge left with apparent reluctance. She felt vaguely that she might be of some assistance, but her week was full of alluring invitations and, following her natural impulse, she always fled from sickness, gloom and disaster. So Bainbridge was left with Mrs. Dandrey and Jane to wait upon him.

He preferred Jane. After her first emotional contrition—she blamed herself unmercifully for his slight return of fever—she seemed to find great happiness in his helplessness. It gave her a chance to serve him, to mother him, to command him whichever her mood and the state of his health seemed to demand.

When he grew stronger she brought in great stalks of dahlias and cosmos from the box-bordered garden until his room looked like a bower. She coaxed the old cook to let her come into the

kitchen. Once there she concocted a dainty little French dish such as Bainbridge had never tasted before.

"How did you do it?" he asked. "It's the best thing I have had in years."

"Oh, I'll never tell," she said, playfully tucking a napkin under his chin. "Once when I was sick in the infirmary, I learned how to cook all kinds of nice little messes for invalids. I know a better one for to-morrow. You wait and see."

All through the night when he was wakeful, his mind kept reverting to the promised dish with the eagerness of an appetite long denied. In the weeks that followed Jane's "mess," served on a silver plate, garlanded with flowers, was the chief event of the days. How she contrived to get on with the cook was an unfathomable mystery to the other servants in the house; but after the first few days—days on which she was merely tolerated and watched jealously—the atmosphere of the kitchen changed. Old Mandy was heard to laugh twice. True the laugh sounded like a startled cackle from some beast or bird in a subterranean passage-way, but it was an unmistakable sign of mirth, and one of the maids, emboldened by the sound, peeked through the keyhole and saw Miss Jane sitting on Mandy's spotless table, gesticulating with a long spoon while she and Mandy swapped receipts and talked. The maid's space at the keyhole being limited, she had not exactly discovered what they had been talking about.

These were busy days for Jane, and she gave no thought to herself. Her whole attention was concentrated on making amends for the trouble she had caused. She ran up and down stairs a dozen times a day with pitchers of water, plates of ice, and needed nourishment. In the long afternoons she read to him for hours, glad of the exquisite tones in her voice that caused him to beg her to go on, until the shadows of the fat four-poster lengthened, and seemed to reach outencouragingly for the match box and the cherubic candle sticks that stood upon the high wooden mantel. But when the daylight had grown too dim to see, it amused Bainbridge to have Jane talk to him. She was a revelation in many ways. She knew nothing of the world or of men, but the supernatural was very real to her. She spoke of angels and saints as if she was conscious of their presence; she expounded the Catholic doctrine of a future life with calm confidence; she spoke of praying to her mother to help her in all her small difficulties at school. She never preached; she never argued about her beliefs. She spoke as a child giving an

older person her unreserved confidence; and yet, on the very day that he told himself that she was an ignorant, uninformed child, she would make some allusion or express an opinion that proved that she had read much, and thought intelligently. She had studied the girls about her in boarding school; she had a keen sense of humor and a droll way of relating unimportant incidents with a cleverness that reminded Bainbridge continually of her father.

While Jane was making a place for herself in this well-ordered household, Mrs. Dandrey watched her critically. She was a fair-minded woman and she wanted to be kind, but she had her prejudices. Jane, quite unconsciously, began to take the possessive air of a daughter of the house. Like most young people she had accepted her situation as a matter of course. It never occurred to her that Mrs. Dandrey objected to her rifling the flower beds until she pulled up some rare chrysanthemums by the roots; then she realized that her hostess was displeased. The "messing" in the kitchen made Mrs. Dandrey fear that she would lose her treasured cook, and when she voiced her dread to Bainbridge, he said with a masculine lack of understanding, "Don't worry, Jane can do all the cooking I need."

Another thing that troubled Mrs. Dandrey's aristocratic soul was that Jane always waited on herself. Even when Bainbridge was in need of nourishment, it never occurred to her to ring for a servant; she always scurried joyfully to the kitchen or pantry to prepare it herself. Three or four times she had gone out in the garden and drawn water from the deep-mouthed well, asking no one's assistance.

"She will demoralize every servant I have," sighed Mrs. Dandrey weakly. "I'm afraid the girl is hopelessly common or she never would run so many errands with a house full of negroes."

Bainbridge smiled tolerantly. "She never has been taught helplessness," he said. "Now, that I am better we can begin. It seems to me that the first adjunct to helplessness is a matter of clothes. Take her to town and get her an outfit—chiffons and things that preclude running after well water."

His sister looked at him reprovingly. "You are laughing, George."

"Never was more serious in my life," he assured her. "If you are going to take her to places this winter she must be suitably dressed. We don't want to make her a cook or a 'drawer of water.'"

"There's the White House reception next week," said Mrs. Dandrey, rousing to some degree of interest, at the thought of exercising his good taste, even though she was not to wear the clothes herself, "and there is a delightful feeling of responsibility in spending other people's money. I'm to go and buy the child a generous wardrobe and send the bills to you?"

"Exactly."

"And you feel well enough to be left alone to-day?"

"I'm amazingly strong."

"Then Jane and I will spend the day in town. I think you are very good to her George but I hope—I trust you will not fall in love with her."

He laughed gaily. "My dear sister, she looks upon me as a grandfather; she thinks I am seventy years old."

"And she's about seven," said Mrs. Dandrey grimly; "she's the most unconventional, impossible girl I ever knew."

He looked at her in some alarm. "Don't say that," he remonstrated. "Give her a little time, she is most teachable; she has all sorts of possibilities. Dress her up; take her to the hair dresser, and get somebody to show her how to do her hair. She's got brains enough to learn anything."

"It's rather a hard task you have given me," she sighed resignedly. "If one only knew something about her parents. She really is hard to explain. She tells everyone that her mother was an actress; and even you know nothing about her antecedents."

"We'll invent a family tree for her later on," he laughed. "We can't do everything in three weeks. Let's get the problem of clothes settled first. We are always kinder in our judgments of the well-dressed."

But even Bainbridge was unprepared for the transformation in Jane. She left him in the morning, a disheveled little figure in an ill-fitting rain-coat; she returned in the evening, wearing a soft embroidered gown that they had found in one of the most exclusive stores. Her hair was waved softly about her face, dressed by a deft-fingered French woman who advertised herself as an artist in coiffures.

Jane's enthusiasm over her new clothes was delightful to see. She brought in the boxes one by one into Bainbridge's room, insisting that he guess the contents; and then, after he had made some wild guess to humor her, she would display the gown, wrap or material, exclaiming at their beauty, and fondling them with a caressing touch.

"I dearly love colored clothes," she said, "and I dare say if Mrs. Dandrey had not been with me I should have bought things like a cockatoo—so gorgeous. But it seems to me I have been very extravagant to spend so much money dressing my body that will soon be dead."

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked in some alarm.

"Nothing with me," she smiled, "I was talking of anybody—you—me, anybody that has to die."

"Who put that notion into your head?"

"It isn't a notion," she objected, "it's a fact. It's just another way of saying life is short. I used to parse that in my English grammar; perhaps you have forgotten. Now, tell me how you got on here by yourself all day?"

"I missed my chef."

"Then I'll go and make you something for your supper," and piling the boxes in a corner she ran joyfully away to the servants' quarters.

She had a bundle of presents which she wanted to distribute. She bought them out of her own pocket money while Mrs. Dandrey was busy over some personal expenditures in another part of the big store. Mrs. Dandrey would have been convinced that her household was demoralized if she could have heard the exclamations of delight with which each separate package was received. The child-like nature in the negro, always only half in abeyance, rose exuberantly to meet this simple effort to please them.

As Jane went upstairs with the dainty little dish she had made for Bainbridge, her cheeks were flushed with excitement, her eyes shining with happiness. She stopped on the landing of the steps to peep in a mirror that hung above the heavy mahogany hall piece. For the moment she was surprised at her own reflection.

"Why I'm pretty. I really believe I am pretty," she said impersonally.

When she entered the little breakfast room where Bainbridge had been taking his meals, he rose instinctively.

"I have allowed you to wait upon me too long," he said making room for her on the wide sofa. "Come sit down beside me and we will play that you are grown up."

She put the dish on the table in front of him and opened his napkin. "But I am grown up," she insisted.

He looked at her radiant face for a moment in silence, realizing for the first time the charm of its piquancy. "You have not seemed to be."

"That's because you are so much older," she said frankly.

"But I really am not so much older." And even as he said it, he wondered why he should wish to prove it. "Fourteen years at most. Is that such an impassible gulf?"

She was standing in front of the fire trying to pile up the fallen logs; she turned and looked at him wonderingly. The look might have been a protest. What did he mean? Had the change come to her or to him?

The spontaneity of her smile faded, for the words had been spoken in such a tone as to destroy forever her childlike attitude towards him. Hereafter they were man and woman hopelessly, unevenly matched. He had always been selfish. He did not see why he should be relegated to a paternal position, when other men, as old as himself, might rouse her interest and gain her affection. He was not in love with her; he did not want to be, but it annoyed him, for some reason which he did not stop to analyze fully, to find himself treated as if he were a bald-headed, solicitor-like guardian of the three volume novel, with only gout and eternity closing in about him.

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Dandrey did her full social duty that winter. She had always moved easily among the formalities of life, and the isolation of her time of mourning had been a great trial to her. Now, that she was emerging from the penumbra of her widowhood, she entered into the season's gayeties with real enthusiasm, and she tolerantly included Jane in all her plans chiefly because she thought Bainbridge demanded it of her.

She adored her brother. He was the only thing masculine she had to cling to and being by nature vine-like in her propensities, it was necessary to keep him in an amiable humor. She knew that back of his calm he had a temper quite capable of uprooting her and leaving her sprawling, as it were, on this side of the Atlantic, while he betook himself to Europe for an indefinite term of years.

Meanwhile Jane was happy. Balls, teas, dinners were delightful novelties. Her tasteful wardrobe gave her an air of confidence. Even Mrs. Dandrey had to acknowledge that she accepted gracefully the conventions of life. Her fluent French made her very

popular with the young diplomats, and her dramatic readings gave her a distinction in a circle of mediocre talent.

From the first, Mrs. Van Doran had announced that she would be glad to mother Jane. The old lady belonged to Washington's most exclusive set, known disrespectfully as "the cave-dwellers." She had lived and fought and triumphed through so many administrations, that she was regarded as a social arbiter. She had an uncomfortable predilection for genealogy, and a habit of unearthing disreputable ancestors for ambitious society aspirants who were trying to forget them. Her salon, as she chose to call it, sheltered strange combinations of people: socialists, musicians, writers, artists, Civil war veterans, priests, diplomats and poverty-stricken gentlewomen, but her invitations were valued by everyone, and those who were left without the pale, suffered an exaggerated sense of disappointment.

Early in the winter she gave an elaborate evening reception to introduce Jane. Mrs. Dandrey and Bainbridge were grateful. Every woman, who had a debutante daughter knew that Mrs. Van Doran's patronage was worth striving for. Dressed gorgeously in a plum-colored satin, the old lady presented Jane, the daughter of her dear friend, James Tully, the cleverest critic of his generation. Nobody who came had heard of James Tully, for his work had been confined entirely to the Parisian papers; but then, no one dared dispute the old lady's judgment. In a city of celebrities it is difficult to differentiate the ordinary from the extraordinary without some sort of advertising agent, and when people are once placarded, few question the truth of any statement.

The reception was promptly followed by many invitations. The guests went away with the vague idea that Jane was a close relative of Mrs. Van Doran, visiting her for the winter, and the old lady did not correct the misapprehension. She liked Jane; she enjoyed the young life that the girl brought into the house and she used to borrow her for weeks at a time, secretly craving the affectionate tenderness that the girl showed towards her.

As the season progressed, Jane made a definite place for herself in the younger set. Girls like her because she so frankly admired their feminine charm in which she considered herself lacking. Men liked her because she was always merry and so easily pleased. Madge watched these small successes jealously; while Bainbridge watched them both, amused at the little comedy in which he, unconsciously, played the most prominent part.

Once, when Madge was spending a week end at Bainbridge Hall, she daringly accused him of flirting with Jane. Bainbridge laughed in his most disconcerting way.

"Do you realize that I am the only friend she has on earth?"

"I don't believe you are capable of friendship with women," she retorted.

They were standing in a deep recess of one of the west windows. The sunset seemed to light the girl's face into unusual beauty, her brown eyes were full of feeling.

"And why not?" he asked, moving a little closer to her side.

"Because, when you forget your studied air of indifference, you assume an air of devotion towards all women which means nothing to most of them; but she is so young."

"Have I assumed it towards you?" He dwelt upon the words so that the question seemed pregnant with meaning.

She did not know how to reply. She cared so much. They were playing a dangerous game. She could not cry out even if she were hurt, she must parry somehow until the end.

"You are capable of great cruelty," she said at last.

"Not to you—"

"No, I'll admit that," she smiled bravely. "I know you too well. I am on my guard, but Jane—"

"Well?"

"She is in danger of falling in love with you and then—"

"Then?—"

"Oh, I'm no prophet—I don't know what will happen then."

"I'm glad you think I'm so dangerously fascinating."

"I did not say that."

"I thought you implied it."

"Jane is easily pleased," she laughed.

"Also very sensible," he said.

A sigh escaped her. She was so tired of juggling words. She had failed to find out whether he had any romantic attachment for Jane. She was relieved when Mrs. Dandrey came into the room and asked her to go upstairs to look at some new embroideries that she had just purchased from an East Indian smuggler, who was prudently peddling his wares in remote suburban districts.

After Madge left him, Bainbridge lighted a cigarette and, seating himself on a wide window-sill, he stared idly out into the gathering dusk of the garden. He was trying to analyze his real attitude towards Jane. His position had been difficult from the

first. To have a child loaded upon him was bad enough, but a ward of marriageable age was most perplexing. It was not his fault that they were thrown continually together. She had to live somewhere; she could not remain at school indefinitely. She would not enter the sisterhood. Loyalty to his dead friend demanded kindest consideration for his daughter. If she misunderstood this attitude as Madge had hinted, and as he himself vaguely suspected, was he to blame? He was not in love with her. He did not want to be. He found much entertainment in her society, but he certainly did not want to marry her; she was too young, too uninformed, too unfinished, and yet the thought of her leaving the house to marry anyone else was distasteful to him. Carrying his introspection further, he knew that he had destroyed Jane's first normal, childlike devotion for him. Why had he been so heedless of consequences? Why had he not seen and felt what the ultimate end might be? But perhaps the seeing and the feeling had made him act as he did. Her filial affection had not altogether pleased him, when other men might gain so much more. There was the Senator.

Every Saturday since the morning of Jane's accident he had ridden a fine-blooded horse all the way from the Capitol, leading a gentle mare for Jane to ride beside him. Mrs. Dandrey and Bainbridge both suspected that the little mare had been bought for Jane's benefit, but, since he did not actually present it to her, they could not demur at his gentlemanly offer to give her riding lessons. Jane accepted his services quite as a matter of course; she knew nothing of the clamoring of constituents or the countless other demands upon a busy man's time. To her it seemed most natural that he should want to make some amends for what he insisted upon calling his "cursed carelessness." Many an afternoon when the sergeant-at-arms was struggling for a quorum, the Senator was finding new by-paths in the fairy-wood and new fancies to lighten his toilsome days.

He was a lonely man by nature, and he had few friends in Washington. Occasionally he accepted an invitation if he heard that Jane would be there. One night he met her at the British Embassy; he was standing alone in one corner of the crowded hall.

"You seem very unhappy," she said brightly, "Come into the drawing-room with me."

"I was wondering how I could escape," and he looked with

humorous helplessness up the red carpeted stairs to the large picture of Victoria that seemed to be guarding him with her eyes.

"I thought you were a democrat and did not care for royalty."

His eyes twinkled. "Dead queens are less objectionable than live ones," he admitted. "I'm not built for this social thing; even my tailor, who is an awful liar, would acknowledge that. I've been here exactly two minutes by my watch. How can I say good-bye when I have just said, How-do-you-do?"

"You can't," she said, "You will have to stay and talk to me."

"Now isn't it all funny," he went on, as they moved into one of the large rooms, brilliant with prismatic lights. "Such a crowd of people—there's a little Chinaman talking execrable French to that poor old lady who is trying to remember her French grammar and can't. See her dazed expression. Look at that Spanish lady with painted eyebrows. I wonder why women don't grow old gracefully any more—frizzes and rouge and curls and dye! What man wants to remember his mother looking like a comic supplement?"

"What a savage mood you are in."

"It's all so empty."

Her eyes were laughing. She interrupted him, "I think the house is full."

"I believe you begin to like it."

"I like the music, the lights, the people, even the noise," she admitted. "I have not had it long enough to grow tired."

"But you will," he added hopefully. "It is such a little part of life—the shell, the husk, the chaff; the only real thing about it is the caterer's bill next month."

"I don't like you when you talk that way."

"Then I'll never speak again. I'm a kind of grizzly bear meant to live in lonely woodland places."

"Where you are delightful, where you forget to say unpleasant things, where you are just yourself," she spoke with childish simplicity. His small eyes showed his pleasure.

"And I wonder what you mean by 'yourself.' I wonder what sort of a kindly image you have drawn of a gruff customer like me."

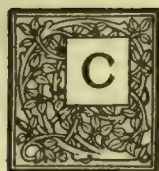
Just then Lord Allan Hurst came up to speak to them and to insist upon their going out to the dining room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ST. CLARE OF ASSISI.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

II.



CLARE'S devotion to St. Francis was undoubtedly the chief determining influence in her life. Through him she came to accept the life of evangelical poverty and from him she received the special form of Catholic piety in which she found at once the satisfying motive and the entire freedom of her religious life. But to Clare, Francis was not merely a teacher or spiritual director in the usual sense of the word. He entered into her life as a living expression or embodiment of her own soul's aspiration and ideal. He himself was an actual likeness to that which alone she loved and desired; and in consequence she gave him something of that reverential affection and worship with which she yearned towards Jesus Christ in the mystery of His earthly poverty and lowliness. Francis was not altogether singular in thus sharing with our Divine Lord Clare's worshipful love: whoever and whatever gave testimony to the supreme Object of her worship, was placed by her responsive spirit near to His throne; but Francis was nearest and in some measure apart because no other on the earth was to Clare so true a witness. And this explains how her attachment to St. Francis was at the same time personal and impersonal: impersonal, in that her worshipful thought went always beyond him to that of which his life spoke to her; yet personal because it was he who thus spoke, clearly and imperatively, of the Divine Goal of all her desire.

In later life Clare was accustomed to speak of herself as "*plantula Beati Patris Francisci*"—"the poor little plant of our Father Francis;" thus describing herself in her sweet humility and affection. But it is to be noticed that St. Francis always styled her "Sister Clare" and quite evidently not as a mere conventional style of address but in all courtesy and special reverence. He had no playful appellation for her such as he had for the Lady Giacoma di Settisoli whom he was wont to call "Brother Giacoma." His reverence for Clare was of too intensive a quality; their spiritual kinship too intimate and sacred. For was he not in his own thought

and in that of his contemporaries, the "bridesman" commissioned by the Divine Bridegroom to win her entire love for Him in His poverty and to be her friend and guardian in a treacherous world? It was a relationship which called for the most delicate reserve and yet for a familiar solicitude and companionship. To one less unworldly or less absorbed in his devotion to his Divine Master, the duty thus imposed upon him might have presented spiritual dangers: but the utter unworldliness and high spiritual characters of both Clare and Francis kept the world and its evil at bay. And so was rendered possible the "romance" of Clare's life, which more than all the Romances of Chivalry tended to create a new ideal of the sanctity of womanhood in the world which knew Francis and Clare.

The story of how the two saints first met and how Clare at the persuasion of Francis left her father's house and vowed herself to Christ in poverty, is told with a pleasing simplicity in the Legend.* It runs thus:

When she heard tell of the fame of Francis who like a new man was renewing with new virtues the way of perfection forgotten by the world, moved by the Father of Spirits, Clare at once desired much to see and hear him. And Francis too struck by the fair fame of this most favored maiden was no less wishful to see and speak with her: for wholly eager for spoils and being come to depopulate the world, he would fain snatch her from the wicked world and restore her a noble prey to her God. He visited her and she more often visited him; and they discreetly ordered their visits so that their visits should not become known by man nor be spoken ill of by public gossip. For she in her frequent visits to the man of God, taking one only companion who was a loyal friend, went by a secret way; and to her his words seemed a flame and his deeds beyond the deeds of man. And our Father Francis exhorted her to despise the world and with burning words made clear to her the barrenness of earthly hopes and the delusion of earthly beauty. Into her ears he instilled the sweet espousals of Jesus Christ, persuading her to keep the pearl of maidenly purity for that Blessed Spouse Who for us became man. But what need of many words? Deftly doing the part of a faithful bridesman, Francis entreated, and the maiden did not delay to give consent. And from that

*The *Legenda S. Clare*, written about the time of her canonization, has been published by the Bollandists and recently by Prof. Penacchi of Assisi. Three English translations have appeared: (1) By Fr. Marianus Fiege in *The Princess of Poverty*; (2) By Fr. Paschal Robinson, entitled *The Life of St. Clare*; (3) By Mrs. Balfour in *The Life and Legends of the Lady Saint Clare*.

moment the joy of Paradise began to open out to her, and in comparison the world seemed of little value; and her heart melted as it were with desire and because of that joy she aspired to the heavenly nuptials. Thus aglow with divine fire, she so despised the glory of this world's vanity that the world's good opinion had no longer any power over her heart. But dreading the allurements of the flesh, she took a resolution never to know any earthly delight; and her desire was to make of her body a temple of God alone, and she strove so that by virtue she might be worthy to become the spouse of the great King. Thenceforth she put herself entirely under the guidance of Francis, deeming him after God the guide of all her steps. And from that time her soul leaned upon his holy counsels and with a waiting heart she received the words he spoke to her of the good Jesus.

Assuredly he who wrote, the Legend was not unacquainted with the literature of Romantic Chivalry. In his mind's eye he sees the chosen knight wooing a bride for his liege-lord, not betraying his trust by a false word or unfaithful thought: and he evidently rejoices that one such has been found actually upon the earth. That some such mental picture was also in the mind of Francis is not improbable, accustomed as he was to express his service of our Lord in the language of chivalry. In later years he once spoke this parable in warning to the less discreet: "A mighty king," he said, "sent two messengers to the queen. The first came back and reported the queen's reply, with no further words. The second, after repeating the queen's words, spoke much in praise of her beauty. Whereupon the king recalled the first messenger and asked him his opinion of the queen. 'She listened in silence and spoke wisely' was the reply. 'But saw you no beauty in her?' asked the king. 'Be it thine, my Lord, to look upon that: mine it was to deliver the message.' At these words the king was greatly pleased and he took that messenger into his intimate service; but the other because of his wanton eyes, he cast out of his house."*

The parable suggests the reverential purity which Francis brought to his wooing of Clare for the heavenly King: and it is redolent of the purest chivalry. And here it may be fitting to remark upon the extreme sensitiveness with which St. Francis guarded the purity of his relations with women: a sensitiveness partly accounted for by the moral laxity generally prevailing in the world of his day. He would seldom speak with any woman

*Cf. II. Celano, 113 (ed. d'Alençon).

alone; and whenever it was necessary for him to speak with any, his words were few: nor would he look them in the face. Once discussing this matter with a companion, he said: "I tell thee, dear brother, there are two women only whose faces I should recognize if I looked at them. The face of such a one and such a one is known to me: but that of no other."*

It is generally supposed that those two women were St. Clare and the Lady Giacomina. They were both living when the chronicler penned these words; and that fact perhaps withheld him from mentioning their names. But the sensitive reserve with which St. Francis generally ordered his relations with women only throws into clearer relief the freedom of soul he found in his intercourse with St. Clare and invests that freedom with a shielded purity and unique sacredness. For it was against the world that he guarded his vowed loyalty to Christ; and Clare was not of the world but in mind and heart was wholly true to Christ, and of one mind with Francis in the new life which had been given him. Doubtless too in the quick and intimate understanding of his vocation, which Clare swiftly revealed; or in other words, in the manifest kinship of her spirit with his own, Francis recognized the spiritual security of their relationship, and saw a divine sanction. For Clare was less a disciple of his than a co-disciple with him of evangelical poverty itself; so intuitively and swiftly did she fathom its meaning and so completely from the outset did it fill all her thought and desire.

On the night that she fled from her father's house she was already a mistress of the domain of the Franciscan life, so entirely was she possessed by it and did she possess it. In the after days until her death she would drink yet deeper draughts of its wisdom; but already she had gained the spring whence the wisdom flowed, and had gained it with a conscious assurance such as few ever attained to after much learning and experience. And that was the full justification of her flight from the shelter of her father's house into the material poverty and homelessness which awaited her. True, Francis was there to guide her and she knew he would provide the necessary shelter and sustenance; but in the eyes of the world she was throwing herself into a state of beggary and alone of all women. Had she been less secure of her vocation, less a mistress of its significance, less possessed by its clear, revealing purpose, she might have been blamed for thus setting out alone

**Cf.* II. Celano, 112.

upon a path untrodden by any woman. As it was, however, we must recognize in her flight a heroic insistence on the soul's freedom to "love the highest when we see it." Of this we may be certain, her family would never have consented to the step she had resolved on, but would have used the large legal rights of a feudal house to prevent her. It was a case of taking by violence, if she would take at all. For the story of her flight we will again turn to the Legend.

When the solemnity of Palm Sunday was drawing near, Clare with great fervour went to the man of God, asking his counsel as to her leaving the world and in what manner and at what time it should be. And our Father Francis commanded that on that festive day Clare should array herself with ornaments and come to the blessing of the palms with all the people, and that on the night following she should go forth from the camp and her worldly joy be turned into mourning for our Lord's Passion. And on the Sunday the maiden went resplendent in her festive array amongst all the women and with them entered the church. There a remarkable foreshadowing happened: for when all the others pressed forward to take the palm-branches, Clare in bashfulness stayed in her place, nor did she move from it. Wherefore the bishop came down from the steps and came to her and put a palm into her hand. The night following, Clare set about to obey the command of the Saint and with some trusty companions prepared to take her longed-for flight. But she wished not to go by the usual door; but with a strength at which she herself wondered, she broke open another door which was barred with beams and stones. And thus she left behind her home and city and kinsfolk and hastened to Saint Mary of the Porziuncola, and there the brethren who were keeping vigil at the little altar, with lighted torches, received her. Then without any delay did she cast aside the defilements of Babylon and give a bill of divorce to the world; and she put away her ornaments and her hair was shorn by the hands of the brethren. . . And when she had received the holy habit of penance before the altar of the Blessed Mary, and when the humble hand-maid had been espoused to Christ as it were by the couch of His Virgin, straightway St. Francis led her to the church of St. Paul to abide there until the Most High should provide another place.

Two things strike one in reading this passage of the Legend: the fearless courage with which Clare seized her soul's life, break-

ing down with her own hands the barriers, material and immaterial, which blocked her path, and the equally fearless courage of Francis. There is little doubt that the bishop of Assisi was aware of what was to happen; for Francis was wont to consult him in his difficulties;* and the bishop's action in coming down from the altar steps, and putting the palm-branch into Clare's hand as she remained unmoving in her place, lends color to this supposition. Nevertheless even in that time of daring individual action, Clare's flight was sure to arouse anger on the part of her relatives and adverse criticism amongst her acquaintances, as was afterward manifest. But neither Clare nor Francis quailed before the storm of indignation, in which the menfolk of her family pursued her to the convent of San Paolo, on the morrow of her flight. Clare, clinging to the altar, proclaimed her dedication and vows: and after some days her relatives desisted from active persecution. Then Francis obtained for her a hospitable shelter with the nuns of Sant' Angelo in Panso, a convent on the slopes of Monte Subasio until finally he secured the church and house of San Damiano which then became her life-long dwelling-place. Throughout Francis stood by her faithfully. Not only did he provide for her a house but he charged himself to succour her at all times in her bodily and spiritual needs.†

On her side Clare placed in him an entire and simple trust: and what this trust meant to Clare as a spiritual asset in her life can be understood only when we remember her character. It was perhaps humanly speaking, the one thing needed to bring her character to its full bloom. Without it her natural strength of mind might have developed into imperiousness or a harsh self-reliance; the surgent loyalty which was at the root of her moral being would have been balked of its full exercise. Had that perfect trust been denied her, she would undoubtedly have suffered that imprisonment of loneliness, which to some souls—and these amongst the loftiest and most generous—is as the winter to a well-planted garden. It may be said, that in religion the most perfect trust will always be found in the trust the soul puts in God, and that the most loyal of creatures may never lack the fullest exercise of their loyalty when they look to Him.

But it must not be forgotten that the greatest of saints know no such divorce between God and their fellow-creatures as this statement may be taken to imply, but their conscious relationship

*Cf. *Leg. Trium Sociorum*, 20, 35, 47.

†Cf. II. Celano, 204; also *Rule of St. Clare*, chap. vi.

with God overflows yearningly towards those who are the companions of their earthly journey: and in some way the realization of their relationship with God in and through the creature is needful for their spiritual freedom. And none felt this more keenly than did the first Franciscans; it was a distinguishing note in their spiritual lives. If Clare had not found in St. Francis a fellow-creature in whom she could put a trust, only less absolute than that which God Himself invites, she would have lacked something in the realized Franciscan life of which she is so resplendent a type; and that would not only have been our loss, but hers, too, whilst she remained on earth. It may equally be said that something would have been lacking in the Franciscan message to the world had St. Francis found no St. Clare upon whom to bestow in a singular degree that high chivalrous reverence for womanhood, so selfless and true, which belonged to the purest romance of chivalry though it was so seldom found in actual life.

As the years went by that companionship of the spirit which drew these two souls together lost neither its unearthly purity nor its effective reality, but only deepened in spiritual intensity as they both drew nearer to the divine life and in more active co-operation on the part of Clare as the need arose. Early in her religious life Clare, with prophetic vision, urged St. Francis to continue his preaching apostolate at a time when he was doubting whether he ought not to give himself to a secluded life of prayer; and she seems indeed to have been his counsellor frequently in his troubles. To her he unburdened his soul as to few others; oftentimes revealing to her the dealings of God with him, of which he was reticent even with the friars. He is said to have told her the secret history of the Porziuncola Indulgence;* he certainly did not hide from her the miracle of the Stigmata;† into her sympathetic ears he poured out the thoughts which came to him concerning the proper vocation of the friars.‡ The discreet reticence of the early biographers of the saints has drawn a veil over their intercourse against idle curiosity; nevertheless certain illuminating facts shine like stars in the night of our knowledge, revealing much to those who can see. There is, for example, the somewhat disconcerting story of how in the time of his great trouble when many of the brethren were departing from

*Cf. Bartholi, *Tract. de Indulgentia* (ed. Sabatier), p. 96.

†Some of the bandages she made to staunch the bleeding of the wounds, and a pair of soft sandals to ease his pierced feet, are still preserved at Santa Chiara in Assisi.

‡Cf. *Anal. Franciscana*, III., p. 81.

the first ways of the Order, St. Francis gradually withdrew more and more from intercourse with the Sisters of San Damiano. It is quite evident that in this matter St. Clare was resolute to defend her spiritual birthright, and that she drew upon all the resources of her own gentle, but determined spirit, to prevent St. Francis from altogether withdrawing his presence and the fostering care he owed herself and her Sisters. To this incident we shall have to refer again further on in speaking of Clare's influence upon the development of the Franciscan Order. Here we but regard it as it affects her personal relations with St. Francis. Well she knew from her sympathetic intuition of St. Francis' spirit that his decision was dictated merely by his fear, lest his example might be taken as a sanction by those who were less unworldly in their views and purpose, and lest any scandal might arise which would mar the fair name of the Order. But Clare took a larger view. Francis' withdrawal would mean a practical separation of the Sisters from the Franciscan Order, and in some way it would cast a shame upon her and those women who were with her.

Through the silences of those early biographies her protest rings clear and consistent; and in the end she won Francis to her own better judgment. Tradition has given us some indication of this, her one struggle with Francis himself, in the pages of the Fioretti: and what it tells us in nowise contradicts the more reticent testimony of Thomas of Celano.* In truth it might well have been some remonstrance from Clare which drew from St. Francis this protest of his fidelity to the trust she had reposed in him:

Think not, my brothers, that I do not love them (the Sisters at San Damiano) perfectly: for if it were wrong to cherish them in Christ, would it not have been a greater wrong to espouse them to Christ? Indeed it had been no wrong not to have called them, but not to care for them when called, were utter unkindness. But I am giving you an example, that as I do so you also should do. For I will not that any should take upon himself to visit them of his own accord, but my will is that the unwilling and most reluctant men, so only that they are also spiritual and approved by a long and worthy life, shall be appointed for their service.†

*Vide: Fioretti, cap. 14; (2) Celano, 204. Cf. also *Speculum Perfectionis*, cap. 108, where Clare from her sick bed requests a meeting with St. Francis at the time that he too was sick unto death.

†II. Celano, 205.

In very truth Francis could say that he himself had not acted by his own will when he called Clare to the service of Christ, but by the compulsion of the Divine Will; and in obedience to that Will he had charged himself with the care of her. That same rule—having regard to other circumstances—he now endeavored to impose by precept and example upon the friars. Some such prudent regulation as that expressed by St. Francis, Clare herself would be the first to admit; but at the same time she tenaciously held to her right and that of her Sisters to share with the brethren the comfort and encouragement of Francis' personal care.

And perhaps Francis in his absorption in the work of his vocation and in his conviction of the noble strength of Clare's character, never quite realized the value to her of her conscious dependence upon him. He probably knew better the comfort she was to him; nor is it unlikely, considering his entire self-immolation upon the cross of Christ, that one motive which led him to cease his frequent visits to San Damiano was to deny himself this comfort: for the path of the spirit in quest of sanctity is pitiless in its exactions; the saint must lose all before he finds all. But in the last two years of his earthly life, St. Francis entered into a greater spiritual security and peace. It was after he had received the sacred stigmata, and in those last days he was in frequent correspondence with Clare.

The last time they met upon earth was when Francis was being taken to Rieti at the request of Cardinal Ugolino, in the hope that a physician at the Papal Court, then resident at Rieti, might afford him some relief of his bodily suffering and prolong his life. As they were setting out Francis desired the brethren first to take him to San Damiano that he might take leave of St. Clare. Arrived at the convent, he was unable for many days to proceed further owing to his increasing weakness. So Clare had a cell of wattles made for him in the garden; and it was during his stay there that Francis composed his "Canticle of Brother Sun." Who shall say how much of the inspiration of that song of joyous worship came from the unfaltering faith and heavenly peace which filled the sacred enclosure in which Clare spent her life?

To those who understand the influence of place upon a man's soul, the "Canticle of the Sun" will remain as much a tribute to the presence of St. Clare as to those earlier associations which bound the singer to the spot where he discovered his vocation: for Clare had kept alive there the spirit of those first days of his joy.

When at length they were able to carry Francis onward to Rieti, he took with him his regained gift of song; and for Clare's comfort he composed "certain holy words with music" which he sent her by his companions.* The two saints never met again in their earthly life, for Francis when he returned to Assisi was dying; and Clare too was so grievously ill that she thought she would die before him, without the comfort of his presence. And this to her was a great sorrow and the cause of bitter tears. True to herself, a few days before Francis's death, she sent word to him of her longing desire to see him once more; "which when the saint heard," says the *Speculum Perfectionis*, "for as much as he loved her above all others with fatherly affection, he was moved with pity towards her. But considering that what she desired—namely, to see him—could not be brought about, for her comfort and that of all the Sisters, he wrote for her his blessing in a letter and absolved her from every defect, in case she had done anything contrary to his admonition or against the commandments and counsels of the Son of God. Moreover that she might put aside all sadness and sorrow he said to the brother whom she had sent: 'Go and tell Sister Clare to put away all sadness and sorrow because she cannot see me now, since of the truth she may know that before her death both she and her Sisters will see me, and will be much comforted concerning me.'"[†]

That promise was in some way fulfilled. On the following Sunday, when the body of the dead Francis was carried to San Damiano that Clare and the Sisters might pay their homage to it before the burial, Clare rose from her sick bed and came and looked once more upon him who had been her father and guide and friend, and kissed the hands which bore the marks of Christ's wounds. "When he was taken away," Celano says simply: "the door was shut which shall nevermore be opened to such woe."[‡]

Clare out-lived Francis by twenty-seven years. Lived, one might say, to defend and foster his work. She was constantly ailing, but her indomitable spirit would not consent to die till she had secured for all her Sisters the legal right to follow in the way that Francis had led herself. It was a trust Francis had left her, when from his deathbed he wrote to her:

I, poor little Brother Francis, wish to follow the life and poverty of Jesus Christ, our Lord Most High, and of His most

*Cf. *Speculum Perfectionis*, cap. 90; *Fioretti*, cap. 18.

[†]*Speculum Perfectionis*, cap. 108.

[‡]I. Celano, 117.

holy Mother and to persevere therein until the end, and I beseech you all, my Ladies, and counsel you always to live in this highest life and poverty. And watch yourselves well lest through the teaching or advice of anybody you ever depart from it in anywise.*

That legacy was in reality more to Clare than the bodily presence of Francis ever could have been; in it he confided his spirit and life-work to her care. Clare, as we have said, would not consent to die then, not until she had fulfilled her duty of love as the inheritor of Francis' last will and desire. Twenty-seven years dragged out their course before her task was accomplished. On the ninth of August, 1253, Innocent IV. solemnly confirmed the Rule which was the longed-for charter of the Franciscan life for Clare and all her Sisters. Two days later Clare died. Her work was accomplished; she had done her part to secure the fulfilment of Francis' will.

Theirs was indeed a friendship—and more than a friendship in the common use of the word—such as the world can but seldom see, but should never forget: a glimpse surely of the heavenly life of which the world's life at its best is but a type. As such we may regard it for our own good.

*Cf. *Regula S. Clarae*, cap. 6.

G. K. CHESTERTON'S "THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE."

BY JAMES B. DOLLARD.



ILBERT K. Chesterton is not a Catholic, but in nearly all his writings he expresses his respect and regard for the ancient Church; and both his philosophy and his outlook on life are Catholic. Chesterton is an extraordinary man in a literary sense. He is acknowledged by all to be a master of prose composition, but when a month or so ago he wrote *The Ballad of the White Horse*, people were astonished to find that he was also a great poet and minstrel.

Here and there a few irresponsible critics found fault with the work, but the general verdict agreed that it was a most notable literary achievement. If the chorus of approval is not as loud and as spontaneous as the "*Ballad*" deserves, the reason is not very far to seek. Protestant England is more or less astounded and stupefied to have all her modern ideals ignored, her industrial and martial triumphs despised, to be taken back to her early Catholic days and ordered to admire the simple faith and bravery of the old Catholic kings and knights who asked no questions and made no boasts, but fought unto death for the triumph of Christianity and the glory of the Mother of God. For in the ballad it is Our Blessed Lady herself who appears to King Alfred and orders him to muster all Catholic England—the Roman, the Saxon, and the Celt—to drive away the marauding Danes whose

Misshapen ships stood on the deep
Full of strange gold and fire,
And hairy men, as huge as sin,
With hornèd heads, came wading in
Through the long, low sea-mire.

It was the mystic words which the Mother of God gave to Alfred that brought to his side, with all their retainers, Eldred, the Saxon, and Mark, the Roman, and the Irish Prince, Colan of Caerleon, by whose aid he drove out the Vikings and took the town of London. In these modern days of querulousness and

doubt this most manly of poems is a sharp and salutary medicine for the mind of any man who will take the trouble to ponder over it. Its motto is King Alfred's own dictum: "I say, as do all Christian men, that it is a divine purpose that rules, and not faith," and its lesson is this: The world was made not for pagans, or atheists, or doubters, or wasters (as were the Danes), but it was made by God for Christian men of faith who will keep His law and take care of the gifts He has given them, for as Alfred says to the Danish Chiefs:

...it is only Christian men
Guard even heathen things,

For our God hath blessed Creation,
Calling it good. I know—
That spirit with whom you blindly band
Hath blessed destruction with this hand;
But by God's death the stars shall stand
And the small apples grow.

The world and its gifts belong to men of true Christian faith, and He will ultimately take it from the doubters and the wasters and give it to those who hold Him and his law in love and fear. In the end of the poem, King Alfred prophesies that though on the present occasion they would rout the barbarian with the sword, yet in the far distant future the "ancient barbarian" would come again to them, not with the sword in hand but with books and pens:

What though they come with scroll and pen,
And grave as a shaven clerk,
By this sign you shall know them,
That they ruin and make dark.

They will come again in the guise of wise scholars who "know too much" to believe in God, and who destroy the faith of others. They will dishonor religion and dethrone God. They will say that man has no Master, yet that he is the slave of fate and chance. They will go back to the old cruel superstitions of "the course in bone and skin." They will be marked by "detail of the sinning, and denial of the sin." In short Chesterton very plainly indicates the agnostic philosophers, like Spencer and Tyndall and Darwin, and the decadent infidel novelists who have done so much by negation and inuendo to destroy the faith of men's souls:

By God and man dishonoured,
By death and life made vain,
Know ye the old barbarian,
The barbarian come again—

When is great talk of trend and tide,
And wisdom and destiny,
Hail that undying heathen
That is sadder than the sea.

The contrast between these shallow, faithless, modern days
of ours—

...these days like deserts, when
Pride and a little scratching pen
Have dried and split the hearts of men,

and the glorious old Catholic days when heroes of the Cross went
forth to conflict, and against them

There came green devils out of the sea
With sea-plants trailing heavily
And tracks of opal slime—

is brought out sharply and poignantly in the poem. The artificiality
and scepticism of our days arouse the contempt and disgust of the
author of *The Ballad of the White Horse*, and for relief his soul
turns yearningly to the wholesome earlier times.

...backwards shall ye wonder and gaze,
Desiring one of Alfred's days,
When Pagans still were men.

Another lesson of the poem is this: The pagan or the atheist,
though he own the world, has a soul that is cold and empty and
without hope, while the true Christian, even in the midst of trials
and adversities, has still the lamp of faith with him to dispel the
threatening shadows.

Thus the great Danish chief, Guthrum, mourns darkly about
the doom that is over all things, and says that

The soul is like a lost bird,
The body a broken shell.

Out of the skies, he says, there comes no noise but weeping, and

because all men must die, and all the gods alike, there is a tear
in every tiniest flower :

The little brooks are very sweet
Like a girl's ribbons curled,
But the great sea is bitter
That washes all the world.

And Alfred taunts him, saying :

What have the strong gods given?
Where have the glad gods led?
When Guthrum sits on a hero's throne
And asks if he is dead?

Sirs, I am but a nameless man,
A rhymester without home,
Yet since I come to Wessex clay
And carry the cross of Rome,

I will even answer the mighty earl
That asked of Wessex men,
Why they be meek and monkish folk
And bow to the White Lord's broken yoke;
What sign have we save blood and smoke?
Here is my answer then.

That on you is fallen the shadow,
And not upon the Name;
That though we scatter and though we fly
And you hang over us like the sky
You are more tired of victory,
Than we are tired of shame.

* * *

Our monks go robed in rain and snow
But the heart of flame therein,
But you go clothed in feasts and flames
When all is ice within;

Nor shall all iron dooms make dumb
Men wondering ceaselessly,
If it be not better to fast for joy
Than feast for misery.

This, then, is the great Christian lesson of *The Ballad of the*

White Horse. But the reader of the review need not hastily imagine that this moral is written large all over the poem so that he who runs may read. Chesterton is too much of an artist to spoil his ballad by turning it into a sermon. The poem is a long sustained effort, stretching to eight cantos or "books," and it takes a little study to grasp its entire purpose. There are many people who will read it and never notice the lesson of the work at all. But the lesson is there for those who have eyes to see and who have not voluntarily hardened their hearts. This modern world of ours is fast drifting away from the safe moorings of the ancient simplicity of faith and work, and Gilbert K. Chesterton is not the least of the prophets who would warn it of its error ere the last dread doom shall befall:

And in the last eclipse, the sea
Shall stand up like a tower,
Above all moons made dark and riven
Hold up its foaming head in heaven
And laugh, knowing its hour.

The Ballad of the White Horse is truly the utterance of a seer and a prophet. It has an elemental force, a rugged dignity and permanence like a torrent-scarred mountain that grimly confronts the restless and heaving sea. Its strength is not that of the Greek temples, polished and fluted and chiseled; but that of the wind-worn monolith or the ancient pillar-tower, furrowed with olden runes and vibrant with the dim dreams and sorrowful sages of the past. In the deep cadences of the rushing lines that toss and sway and boil and swirl, like a mountain river over a rocky bed, or a charge of Celtic galloglasses through a narrow Irish glen, we hear again the din and music of those far-off battles

Where the tortured trumpets scream aloud
And the dense arrows drive

and where the Catholic King Alfred, fighting for God and altars
and home and native land, locked fast in a last death struggle with
the heathen foe:

A sea-folk blinder than the sea
Broke all about his land;

But Alfred up against them bare
And gripped the ground and grasped the air,
Staggered, and strove to stand.

He bent them back with spear and spade,
With desperate dyke and wall,
With foeman leaning on his shield
And roaring on him when he reeled;
And no help came at all.

He broke them with a broken sword
A little towards the sea,
And for one hour of panting peace,
Ringed with a roar that would not cease,
With golden crown and girded fleece
Made laws under a tree.

And in the turmoil of these weird battles we recognize the echo of that immemorial conflict of Right against Wrong, of Truth against Falsehood, of the Good against the Evil, which makes the refrain and burden of the sadness of all the sighing winds and all the sobbing waters of this mournful and sin-laden world of ours.

The versification of *The Ballad of the White Horse* is very felicitously chosen, and goes with a swing and a rush that carries everything with it like a mighty wind. Here and there, like a torrent choked by boulders, it seems to pause and become uncertain and broken, then again it rushes along in a smooth sweep that is full of a sort of barbaric music and power. Even in the dedication stanzas we have some impressive mood-portrayals, as, for instance,

Do you remember when we went,
Under a dragon moon,
And 'mid volcanic tints at night;
Walked where they fought the unknown fight
And saw black trees on the battle-height,
Black thorn on Ethandune!

As dreamers that walk through a visionary land see vast and portentous shapes and figures, so tremendous images like this now and again startle the reader:

Where Ind's enamelled peaks arise,
Around that inmost one,
Where ancient eagles on its brink,
Vast as archangels, gather and drink
The sacrament of the sun.

We are reminded by the following of the vast plain covered with dead men's bones, described by the Prophet in Holy Writ:

The King went gathering Wessex men
As grain out of the chaff;
The few that were alive to die,
Laughing, as littered skulls that lie
After lost battles turn to the sky
An ever-lasting laugh.

So true is he to the primordial energy of the days he describes that some of the images shock and startle:

And as he stirred the strings of the harp
To notes but four or five,
The heart of each man moved in him
Like a babe buried alive.

And here is another example of the same kind:

As he went down to the river-hut
He went as one that fell;
Seeing the high forest domes and spars
Dim green or torn with golden scars,
As the proud look up at the evil stars,
In the red heavens of hell.

In *The Ballad of the White Horse*, indeed, there is no dearth of large and spacious utterance. We read of "Guthrum of the Danes"

With wide eyes bright as the one long day
On the long polar plains.

In describing the prowess of Eldred in war his images are vast and dreadful enough to make the reader gasp:

As the tall white devil of the Plague
Moves out of Asian skies,
With his foot in a waste of cities
And his head in a cloud of flies;

Or purple and peacock skies grow dark
With a moving locust-tower ;
Or tawny sand-winds tall and dry,
Like hell's red banners beat and fly,
When death comes out of Araby
Was Eldred in his hour.

Then again we have intimate searchings of the human heart—
strange ferretings of thought like this about the Irish Prince Colan
—it was just before the fight and all had expressed their fears and
soul-concerns :

And all were moved a little,
But Colan stood apart,
Having first pity, and after
Hearing, like rat in rafter,
That little worm of laughter
That eats the Irish heart.

In mid-battle when the giant Eldred was wading in blood and
slaughter we have the same strange interior search-light turned
on him :

But while he moved like a massacre
He murmured as in sleep,
And his words were all of low hedges
And little fields, and sheep.

Even as he strode like a pestilence,
That strides from Rhine to Rome,
He thought how tall his beans might be
If ever he went home.

Spoke some stiff piece of childish prayer,
Dull as the distant chimes,
That thanked our God for good eating
And corn and quiet times—

A characteristic Catholic touch is given to the ballad by the
appearance of the Mother of God to Alfred, and the bard is very
felicitous in his description of the incident :

Her face was like an open word
When brave men speak and choose,
The very colours of her coat
Were better than good news.

She sends Alfred on an embassy to raise the people for a decisive war against the pagans, and he goes joyfully on his way—"Shaken of the joy of giants, the joy without a cause." Nor does he fail in his embassy, for at the message of the Mother of God the three great princes, Mark, the Roman, and Eldred, the Saxon, and Colan, the Gael, leap to their feet and muster all their forces. The Virgin Mother appears again in the last rout of the Danes, when the fortunes of the fight still hang in the balance.

The King looked up, and what he saw
Was a great light like death,
For Our Lady stood on the standard's rent,
As lovely and as innocent
As when beneath white walls she went
In the lilies of Nazareth.

* * *

Over the iron forest
He saw Our Lady stand;
Her eyes were sad withouten art,
And seven swords were in her heart—
But one was in her hand.

Inspired by this vision, the Christian host renew their efforts, the Danes sway and stagger and a dreadful fear comes upon them. They are dismayed by the fearful persistence of the Saxon and the Roman legionaries, and the "Ghastly war-pipes of the Gael" awaken all their latent superstitions. They fling down their arms and rush in wide-eyed terror from the fated field:

"The Mother of God goes over them,
On dreadful Cherubs borne;
And the psalm is roaring above the rune,
And the Cross goes over the sun and moon;
Endeth the Battle of Ethandune
With the blowing of the horn."

We will close our review of this truly remarkable *Ballad* by adverting to another noticeable phrase in its contents. Chesterton has ever been noted for his sympathy with the Irish, and his interest in them as an ancient and illustrious race. This trait of his is well illustrated in the work before us. To the Irish Prince, Colan of Caerleon, is given a high place of honor in the text, and to him, as a worthy representative of the "fighting race," falls the glory of open-

ing the Battle of Ethandune with "the throwing of the sword." Chesterton's description of this Irish Prince is quaint, yet characteristic and typical like some weird antique painting, strangely colored with ancient pigments:

And the man was come as a shadow
From the shadow of Druid trees,
Where Usk, with mighty murmurings,
Past Caerleon of the fallen Kings,
Goes out to ghostly seas.

Last of a race in ruin—
He spoke the speech of the Gaels;
His Kin were in holy Ireland
Or up in the crags of the Wales.

But his soul stood with his Mothers' folk,
That were of the rain-wrapped isle
Where Patrick and Brandan westerly
Looked out at last on a landless sea
And the sun's last smile.

His harp was carved and cunning
As the Celtic craftsman makes,
Graven all over with twisting shapes
Like many headless snakes.

His harp was carved and cunning,
His sword was prompt and sharp,
And he was gay when he held the sword,
Sad when he held the harp.

For the great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men that God made mad,
For all their wars are merry
And all their songs are sad.

He kept the Roman order;
He made the Christian sign;
But his eyes grew often blind and bright,
And the sea that rose in the rocks at night
Rose to his head like wine.

When Alfred came to him, Colan in disdainful fashion tried

at once to pick a quarrel with the king, but the moment the words of the Virgin were quoted to him his answer was quick as lightning:

Then Colan of the Sacred Tree
Tossed his black mane on high,
And cried, as rigidly he rose,
"And if the sea and sky be foes,
We will tame the sea and sky."

Others might warily hang back, but when there was fighting to be done the Gael would be present eager for the fray. So when the day of battle dawned Colan and his rude host were there "with demon pipes that wail:"

In long, outlandish garments,
Torn, though of antique worth,
With Druid beards, and Druid spears
As a resurrected race appears
Out of an elder earth.

Splendidly and dramatically does Prince Colan open the battle at Ethandune when the Danish chieftan Harold advances upon him. Then was it that the life of the Gael hung in the balance as Harold snatched a great bow from one of his followers:

...and bent it on
Colan, whose doom grew dark, and shone
Stars evil over Caerleon
In the place where he was born.

* * *

To his great gold earring Harold
Tugged back the feathered tail,
And swift had sprung the arrow,
But swifter sprang the Gael.

Whirling the long sword round his head
A great wheel in the sun,
He sent it splendid through the sky,
Flying before the shaft could fly—
It smote Earl Harold over the eye,
And blood began to run.

Colan stood bare and weaponless
Earl Harold, as in pain,

Strove for a smile, put hand to head,
Stumbled and suddenly fell dead;
And the small white daisies all waxed red
With blood from out his brain.

In spite of the ringing stanzas with which the poet sings of the exploits of Alfred, and Eldred, and Mark, one is forced to think the Gael is his favorite, with such evident enthusiasm and such felicitous phrase does Chesterton sing the deeds of Colan of Caerleon and his ghost-like bands. The bloodiest pitch of the battle came when the Irish host upbore the dead body of their fallen chieftan and went wildly into the last melee with their war-pipes playing a pibroch:

And highest sang the slaughter,
And fastest fell the slain
When from the wood-road's blackening throat
A crowning and crashing wonder smote
The rear-guard of the Danes.

For the dregs of Colan's company—
Lost down the other road,
Had gathered and grown and heard the din,
And with wild yells came pouring in,
Naked as their old British Kin,
And bright with blood for woad.

And bare and bloody and aloft
They bore before their band
The body of their mighty lord,
Colan of Caerleon, and the horde
That bore King Alfred's battle sword
Broken in his left hand.

And a strange music went with him,
Loud and yet strangely far;
The wild pipes of the western land,
Too keen for the ear to understand,
Sang high and deathly on each hand
When the dead man went to war.

Blocked between ghost and buccaneer,
Brave men have dropped and died,

And the wild sea-lords well might quail
As the ghastly war-pipes of the Gael
Called to the horns of White Horse Vale,
And all the horns replied.

We have quoted extensively from the ballad, but the stanzas are of such unusual and we had almost said elemental richness and power, that the temptation to quote is almost irresistible. Yet we have only touched the work on very few of its phases or aspects. Whole papers might be written on the poet's delineation of the character of the Danes, of King Alfred, of Eldred, the Saxon, of Mark, the Roman, as well as on that splendid canto, a poem in itself, that is entitled "The Harp of Alfred." How true, for instance, is this description of the merciless Vikings:

Our towns were shaken of tall kings
With scarlet beards like blood;
The world turned empty where they trod,
They took the kindly Cross of God,
And cut it up for wood.

Their souls were drifting as the sea,
And all good towns and lands
They only saw with heavy eyes,
And broke with heavy hands.

Their gods were sadder than the sea,
Gods of a wandering will,
Who cried for blood like beasts at night,
Sadly, from hill to hill.

They seemed as trees walking the earth,
As witless and as tall,
Yet they took hold upon the heavens
And no help came at all.

Nor have we space in this paper to do more than hint at the great and lurid images and the luminous descriptions, though here we might with advantage add the following to our former list: The turning point of the great battle of Ethandune was signalized more clearly by a certain "change" in the eyes of the Danish Chieftan Guthrum than by any other sign, no matter how plain or terrible:

As a turn of the wheel of tempest
Tilts up the whole sky tall,
And cliffs of wan cloud luminous
Lean out like great walls over us,
As if the heavens might fall;

As such a tall and tilted sky
Sends certain snow or light,
So did the eyes of Guthrum change,
And the turn was more certain and more strange
Than a thousand men in flight.

For not till the floor of the skies is split
And hell-fire shines through the sea,
Or the stars look up through the rent earth's knees,
Cometh such rending of certainties,
As when one wise man truly sees,
What is more wise than he.

Again we are told that Alfred was great and strong:

Because in the forest of all fears
Like a strange fresh gust from sea,
Struck him that ancient innocence
That is more than mastery.

In his heyday of glory he sent embassies to all the lands of the
world, even to the climes of

Scrawled screens and secret gardens
And insect-laden skies—
Where fiery plains stretch on and on
To the purple country of Prester John
And the walls of Paradise.

And he knew the might of the Terre Majeure,
Where Kings began to reign;
Where in a night-rout without name,
Of gloomy Goths and Gauls there came
White, above candles all aflame,
Like a vision, Charlemagne.

When the King wrested London Town from the unwilling

Danes, the earth was red with slaughter, and dreadful conflagrations lit the midnight skies :

Smoke like rebellious heavens rolled
Curled over coloured flames,
Mirrored in monstrous purple dreams,
In the mighty pools of Thames.

Taken all in all *The Ballad of the White Horse* is the bravest, sanest, wholesomest, and most Christian strain of romantic song that has been sung by an English minstrel for many a long decade. It does not pretend to extreme literary finish or polish, but it very often soars to splendid reaches of sublime thought and martial melody. It is the very opposite of all that is effeminate or decadent, and its masculine vigor and Catholic purity of tone are a much-needed tonic to minds enervated by the cloying verse and sentimental and erotic fiction of our modern days. We venture to predict that *The Ballad of the White Horse* will continue to perpetuate the name of the author down through future years, and be treasured as a classic of English literature.

THE LIFE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.*

BY FRANCIS P. DUFFY, D.D.



THE long-expected Life of Cardinal Newman is at last given to the public. It is a detailed record of his life as a Catholic, drawn mainly from his journal and his letters. Only one chapter is devoted to his life as an Anglican. That is covered by his *Apologia*, and by the letters published by Miss Mozley. "It is by the Cardinal's own desire," Mr. Ward informs us, "that his present biographer has not added to the record given in those letters and in the *Apologia*."

We are told at the outset that Newman's correspondence, on which the present work is based, "points to a biography which is rather an addition to his writings than an illustration of them. . . . On the whole, the study of his life which is found in the correspondence carries the readers of Newman into a new country rather than illustrates one that they knew already." The story is not altogether new to those who have kept in touch with the various accounts of Newman's times which have been given in the biographies of Wiseman, Manning, Ward and Vaughan, in Abbot Gasquet's *Lord Acton and His Circle*, or in Canon Barry's article on Newman in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*. But to the general reader this biography opens up "a new country," and it becomes the task of a reviewer to help in exploring it.

In a life that lasted so long, and that was taken up with so many and such varied interests, a life that takes 1,300 pages in the telling, it is very difficult to pick and choose points for consideration in a single article. It would be the most congenial task to enumerate the successes of Newman, to give a record of the lectures and controversies by which he strengthened the hearts of his fellow-Catholics in his own day, and to make a study of the works which have been a help and an inspiration to Catholic thinkers for two generations.

But Mr. Ward presents Newman's own view of his life, and

**The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman*. Based on his Private Journals and Correspondence. By Wilfrid Ward. In two volumes. Longmans, Green & Co. New York and London, 1912.

that view is very often one of disappointment and discouragement in the face of thwarted plans and fruitless efforts. We believe that this view will not be a permanent one. Newman accomplished vastly more than he allowed himself to believe. He measured his achievements by the standard of his own view as to what he might have done. Actually he did more in his self-styled idleness than most men can hope to accomplish in a career of strenuous activity. But since his trials and adversities have been brought so prominently before the public, it may be the duty of an admirer to consider that side of his life as a Catholic. At any rate this line of treatment will supply a thread on which may be strung various features of his career. It may do a service by showing that he was not a man out of all harmonious relations with his fellows, that his trials came from the opposition of a few, rather than from a lack of appreciation by the generality of Catholics.

The first attack on Newman's theological opinions came from America, in a criticism of the *Essay on Development* written by the vigorous and logical Dr. Brownson, a recent convert himself. Newman at that time was busy explaining his position to Roman theologians like Fr. Perrone, and was not looking for open controversy with fellow-Catholics so soon after his reception into the Church.

The next reference to America is in the shape of a graceful letter written to Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore, thanking American Catholics for their support during the Achilli trial. In 1858, when Newman had begun work on a translation of the Bible, Cardinal Wiseman forwarded to him a letter from the American Bishops suggesting that Newman should co-operate with Kenrick in his version, part of which was already published. It seems a pity that some such arrangement could not have been made, for Archbishop Kenrick has shown himself in his translation and notes a scholarly exegete and theologian, and Newman could have supplied the literary finish which would have given us an English Catholic translation of the Bible to be proud of. But Newman balked in his quiet way, and the Cardinal had other things to think of, so the whole matter was let drop.

Newman was interested in the progress of events in the United States. Writing to Pusey, in 1867, he draws an argument for the power of the Pope from our form of government. "Whatever be the extent of 'State Rights,' some jurisdiction the President must have over the American Union, as a whole, if he is to be of any use or meaning at all. He cannot be a mere Patriarch of the Yankees,

or Exarch of the West Country squatters, or '*primus inter pares*' with the Governors of Kentucky or Vermont."

Finally, it is proper to insert a letter written when he was eighty-eight years of age, relating to the death of Father Hecker, "the Paulist," says Ward, "whose efforts to interpret the Catholic religion to his contemporaries in America had commanded Newman's close sympathy."

Feb. 28, 1889.

MY DEAR FATHER HEWIT:

I was very sorrowful at hearing of Father Hecker's death. I have ever felt that there was this sort of unity in our lives, that we had both begun a work of the same kind, he in America and I in England, and I know how zealous he was in promoting it. It is not many months since I received a vigorous and striking proof of it in the book he sent me. Now I am left with one friend less, and it remains with me to convey through you my best condolence to all the members of your Society.

Hoping that you do not forget me in your prayers, I am,
dear Father Hewit,

Most truly yours,

JOHN. H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

One of the most disappointing failures of Newman's life was in the affair of the Irish Catholic University. But the fault cannot justly be laid to the Irish Church. Practically the whole responsibility rests on the shoulders of one Irish prelate, Dr. Cullen, a faithful and zealous churchman, but one who did not represent the main body of ecclesiastical opinion in his own country. If Newman had consulted the opinions of the Irish hierarchy, he would probably never have gone to Ireland. They knew that the University was bound to be a failure. Many of them might have done better by it, but at best they could only have delayed its death. Newman's duties and rights as rector seem to have been too vaguely defined, and this led to misunderstandings with the governing Board, for which the situation itself, rather than the persons, was to blame.

It has been generally supposed that one of his chief difficulties resulted from an undue attempt on his part to intrude English converts into the University chairs. He did, indeed, try to introduce Oxford men, his justification being that they were practically the only Catholics in the islands who had personal experience of the running of a University. It is enlightening, however, to find that he was strongly in favor of enlisting the aid of certain brilliant

young Irishmen who had taken part in the national movement of '48, and that Dr. Cullen was even more opposed to these men than to the English converts. Mr. Ward gives the first published list of the faculty. We select the better known names: Dr. Edmund O'Reilly, S.J., Dr. Patrick Leahy (afterwards Archbishop of Cashel); Eugene O'Curry; John O'Hagan; Robert Ormsby; Thomas W. Allies; Aubrey de Vere; Denis Florence McCarthy; J. H. Pollen; Pierre le Page Renouf. This is a brilliant array of talent, with Irish names predominating. It would be difficult nowadays to gather in any English-speaking land a more able body of Catholic scholars.

From casual remarks in letters of later days, as well as in his reply as Cardinal to the address of the Irish members of Parliament, he shows that his Irish experiences did not render him bitter against the land in which he had made his first conspicuous failure. Bishop Moriarity, Father O'Reilly, Aubrey de Vere, and Lord Emly remained his close friends. When his orthodoxy was questioned, Dr. Cullen was the first to speak out for him in Rome. He sympathized with Irish discontent, though he did not agree with Manning in the remedy of Home Rule which, however, he expected would come in time. His strongest statement is a phrase in a letter written in 1887: "If I were an Irishman, I should be (in heart) a rebel."

When one considers what a thorough Englishman Newman was, it is surprising to find how little he was affected by the hostility to him which prevailed amongst the Protestants of England for twenty years after his conversion. It has been sometimes said otherwise—that his difficulties as a Catholic came from too great sensitiveness about what Protestants thought. Quite the contrary is true, at least so far as concerns his personal feelings. The distrust and dislike of the general body of English people for him during the years before the *Apologia* rested more lightly on his mind than any breath of criticism coming from fellow-Catholics. Naturally he was pleased, as any man must have been, with the quick and generous recognition of his honesty and sincerity given by his brother Englishmen when he opened his life before them. He kept some old friendships from the wreckage of his past, such as Dean Church and William Froude. He was considerate of the religious welfare of possible converts, when there was question about the way in which Catholicity should be presented to them, especially when extremists were advocating forms of devotion which

were alien to English and American Catholics, or urging as essentials of faith personal views which are not of faith at all. Finally on grounds of religious policy, he was unwilling to make any attack on the Anglican establishment as such, considering it as a nursery of converts, and a bulwark against national infidelity.

But he had no regard for Protestant sensitiveness when the interests of the Catholic faith were at stake. On two or three occasions he denied the rumor that he was returning to the Church of England, employing a tone of contempt that he knew would hurt, for he was bound that no man should misunderstand him on this point.

He never shrank from the shock of controversy when a worthy occasion presented itself. When a recent convert, he took up the defence of the Church during the No-Popery agitation, and the way in which he let himself go, in the lectures in Birmingham, showed how thoroughly he enjoyed the combat in such a cause. When he found himself in opposition to fellow-Catholics, he drew within himself, and bided God's time, unless a very evident call demanded that he should speak out. It was different, however, when an adversary of the Church entered the lists. Then it was a joy to him to quit his tent and mount his charger and strike a good blow for the faith. A generous-minded opponent pays him a fine compliment on his victory over Kingsley.

All England has been laughing with you, and those who knew you of old have rejoiced to see you once more come forth like a lion from his lair, with undiminished strength of muscle, and they have smiled as they watched you carry off the remains of Mr. Charles Kingsley (no mean prey), lashing your sides with your tail, and growling and muttering as you retreat into your den.

This sturdy fighting spirit never left him. He was nearly seventy-four years of age when Gladstone wrote his pamphlet on Vatican Decrees. Newman might fairly have left the answering of this attack to others. Some of Gladstone's strongest points against the civil allegiance of Catholics were drawn from the writings of men who were opposed to Newman's more moderate views. But he undertook the task, and once more merited the gratitude of English Catholics as the uncrowned Defender of the Faith.

Newman's relations to the "old" or hereditary Catholics of England show an interesting development. During his early days

as a convert he came into momentary collision with them on account of a scheme, largely Faber's, of a series of lives of saints which introduced views of devotion alien to the solid traditional forms of piety of English Catholic circles. Newman had taken up the scheme for the best possible motives. He did not enter the Church to teach, but to learn; and he thought that he was taking the broad Catholic attitude in issuing these biographies. In matters of devotion, however, blood and breeding count, as the Church is wise to see. Newman was an Englishman, and he learned to respect and revere the spiritual formation of the old Catholics. His own devotional life was nourished from the same sources as theirs, though with greater manifestation of warmth than they allowed themselves. He loved the liturgy of the Mass and the Office; he had special devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to the Blessed Virgin, and, amongst other saints, first of all to his dear father and patron St. Philip, and next to the Church Fathers and to the Apostles. His published *Meditations and Devotions* instil piety of the solid kind. He says he never read the books of his fellow-convert and fellow-oratorian, Father Faber.

Some of the friendships he formed with hereditary Catholics were amongst the strongest and most lasting in his life. With the sole exception of his *fidus Achates*, Ambrose St. John, his most faithful friend was his Bishop, Dr. Ullathorne. The crown of his career, the red biretta of the Cardinalate, was obtained for him through the efforts of Catholic laymen of the old stock, the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Petre.

Whence, then, arose the difficulties about which there is so much in this book? His difficulties were not to any great extent, as we shall see, with Rome itself, but with a party at home and abroad which was working for a greater centralization of power in the Church. Now it was simply impossible for a man of Newman's type to be a party man. He saw too many sides to a question; he had too keen a sense of exactness to enlist himself with any party. It would be wrong to call this his defect, for it would be a perfection if the world were better made; wrong, too, to call it his misfortune; but it was the source of his greatest trials. He lived in a time when the dominant idea of many zealous churchmen was the closer organization of the Catholic forces against the infidel spirit of the age. The natural tendency of such leaders was to adopt a policy restricting liberty of opinion, of education, of publishing, and to inculcate a view of the claims of authority which

would not be put forward in an age of the Church when the pressure of opposition is less keenly felt. Newman could not bring himself to these policies, which he felt were makeshift and temporary. He was no less an opponent of Liberalism than the others. From his Oriel days he had devoted his life to the task of combating it. But he felt that the problems of the age remained to be met, and would not be met by ignoring them. So he strove for the formation of a body of educated clergy and laity who would be ready and able to discuss the questions of the day on a footing of equality with opponents of religion. This was the motive which actuated him, first in the support he gave to Acton, Simpson and others in their endeavor to carry on a *Review* which would be at once Catholic and scholarly; and later in his plan to open an Oratory at Oxford, from which he could look after Catholic students, and also help to give a religious trend to University opinion. But even in advocating these schemes, Newman has nothing of the partisan in him. He was more of a check than of a spur to the activities of his friends of the *Rambler* and the *Home and Foreign Review*. Their tone in dealing with thorny questions exasperated him at times. He gives a picture of Simpson "as he rides along the high road, discharging pea-shooters at Cardinals who happen by bad luck to be looking out of the window."

It is not our place here to hold the balance between the policies of Newman and those of his opponents. Nor is it necessary to say that on both sides they were zealous and honest-minded men. It was an age in England of great Churchmen. Wiseman, Newman, Manning, W. G. Ward, Vaughan—names that are held in honor by Catholics everywhere. Only recently the world was edified by the revelation of the deep, spiritual nature of Cardinal Vaughan. An adequate life of Manning remains to be written. The life of Wiseman and also the life of W. G. Ward have been written by the same hand that has penned the biography of Cardinal Newman. This work should be read in conjunction with these others if an impartial judgment is to be given.

There are two passages in the *Church of the Fathers* in which Newman describes the different types of character which God uses in His work. The first may be borrowed to illustrate the contrast between Wiseman and himself.

The instruments raised up by Almighty God for the accomplishment of His purposes are of two kinds, equally gifted with

faith and piety, but from natural temper and talent, education, or other circumstances, differing in the means by which they promote their sacred cause. The first of these are men of acute and ready mind, with accurate knowledge of human nature, and large plans, and persuasive and attractive bearing, genial, sociable, and popular, endowed with prudence, patience, instinctive tact and decision in conducting matters, as well as boldness and zeal.

Again there is an instrument in the hand of Providence of less elaborate and splendid workmanship, less rich in its political endowments, so to call them, yet not less beautiful in its texture, nor less precious in its material. Such is the retired and thoughtful student who remains years and years in the solitude of a college or a monastery, chastening his soul in secret, raising it to high thought and single-minded purpose, and when at length called into active life, conducting himself with firmness, guilelessness, zeal like a flaming fire, and all the sweetness of purity and integrity. Such an one is often unsuccessful in his own day; he is too artless to persuade, too severe to please; unskilled in the weaknesses of human nature, unfurnished in the resources of ready wit, negligent of men's applause, unsuspicious, open-hearted, he does his work and so leaves it; and it seems to die; but in the generation after him it lives again, and in the long run it is difficult to say which of the two classes of men has served the cause of truth the more effectually.

The second passage, which relates to the misunderstanding that arose between Basil and Gregory, is almost a description of Manning and Newman. There are two main characters found in the Church, he says, high energy and sweetness of temper.

This contrast of character, leading first to intimacy, then to differences, is interestingly displayed, though painfully, in one passage of the history of Basil and Gregory—Gregory the affectionate, the tender-hearted, the man of quick feelings, the accomplished, the eloquent preacher, and Basil the man of firm resolve and hard deeds, the high-minded ruler of Christ's flock, the diligent laborer in the field of ecclesiastical politics. Thus they differed; yet not as if they had not much in common still; both had the blessing and the discomfort of a sensitive mind; both were devoted to the ascetic life; both were special champions of the Catholic creed.

Turning now to view his direct relations with Rome, we find that he never had cause for serious complaint. He was well received

when he went to Rome after his conversion, and he then conceived a love and admiration for the person of Pius IX. which he kept unchanged throughout his life. The Roman authorities were opposed to his going to Oxford, but this was in accordance with a fixed educational policy of the period, which was adopted for general reasons without any reference to him. There is no question that suspicions about him were set going in Rome, and were more or less accredited because his line of thought and action were not in perfect accord with the ideas which were dominant there at the time. In the famous letter which contains the judgment that "Dr. Newman is the most dangerous man in England," Talbot wrote to Manning: "It is perfectly true that a cloud has been hanging over Dr. Newman in Rome ever since the Bishop of Newport (Dr. Brown) delated him to Rome for heresy in his article in the *Rambler* on consulting the laity in matters of faith." But we know now that the cloud so far as it existed at all was largely of Talbot's making, and that it was not nearly so black as Newman was led to believe. If he had stood upon his own defence more openly, he could have dissipated it almost entirely. But he was slow to do this. "As to defending myself," he says in a letter to a friend, "you may make yourself quite sure that I never will, unless it is a simple duty. Such is a charge against my religious faith—such against my veracity—such any charge in which the cause of religion is involved." When he finally made up his mind that a defence was called for, and sent Fr. St. John to Rome, Cardinal Barnabo at once dismissed the accusation of disobedience and heterodoxy as "*vanissimae calumniae*." His experience with the great Jesuit theologians like Perrone and Franzelin was of similar kind. If they criticised it was some definite and debatable point. With such men he could deal. He respected this sort of criticism. His main lament, indeed, was at the decay of the great theological schools in the Church, schools in which matters of theology were once discussed freely and fully by the master minds of Catholicity. The Holy See showed its trust in him by appointing him as one of the theologians to prepare the *schemata* to be submitted for discussion at the Vatican Council.

Though an Inopportunist during the Council, he was a staunch believer in Infallibility. The wording of the definition clipped the wings of extremists like Veuillot and Ward. In his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk* he had the satisfaction of advancing an interpretation of the decree which was accepted with little question by

his fellow-Catholics of England. But his complete vindication came from a glorious and large-minded Pontiff who had himself passed through years of neglect and obscurity, and who had attained in advanced years to a power which seemed to come to him too late, but which he was to wield with a strong hand for a quarter of a century. It was Leo XIII. who made Newman a Cardinal. The Vicar of Christ can bestow no greater honor on a living subject, but the whole world felt that it was a proper reward for a life spent in steadfast devotion to the cause of Christ's Church. All the trials of the past were now forgotten. God had perfected His chosen servant by adversity, the school for saints. It is not always in this life that God bestows his rewards for constant service. But such was the meed of honor he had been holding in reserve for his true and loyal soldier, John Henry Newman.

Since that great event, other happenings have further justified the career of Newman. Leo XIII. set the seal of his approval on the "open" method in historical writing, which was one of Newman's contentions in the old *Rambler* days. The same Pope also withdrew the prohibition against Catholic attendance at Universities such as Oxford, and now Catholic students are in residence there with even lesser safeguards than would have been afforded by the presence of a man like Newman.

In our own time when another great Pontiff, zealous for the purity of the faith, condemned innovators, and when some of them strove to take refuge under the aegis of the great Cardinal, express word was sent out that nothing in the writings of Newman was touched by the condemnations.

Cardinal Newman is dead less than twenty-five years, and yet he looms upon the imagination of us who are almost his contemporaries as a great historical figure. He is even now a classic to all of English speech, and almost a Church Father in the minds of a host of thoughtful Catholics. What he will be in the far future it is impossible to say with certainty. But it is not presumptuous to expect that his *Apologia*, his *Essay on Development of Doctrine*, his *Grammar of Assent*, will be studied for centuries to come, even as we now turn to the *Confessions of St. Augustine* and the *Com-munitorium of St. Vincent of Lerins*.

Something must be said on the subject of Newman's "sensitiveness," since the first hasty notices of the biography make it the most important, almost the sole topic of discussion. It was of course entirely unintentional on the part of such critics, who

seized the newest and most striking matter which came to hand, but things looked for a while as if there were a concerted attack by Catholics on the memory of Newman. Ill-considered criticism such as this does but give aid and comfort to the enemy. A full and careful reading of the biography does indeed show that Newman was sensitive, and sensitive to a fault. But it is a fault that we must accept as belonging to his type of character, the defect of his qualities, the point of excess in his virtues. Everybody in the world, be he saint or hero, is judged by his contemporaries as possessing some quality in too great a degree. He is too bold or too prudent, too rational or too emotional, too frank or too reticent, the excess in each case being the surplus of some characteristic by which his most striking achievements have been accomplished.

In Newman we have a man of high principles, of refined and delicate feelings with a keen insight into himself, an almost scrupulous sense of duty, with a wide view of the realm of thought and a knowledge not given to others of the trend of ideas and principles. Such a nature thrives best in an atmosphere of peace and quiet and study. But his knowledge of the dangerous tendencies of the times and his sense of duty drive him forth into the hurly-burly of life, where men who are called practical are intent on the things nearest to eye and hand. They look upon the spiritual-minded prophet with his lore of the past and the future as an impractical meddler, and brush him aside. As the world runs, such a man will not get full recognition in his own day unless he happens to live, as Newman did, for nearly a century. Meanwhile if he is of a placid disposition, he can utter his message and retire to the easy position of the looker-on from the heights. But if, like Newman, he feels his duty keenly, he must suffer. Newman could suffer, but it was his defect that he could not suffer without groaning. That, however, is but a minor matter. It is infinitely to his credit that he cared so much. The general circumstances of his life were to his taste. He had friends and books and leisure. He had supreme joy in his personal Catholic life. The only cross that tried him was enforced inactivity. If he could only fall back on minor joys. If he could forget the call of duty, if he could ignore the moan of his soul "*Heu! vitam perdidit, nihil operose agendo,*" he could have been the happiest of men. His discontent was divine, though his expression of it was at times all too human. But it is not for men like ourselves of narrower views and less austere ideals of duty to throw our little darts at the giant writhing in his bonds. We may regret that some

of these bonds seemed to grow from his own nature, that he could have had more ample room for activity if he were less sensitive to opposition, less dignified, more ready to insist on a clear understanding and his own rights. Thoughts such as these irritate an admirer for a while. But such thoughts cannot last. We read the *Apologia* once more and they vanish. If he were the shrewd, ready, practical man we picture, he could never have been one to write this story of a singularly noble and sensitive soul. We prefer to retain and love the Newman that God has given us, rather than fashion one to our own less noble likeness.

The subject of this biography has been of such absorbing interest that we have been neglecting the author and the work itself. When Cardinal Newman passed away, it was the general opinion of the well informed that there was only one man entirely competent to write his life. Mr. Wilfrid Ward is the son of a great and single-minded man who was one of Newman's followers at Oxford, and who was on various questions his chivalrous opponent during their lives as Catholics. His son, however, derives his intellectual parentage from Newman. He has studied Newman thoroughly, and has written of him under many aspects. His knowledge of the man and his times, and his power of viewing events and movements in England as parts of larger Catholic wholes, render him singularly well-fitted for the task for which he was selected.

In the writing of this work he has chosen the role of chronicler rather than that of the philosopher of history. At least he is here less of the philosopher than he is in his *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival*, or in his articles on phases of Newman's thought and activities. He has allowed Newman to manifest himself through his correspondence. Exception may be taken to the frankness with which he presents these letters to the general public. Much may be said on both sides of this controversy. In principle it is not a new one. Newman himself, from what we know of his opinion on biographical writing, would not be one of the adverse critics. He believed that letters are the truest source of knowledge in a matter of this kind, and rejoiced that we can know so much of the personal character of the Church Fathers through this correspondence. He loved Basil and Gregory and John of Antioch the more for the personal traits, even weaknesses, which make these great men of antiquity to live before us as beings of flesh and blood, and not as the shadows of mighty names. He thought that we can

profit the better by their lives for their revelation. He was impatient with "the endemic perennial fidget which possesses us about giving scandal; facts are omitted in great histories, or glosses are put upon memorable acts, because they are thought not edifying, whereas of all scandals such omission, such glosses, are the greatest."

Mr. Ward has anticipated the criticism in reference to one special point, but his reply covers sufficiently the whole ground of the objection:

I have not felt at liberty to treat this portion of his correspondence perfunctorily for three reasons: Firstly, it represents a feeling which was clearly among the deepest he had during some thirty years of his life, and an account of him which touched only lightly on it would be inadequate to the point of untruthfulness. Secondly, his views are so widely known, and have been expressed to so many in writing, that it is quite certain that any such omission on my part, even were it lawful, would result in some letters which I might omit in these pages being forthwith printed elsewhere. And the public would probably think (though quite falsely) that the correspondence contained criticisms of a more serious character which the biographer had also omitted. But thirdly, and this is most important, such criticisms when read in their context, and in the light thrown on them by other contemporaneous letters which exhibit his enthusiastic loyalty to the Holy See, and his profound satisfaction with the Catholic religion, take their true proportion and colour.

"Profound satisfaction with the Catholic religion"—that is indeed the deepest and strongest note in Newman's revelation of himself. The whole work is a record of his unwavering faith in the Church of his adoption, and of absolute peace and joy in his spiritual life as a Catholic. Trials and reverses came to him. They arose from the circumstances of life, from the clash of opinion, from his own temperament. They would have come to him in greater or less degree wherever the lines of his life might have been cast. But there is never a word to throw a shadow of doubt upon the sincerity of the public declaration he once felt called upon to make:

I have not had one moment's wavering of trust in the Catholic Church ever since I was received into her fold. I hold, and ever have held, that her Sovereign Pontiff is the centre of unity and the Vicar of Christ, and I have ever had and still

have an unclouded faith in her creed in all its articles; a supreme satisfaction in her worship, discipline and teaching, and an eager longing and hope against hope that the many dear friends whom I have left in Protestantism may be partakers of my happiness.

This being my state of mind, to add, as I hereby go on to do, that I have no intention, and never had any intention of leaving the Catholic Church and becoming a Protestant, would be superfluous, except that Protestants are always on the lookout for some loophole or evasion in a Catholic's statement of fact. Therefore, in order to give them full satisfaction if I can, I do hereby profess "*ex animo*," with an absolute internal consent and assent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England! No! "The net is broken and we are delivered." I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term) if, in my old age, I left the land flowing with milk and honey for the city of confusion and the house of bondage.

OLIVET.

E. P. TIVNAN, S.J.

Lord, is my heart, to Thee
Gethsemane,
Where memories of faithlessness and sin,
Dark shadows of the past,
Like leaves all withered by the chilling blast,
Cling to the great gray olives there?
When Thou hast entered in
Is there a bitter cup for Thee,
And, sadly, for Thy share
A kiss that breedest nameless treachery?

Ah, Lord, a bruised reed wert Thou;
And sorrow maketh sad hearts kin,—
Remember not my sin;
But even now
Renew me with the flood
That flows from out Thy Heart, Thy Precious Blood.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.



IF the young man in the Pullman could have guessed the opinions of his traveling companions, he would have been neither surprised nor disconcerted. The women considered his face, hands and clothes; the men, who met him in the smoker, paid more attention to his manner and voice. The narrow eyes took quiet stock of them in return with a directness and indifference which irritated and attracted. The men would not have been astonished to discover in him one of the directors of the road, or a mere private secretary, or a confidence man. His appearance certainly suggested a wide range of possibilities, and piqued a curiosity of which he was fully aware and would have cheerfully avoided.

One of the men read a part of the title of a book which seemed to engage the young man's serious attention, and confided it to the others: *The Real Value of Mental Suggestion*. They jumped at the conclusion that he was a "professional" of some sort, but whether college or conjuring they could not decide. Also, it might indicate a specialist in some line; insurance, real estate, or even books. His clothes were absolutely non-committal.

The travelers were on a through train from San Francisco to New York, and were now passing through one of the middle-west states. The young man had dined—not at all to his fastidious taste—but was now sleepy and bored, waiting in someone else's seat for his berth to be arranged. He would enjoy his book much more at full-length ease. He had been languidly observing the fading landscape (running like a motion-picture reel beside him) with abstracted eyes, only half-conscious of the dim fields and occasional pools, now silver, now red, under the sunset, with trees and houses in soft black. In his abstraction the scene became an etching, and the pencil in his slender fingers traced its characteristic lines on the window-pane with a rapid and revealing precision.

The sudden coming on of lights in the coach converted the transparent pane into a clear black sheet of glass. He glanced up at the globes, then turned a sly head to scrutinize his idealized

picture in the mysterious mirror at his side, when instead of meeting the eyes of his flattered reflection, he found himself looking at a figure perfectly unfamiliar to him, with a face in profile. The figure was seated, the hands holding something in the lap of a pale lilac dress. The profile was young yet strong, and his keen eye saw that it would grow haggard in age. It was delicately colored on cheek and lips. The hair was thick and black and snooded in the fashion with a band of lilac ribbon. The downcast lashes were as dark as the hair and under them he could see a gleam of blue iris. His eyes traced rapidly the lines of chin, throat and bending nape of neck. He noticed the shadow of the ruffle on the round white arm whose childlike curve drew his gaze from elbow to wrist and hands, which held a chain of bright beads, slipping one slowly after another between the small thumb and pointed finger. He looked again at the downcast face; the lips were moving and he could see the pulsation of the murmured words in the throat, and memory repeated them with her in his ear.

An old poem from a boyish book-treasure recurred to him—"she was throated like the stare"—and he remembered asking his mother what a "stare" was, and her fluty laugh as she explained. The throat he gazed at would laugh like that. He advanced his head more eagerly, and the instant contact with the icy glass brought him to his senses. He glanced quickly around to discover the original of the lovely reflection, and the heavy dark curtains of the opposite berth checked him. There was no one beside him in the car. He at once knew his own reflection would prevent his seeing any one else's at such an angle. His hair and back were suddenly chilly and he sat without moving for several seconds; then he glanced furtively at the window. The picture was still there, as clear and lovely as the tinted image on the photographer's camera. The porter coming up behind him touched him on the shoulder, and he leaped up and turned such a face that the negro retreated in alarmed haste, stuttering and rolling his eyes, "Yo'—yo'—berth's ready, sir."

The engine's persistent whistle announced their approach to some station. The young man sank back into the seat, his heart pumping almost audibly. He stared with a sort of fearful eagerness at the picture in the glass. The train was running more slowly into the hood of the station; lights and figures flitted past, then suddenly massed themselves on the platform. His own pallid reflection stared at him in return. Without stopping to think, he

rushed to his berth, hunted wildly for and found his two grips, and made for the door.

"What place is this?" he asked in such a voice that the conductor eyed him and his grips curiously.

"Why, Mr. Jeffrey, this is Middletown, Ohio. You'd better stay aboard, for we're off in a minute."

Without replying, the young man sprang down to the platform and hastened to the nearest cab. As he jumped in, the train he had just left moved out of the station. Its noisy departure roused him from his dream. He cursed himself for being a fool as the cab jolted over the uneven paving. At the hotel he demanded imperiously what time the next train left for New York. "Nine A. M." drawled the indifferent clerk. Jeffrey fairly ground his teeth as he went into the room he was obliged to take for the night. He must get to New York as soon as possible. He took one of the grips on his knee and critically examined its contents, relocked it and flung himself into a chair by the one window in the room. In its dark mirror immediately appeared the figure he had pursued. He sat up, tense as steel, holding his breath for fear it would vanish again, his eyes eagerly tracing every line and feature of face and figure. He watched the regular motion of beads slipping between finger and thumb, then glanced up at the moving lips. His own eyes looked back at him. He leaped wildly up. "Am I crazy, then?" he cried aloud. "Is this the way insanity shows itself?"

He snatched up hat and luggage and hurried to the office. "When does the next train for anywhere leave this condemned hole?" he asked the clerk, who thought him drunk.

"Chicago, Central station, fifteen minutes," he answered curtly.

The young man strode into the street. The cab which had brought him to the hotel was still at the curb. He jumped in. "Central station—quick." As he seated himself, the vision, apparition, or mental picture appeared at his side in the glass of the carriage window. He endured it for a block or two, then stopped the cab. "I get out here," he said, suiting action to word. The cabby took his fare, thinking as the clerk had thought that his man was drunk, and drove off leaving Jeffrey on a street whose every nook, corner, brick and crevice were better known to him than the features of his own face. A square away a hall light shone through the glassed front door of his home. He hastened toward it, ran up the steps and

pressed the electric bell knob. A neat maid opened the door almost immediately. "I am Mrs. Jeffrey's son," he said, and she gave him a respectful, unsmiling attention as if she was expecting to hear this. She took his hat and overcoat. He set down his grips and went into the empty reception-room. Finding it empty he drew aside the curtains dividing it from the sitting-room, with a sudden yearning to see his mother and be at the same time unseen. A young girl was sitting by the open fireplace, her hands in her lap, slipping beads between the small thumb and pointed finger.

Her material self was almost, not quite, as lovely as the vision in the glass. Her square-necked dress was lilac, her abundant black hair was confined by a band of lilac ribbon. As he stood amazed, holding the curtains aside, she looked up, revealing dark blue eyes with wet lashes. Then she rose quickly to meet him, concealing the beads in the hollow of her left hand.

"Oh, Mr. Jeffrey, I've been hoping and praying you would come." He glanced at the closed hand and knew that the phrase was not the usual unconsidered form of speech. She had been hoping and praying. Then—

"Is my mother—?" he began, and could go no further for the gripping fear at his heart.

"She is very ill, indeed, Mr. Jeffrey. But now that you have come I'm thinking she will change for the better. She has just been pining for you."

These last words, said with the faintest lisp of a "brogue," and an indescribable sweetness, penetrated the young man's heart. Tears sprang into his eyes. He showed that he had received a great shock. He blushed violently, then turned deathly pale.

"May I see her?" he whispered.

"Wait just a minute till I ask," the girl replied, slipping away quickly and quietly. Jeffrey told himself he was in truth dreaming, or not in his right senses. He stood, gripping the curtains in a tight hand, a prey to apprehension, remorse, and intolerable uncertainty. But in a minute the girl reappeared.

"She is just asleep," she murmured, "and the nurse thinks you had better wait till she wakes of herself. She hasn't slept like this for days. Will you not sit down, then?"

He dropped the curtains, seated himself mechanically, and sat staring at her.

"I see that you are trying to remember me," she said with a

friendly smile. "But I've grown up since you last saw me. I am Katie Barry."

"Sure, sure," he exclaimed. "You used to come into the shop when your father was teaching me."

His eyes went from picture to picture on the walls—etchings, engravings, and a few paintings—all well done; his own work, at different periods of progress, which his mother had proudly preserved.

"Yes," said Katie in a low voice, "I loved to watch the work. It was beautiful and interesting. Are you still an etcher?"

Some burning coals fell from the grate to the hearth and he sprang up as if they were dynamite bombs. He put them back into their fiery bed and sat down again.

"Or, are you an engraver?" the low voice continued. "Or, did you finally decide upon the painting? For you were so fond of color!"

He gave her a look of such secret poignancy, that she had a glimpse of a tormented soul and grew as suddenly pale as he.

"Oh, Mr. Jeffrey," she whispered impulsively, "why have you treated your mother so? Why have you stayed away all these years? Do you think all the money you have sent her and all the beautiful presents have made up to her for your long absence? And now she is ill—perhaps dying. I telegraphed to you without asking anybody. And ever since I've been hoping and praying that you would come. Your mother's everything to me—since mine has gone."

She pressed the closed hand to her wet cheek. The young man was unable to endure his thoughts, and at the sight of her got up and left the room abruptly. Presently he came back carrying one of his grips. He put it on a table, unlocked it, took out a package and carried it to the girl.

"Miss Katie," he said in a whisper, "would you mind looking at these?"

She took the plates in hand and scrutinized the exquisite engravings with an experienced eye. "They are beautifully done," she exclaimed. "I never saw finer work. My father must see them." Then their significance flashed upon her and she shrank away, pushing them into his hands. "Not your work!" she implored, horrified.

"Mine," he replied hoarsely. "That's the way I've made all

my money for years. Literally made it myself. Don't you think I am clever? A great success? Quite as much so as any of the other money-making scoundrels who infest the country?"

"Don't—don't!" she whispered with white lips. "You know better, and perhaps they do not."

He gave a short, harsh laugh, went to the grate and jammed the engravings into the bed of coals. Then straightened up. "By right I should have been behind bars myself these last ten years, for as you have said I know better. That is why I have not been to see my mother. She'd have had my secret out of me in no time. So I kept away—besides, when you have the devil for a familiar, you don't care particularly about seeing angels. I was hurrying to New York to see the gang I work with and for, and had no intention whatsoever of stopping here to-night. You see I never got your telegram, Miss Katie, and I doubt if it would have stopped me. Nothing would have stopped me short of what has happened. Will you let me tell you about it? For I don't rightly know what to think of it. Or am I not fit to speak to the like of you again?"

All the vanity and hardness had vanished from his face, leaving it like his boyish one. His vision had cleared his eyes.

"Mr. Jeffrey," Katie said in a trembling whisper, looking attentively at him, "you are here, thank God, however you got here. If you want to tell me what has brought you, I am glad and willing to listen."

SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIME.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

III.



IN 1504 More became a member of Parliament, and in 1505 he married and went to live at Bucklersbury in the parish of St. Stephen, Walbrook. He soon distinguished himself in Parliament by his courageous and resolute opposition to Henry VII's demand for an excessive subsidy on the occasion of his daughter's marriage. His efforts brought about the reduction of the subsidy to almost a quarter of the amount demanded, and as a direct consequence he fell under the royal displeasure, which lasted till Henry VII's death in 1509. Since he himself had no money to be confiscated, his father was thrown into the Tower and kept there till he had paid a fine of a hundred pounds, and we may probably connect More's visit to Paris and Louvain in 1508 with his prudent desire to get out of touch with the court.

But this period of about four years, though naturally one of professional and financial difficulty, not made easier by his increasing family, had its consolations. It enabled him to enjoy much more of the company of Erasmus, who stayed with him at Bucklersbury and there wrote his *Praise of Folly*. It also enabled him to complete his translation of the life of Pico della Mirandola,* a work which was published in 1510, and is of great help to the right understanding of More's own life at about the middle point of his earthly course.

The original life, of which he has given us "a somewhat reduced and inaccurate version," was written in Latin by Pico's nephew, Giovanni Francesco Pico. It is significant that More should have chosen as his subject that rare, learned, devout and graceful figure who moved with an unspoiled faith amid the luxuriant paganism of Lorenzo's court. I think there can be little doubt that it was not so much the intellectual as the spiritual side of Pico

*More's *English Works*, 1557, pp. 1-34. *The Life of John Picus Erle of Myrandula...with divers epistles and other works of the said John Picus*. A separate edition of the Life, as translated by More, was edited with an Introduction and Notes by J. M. Rigg, London, 1890.

that appealed to him. There is a temptation to over-estimate Erasmus' influence over More; but we should remember that the influence of Erasmus was in the main intellectual; his wit and learning made brilliant play upon the polished surfaces of More's mind, but into the spiritual depths of it had, I imagine, very little entry. With Pico, on the other hand, More had something stronger than a mere intellectual sympathy; he found in him depths answering back to the depths within himself, and what he most needed at the time: a rich spiritual experience which not only threw light upon his path, but gave energy and direction to his walk.

Pico came of a noble and ancient stock which can certainly be traced back to Charlemagne, if not to the Emperor Constantine, as some of his family claimed. He was "of feature and shape seemly and beauteous, of stature goodly and high, of flesh tender and soft, his colour white intermingled with comely reds, his eyes grey and quick of look, his teeth white and even, his hair yellow and in careless abundance."* A youth so handsome, noble, and suave, so athirst for all that knowledge, beauty and wealth could procure, and already equipped to an unusual degree with the miscellaneous learning of his time, seemed destined to become a choice spirit of the Renaissance. And, indeed, this destiny was fulfilled, but in a better sense than ever at first seemed possible. We are told, in the life of his early training, of his marvelous memory, of his studies in canon law at Bologna (for which he showed some distaste), of his seven years wandering among the most famous schools and universities of France and Italy in search of philosophy, divinity and a knowledge of Eastern languages. At the end of this period, "being yet a child and beardless" but "full of pride and desirous of glory and man's praise (*for yet was he not kindled in the love of God*), he went to Rome, and there (coveting to make a show of his skill and little considering how great envy he should raise up against himself) he proposed nine hundred questions of divers and sundry matters. All of which questions in open places he fastened and set up, offering to bear the costs himself of all such as would come hither out of far countries to dispute." The great disputation was never held, for certain of his enemies being jealous of his fame began to question the orthodoxy of thirteen out of his nine hundred theses, and were supported in their opposition by many simple religious folk, more notable for their zeal than for their charity or wis-

*More's *English Works*, p. 2. All further references will be signified by the initials E. W.

dom. "But he, not bearing the loss of his fame, made a defence for those thirteen questions (which work he compiled in twenty nights), and committed like a good Christian man to the most holy judgment of our Holy Mother Church."* Some trouble ensued, but his orthodoxy was finally vindicated by a bull of Alexander VI. in 1493.

This episode and its consequences brought about a great change in Pico's life, and no better account of it can be given than in the very words of More's translation: "Lo this end had Picus of his high mind and proud purpose, that where he thought to have gotten perpetual praise there had he much work to keep himself upright, that he ran not in perpetual infamy and slander. But as himself told his nephew, he judged that this came to him by the especial provision and singular goodness of Almighty God, that by this false crime untruly put upon him by his evil-willers he should correct his very errors, and that this should be to him (wandering in darkness) as a shining light. But after this, he drew back his mind flowing in riot and turned it to Christ, despising the blast of vain-glory which he before desired, now with all his mind he began to seek the glory and profit of Christ's Church, and so began he to order his conditions, that from thenceforth he might have been approved although his enemy were his judge."

The reader's attention may be called to two phrases in the above passage which seem to have an obvious parallelism. The first, "*He drew back his mind flowing in riot and turned it to Christ;*" the second, and complementary one, "*Despising the blast of vainglory which he before desired, now with all his mind he began to seek the glory and profit of Christ's Church.*"† According to his biographer, Pico's earlier life of sensuality and intellectual pride had led him almost to the brink of heresy; his *conversion* consisted in his turning away from all this, towards a holy imitation of Christ's life and a humble devotion to Christ's Church. The latter point of Pico's devotion to the Church is forgotten by Mr. Seebohm, who leaves his readers with the strong impression that Pico's *conversion* was of the Protestant Evangelical type and nothing more. But Mr. Seebohm might have remembered, or at any rate might have implied, the existence in Pico's biography of several passages which finally demonstrate the complete nature of his conversion, as one *towards Christ and the Church and not towards Christ and away from the Church*. We have, for instance, the phrase "for

*E. W., pp. 3, 4. More's spelling is modernized when necessary.

†E. W., p. 4.

love of God and the profit of his Church;”* “Some man hath sought cunning as well philosophy as divinity for praise and vain-glory and not for any profit or increase of Christ’s Church;”* “He laboured only for the love of God and the profit of his Church;”† and finally, “So much only set he by his learning in how much he knew that it was profitable to the Church and to the extermination of errors.”‡

Pico now became as remarkable for his good life as he had previously been for his great knowledge, and men “resorted unto him as a market of good doctrine. . . . to hear and to take wholesome lessons and instruction of good living: which lessons were so much the more set by, in how much they came from a more noble man and a more wise man and him also which had himself some time followed the crooked hills of delicious pleasure.” He burnt five books of light poetry which he had written in his youth and from thenceforth gave himself “day and night most fervently to the study of scripture.” In fact he summed up in himself the various but unco-ordinated learning of his time. He had first-hand acquaintance with patristic as well as with scholastic writings, especially preferring St. Thomas Aquinas among the latter. After his conversion he turned with abhorrence from those fruitless disputations which previously he had so much affected, thinking them dangerous alike to sound knowledge and humble piety and even, at times, “a deadly wound to the soul and a mortal poison to charity.” On the other hand, for the love of God and the profit of His Church, he gave himself the more earnestly to the study of all things new and old.

The biographer then passes on to the consideration of Pico’s more definitely spiritual characteristics: his almsgiving and asceticism, his calm and cheerful demeanor, his contempt of riches, his refusal of honor and dignity, his preference of devotion to learning, his interior habit of life, his fervent love of God, his devotion to our Lady, his good death and Savonarola’s final tribute to his holy life. “O very happy mind,” writes More, “which none adversity might oppress, which no property might enhance: not the cunning of all philosophy was able to make him proud, not the knowledge of the hebrew, chaldey and arabie language beside greke and laten could make him vainglorious, not his great substance, not his noble blood, could blow up his heart, not the beauty of his body, not the great occasion of sin were able to pull him back into the voluptuous broad

*E. W., p. 5.

†E. W., p. 6.

‡E. W., p. 7.

way that leadeth to hell: what thing was there of so marvellous strength that might overturn that mind of him: which now (as Seneca saith) was gotten above fortune as he which as well her favour as her malice hath set at nought, that he might be coupled with a spiritual knot unto Christ and his heavenly citizens.”*

No attempt will be made to describe Pico in the manner of the modern critic or essayist, or to “appreciate” or judge him by the standards of present day thought and scholarship. Such a description would bear no pertinent relation to our main interest, which is the study of More’s own life. We must try rather to see Pico as More saw him. To More he was a saintly hero and the picture, which he has handed down to us in an English setting, was even in its original form a panegyric rather than a critical appreciation. It has, therefore, both the qualities and defects of that emotionalized form of biography. But we have other and more substantial evidence as to the inner quality of Pico’s life. More has translated three of his letters, two he sent to John Francis Pico, the nephew who afterwards wrote his life, and one to a certain “Andrewe Corneus, a noble man of Italy.”

The first letter is one of comfort and exhortation written in answer to his nephew who, while full of generous spiritual intention, seems to have found the practice of virtue a distressingly difficult thing. “Why marvel,” says Pico, “at the difficulties which assault your virtuous purpose? You would have much greater cause for wonder were you alone among mortal men permitted to reach heaven without sweat. Even in worldly matters nothing worth having can be got without many labours, displeasures and miseries; it is the same in heavenly matters, and we must expect a harder conflict where the end is so much nobler and the victory so much more honorable. Certainly if this worldly felicity were gotten to us with idleness and ease, then might some man that shrinketh from labour rather chose to serve the world than God. But now if we be so laboured in the way of sin as much as in the way of God, and much more (wherof the lost wretches cry out, ‘*Lassati sumus in via iniquitatis*,’ we be wearied in the way of wickedness), then must it needs be a point of extreme madness if we would not rather labour there where we go from labour to reward than where we go from labour to pain. I pass over how great peace and felicity it is to the mind when a man hath nothing that grudgeth his conscience nor is not appalled with the secret twitch of any privy crime. This

pleasure undoubtedly far excelleth all the pleasures that in this life may be obtained or desired. What thing is there to be desired among the delights of this world which in the seeking weary us, in the having blindeth us, in the losing paineth us? Doubtest thou, my son, whether the minds of wicked men be vexed or not with continual thought and torment? It is the word of God which neither may deceive nor be deceived. *Cor impii quasi mare fervens quod quiescere non potest*. The wicked man's heart is like a stormy sea that may not rest, there is to him nothing sure, nothing peaceable, but all things fearful, all things sorrowful, all things deadly. Shall we then envy these men? Shall we follow them, and forgetting our own country, heaven and our own heavenly Father where we were free born, shall we wilfully make ourselves their bondmen and with them wretchedly living more wretchedly die, and at last most wretchedly in everlasting fire be punished? O the dark minds of men, O the blind hearts, who seeth not more clear than light that all these things be truer than truth itself and yet do we not that which we know is to be done! In vain we would pluck our foot out of the clay but we stick still.

"There shall come to thee my son, doubt it not, in these places where thou art conversant, innumerable impediments every hour, which might fare thee from the purpose of good and virtuous living and, unless thou beware, shall throw thee down headlong." "It is difficult," Pico continues, "to persevere in the spiritual life, but most difficult of all when we are obliged to live among people who are not merely indifferent to holiness but are positively averse to it, and whose lives are on every side an allective to sin. Cry thou therefore with the prophet, *Dirumpamus vincula eorum et proficiamus a nobis jugum ipsorum*: Let us break the bands of them and let us cast off the yoke of them. . . . Wherefore, my child, go thou never about to please them whom virtue displeaseth, but evermore let these words of the apostle be before thine eyes: *Oportet magis Deo placere quam hominibus*: We must rather please God than men. And remember these words of Saint Paul also, *Si hominibus placerem, servus Christi non essem*: If I should please men I were not Christ's servant. Let enter into thine heart an holy pride and have disdain to take them for masters of thy living which have more need to take thee for a master of theirs. It were farre more seeming that they should with you, by good living, begin to be men than thou shouldest with them, by the leaving of thy good purpose, shamefully begin to be a beast."

"There holdeth me sometime, by almighty God as it were, even a swoon and an insensibility for wonder when I begin in myself (I wot never whether I shall say) to remember or to sorrow, to marvel or bewail the appetites of men, or, if I shall more plainly speak, the very madness. For it is verily a great madness not to believe the gospel whose truth the blood of martyrs crieth, the voice of apostles soundeth, miracles proveth, reason confirmeth, the world testifieth, the elements speaketh, devils confesseth. But a far greater madness is it if thou doubt not but that the gospel is true, to live then as though thou doubtest not but that it were false. For if these words of the gospel be true, that it is very hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, why do we daily then gape after the heaping up of riches. And if this be true that we should seek for the glory and praise not that cometh of men, but that cometh of God, why do we then ever hang upon the judgment and opinion of men and no man recketh whether God like him or not? . . . And why is there nothing that we less fear than hell, or we less hope for than the kingdom of God? What shall we say else but that there be many Christian men in name but few in deed. But thou, my son, enforce thyself to enter by the strait gate that leadeth to heaven and take no heed what thing many men do, but what thing the very law of nature, what thing very reason, what thing our Lord himself showeth thee to be done.

"Thou shalt have two specially effectual remedies against the world and the devil with which as with two wings thou shalt out of this vale of misery be lifted up to heaven, that is to say, *alms deeds* and *prayer*. What may we do without the help of God, or how shall He help us if He be not called upon. . . . Certainly He shall not hear thee when thou callest on Him if thou hear not first the poor man when he calleth upon thee, and verily it is according that God should despise the being of a man when thou being a man despisest a man. For it is written, in what measure that ye mete, it shall be mete you again. And in another place of the gospel it is said: 'Blessed be the merciful men for they shall get mercy.'"

The letter concludes with a beautiful exhortation to prayer. "When I stir thee to prayer I stir thee not to the prayer which standeth in many words, but to that prayer which in the secret chamber of the mind, in the privy closet of the soul, with very effect speaketh to God, and in the most lightsome darkness of contemplation not only presenteth the mind to the Father but also uniteth it with Him by unspeakable ways which only they know that have assayed. Nor I care not how long or how short thy prayer be, but

how effectual, how ardent, and rather interrupted and broken with sighs than drawn to a length with a continual row and number of words. If thou love thine health, if thou desire to be sure from the snares* of the devil, from the storms of this world, from the ambush* of thine enemy, if thou be acceptable to God, if thou covet to be happy at the last, let no day pass thee but thou once at the leastwise present thyself to God by prayer, and falling down before Him flat to the ground with an humble affect of devout mind, not from the extremity of thy lips but out of the inwardness of thine heart, cry these words of the prophet, *Delicta juventutis meae et ignorantias meas ne memineris, sed secundum misericordiam tuam memento mei propter bonitatem tuam Domine*, These offences of my youth and mine ignorance remember not good Lord, but after Thy mercy, Lord, for Thy goodness remember me. What thou shalt in thy prayer axe of God, both the Holy Spirit which prayeth for us and eke thine own necessity shall every hour put in thy mind; and also what thou shalt pray for, thou shalt find matter enough in the reading of Holy Scripture, which that thou wouldst now (setting poets fables and trifles aside) take ever in thine hand, I heartily pray thee. Thou mayest do nothing more pleasant to God, nothing more profitable to thyself than if thine hand cease not day nor night to turn and read the volumes of Holy Scripture. There lieth privily in them a certain heavenly strength quick and effectual, which with a marvellous power transformeth and changeth the reader's mind into the love of God, if they be clean and lowly entreated.

"But I have passed now the bounds of a letter, the matter drawing me forth and the great love that I have had to thee, both ever before and especially since that hour in which I have had first knowledge of thy most holy purpose. Now to make an end with this one thing, I warn thee (of which when we were last together I often talked with thee) that thou never forget these two things, *that both the Son of God died for thee and that thou shalt also thyself die shortly, live thou never so long*. With these twain as with two spurs, the one of fear, the other of love, spur forth thine horse through the short way of this momentary life to the reward of eternal felicity, since we neither ought nor may put before ourselves any other end than the endless fruition of the infinite goodness both to body and soul in everlasting peace."†

Such a letter must have come to More as a special grace, as

*The words with these respective meanings which More used were *grinnes* and *awayte*.

†E. W., pp. 11-13, *passim*.

dew upon a white fleece, as a shower falling gently upon fruitful ground.

This beautiful spiritual exhortation, which was dated May 15, 1492, was followed in July of the same year by another of similar trend to the same nephew. More has also translated a third letter of Pico's, which was sent in 1486 to a friend who had strongly urged upon him the duty of giving up his learned and devout seclusion for the more practical life of a courtier and politician, such a life in fact as would more fitly become dignity and station. But the appeal was in vain. Pico could not leave Mary for Martha; he preferred the golden mediocrity, the mean estate, which left him free in soul and mind and not the slave of outward and material circumstances. "I look not," he writes, "for this fruit of my study that I may thereby be tossed in the flood and rumbling of your worldly business but that I may...bring forth the children that I travail on, that I may give out some books of mine own to the common profit....And by cause you shall not think that my travail and diligence in study is anything intermitted or slacked, I give you knowledge that after great fervent labour, with much watch and unwearied travail, I have learned both the hebrew language and the chaldey and now have I set hand to overcome the great difficulty of the araby tongue. These, my dear friend, be things which, to apertain to a noble prince, I have ever thought and yet think."*

Besides these three letters More has also given us in English Pico's *Meditation on the Psalm, Conserva me Domine*, his *Twelve Rules of Spiritual Battle*, his *Twelve Weapons of Spiritual Battle* (to which More has himself added explanatory verses), *The Twelve Properties or Conditions of a Lover* (again with an explanatory verse upon each), and, finally, *A Prayer of Picus Mirandula unto God*. I cannot refrain from quoting the briefest of these translations.

THE XII. PROPERTIES OR CONDITIONS OF A LOVER.

To love one alone and condemn all other for that one.

To think him unhappy that is not with his love.

To adorn himself for the pleasure of his love.

To suffer all things, though it were death, to be with his love.

To desire also to suffer shame (and) harm for his love, and to think that hurt sweet.

To be with his love ever as he may, if not in deed yet in thought.

To love all things that pertaineth unto his love.

To covet the praise of his love, and not to suffer any dispraise.

To believe of his love all things excellent, and to desire that all folk should think the same.

To weep often with his love, in presence for joy, in absence for sorrow.

To languish ever and ever to burn in the desire of his love.

To serve his love, nothing of any reward or profit.

On the first property More himself writes :

The first point is to love but one alone,

And for that one all other to forsake ;

For whoso loveth many loveth none ;

The flood that is in many channels take(en)

In each of them shall feeble stremés make.

On the seventh property of loving all things belonging to the beloved :

There is no page or servant most or least

That doth upon his love attend and wait

There is no little worm, no simple beast,

Nor none so small or trifle or conceit,

Lace, girdle, point, or proper glove, straight,

But that if to his love it have been near,

The lover hath it precious, sweet,* and dear.

So every relic, image or picture,

That doth pertain to God's magnificence,

The lover of God should with all busy cure

Have it in love, honour and reverence.

And specially give them preëminence

Which daily doth His Blessed Body nyrche†

The quick relics, the ministers of His Church.

And on the last property he concludes :

Serve God for love then, not for hope of mede.

What service may so desirable be

As where all turneth to thine owne spede.

Who is so good, so lovely eke as He,

Who hath all redy done so much for thee,

As He that first thee made, and on the rood

Hath thee redeemed with His precious Blood.‡

*More's word is *leyse*, akin to *luscious*.

†*Nyrche*. nourish. An emendation for *wurche* made by Mr. Rigg.

‡E. IV., pp. 27-32.

THE NOTE OF APOSTOLICITY.

BY H. P. RUSSELL.



IT is asserted by some persons in the present day that dogma is destructive of true religion and of the spirit of Christianity, and a hindrance to faith rather than its bulwark. By others it is contended that the Church should modify her doctrines as time advances, in accordance with the developments of human thought; that she should accept the law of change as fundamental and inevitable, and adapt her doctrines to it if she is to retain her hold upon men's minds. To talk thus is to assert that God, though infinitely good, having made man a rational being, treats him as though he were an irrational creature, since having made him for an eternity of reward dependent on his conduct as a moral agent, He has left him without any certain means of knowing what to believe and do to obtain it; that it is consistent, forsooth, with the perfection of God to have made man what he is and for so high an end, and yet not to have given him what most of all he needs—a revelation of his Creator and of his Creator's will. They who talk thus show clearly that they are ignorant of the nature of truth, whether natural or revealed, as also of the nature of divine faith.

Truth is of God; man can neither make it or unmake it: he is capable only of seeking, finding, and receiving it; and he is thus capable because God, in His infinite goodness, has made him so, having bestowed upon his nature reason and conscience. "God is love," and that same love which constrained Him to make man what he is has constrained Him to bestow upon man a revelation which is two-fold, natural and supernatural.

All nature is a revelation of its Creator: therefore "all men are vain in whom there is not a knowledge of God, and who by these good things that are seen could not understand Him that is, neither by attending to the works have acknowledged who was the workman." And what the writer of these words of the Book of Wisdom so long ago declared, St. Paul has confirmed, declaring the very heathen to be "inexcusable" if they believe not, since "the invisible things of God, from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; His eternal power

also, and divinity." But chief among the works of nature is man himself—a revelation in and to himself by virtue of the reason and conscience which by nature he possesses, and by the light and sense of which he knows that God "is," that He "is a rewarder to them that seek Him," and that "His power and strength and wrath are upon all them that forsake Him." "For when the Gentiles, who have not the law, do by nature those things that are of the law, these having not the law are a law to themselves; who show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness to them, and their thoughts between themselves accusing, or also defending one another." There is, therefore, a *natural* religion—a natural theology, a natural law, founded on natural morality; and this, observe, obviously one and the same in all men for all time. It is a revelation of God by His works of nature, and chief among them by man himself—a revelation, universal, unchangeable, abiding, involving belief in such dogmas as the existence of God, of man's soul as distinct from his body, of the immutability of the moral law, of future retribution.

"God is love," and since He has created man for a supernatural end, it follows that the love which has constrained Him to make Himself known to man by the light of nature has constrained Him to add to this light a supernatural revelation—a revelation which teaches truths that are beyond the horizon of natural revelation, and the light of which pierces the darkness that clouds the natural light of reason and conscience arising from man's ignorance and concupiscence: a revelation accompanied by certainty, that is, the gift of faith, in relation to the truths it teaches; as also by the promise of sanctification of man's nature that he may live, as well as believe, in accordance with the Divine Will.

That there is a revelation superadded to the light of nature, and therefore supernatural, is the plain verdict of the world's history in every age. The history of man is a history of religion, whether in true or in distorted form; and religion has ever meant the recognition of supernatural powers and of the duty incumbent upon man to render obedience to them. Thus religion has always taken the form of dogma impressing itself upon the human intellect, and of law penetrating the moral sense; and as thus inseparable from the intellectual and moral tradition of the human race it is ever one as well as universal. People sometimes observe that there is truth in every religion, whereas it would be truer to say that religion is one, not many, however obscured and overlaid by superstitions; it per-

vades the darkest observations of the human intellect, everywhere manifesting itself in forms of dogmatic theology and moral law as pertaining both to the present life and life after death. The historical books and records of the Oriental, Greek, and the Roman worlds, despite their polytheism, idolatry, pantheism, all conspire in bearing witness to this; while the Hebrew scriptures and the history of the Jewish people in their isolated dispersions among the nations of the earth supply their own more explicit and imperishable testimony.*

The Promise of the Seed of the Woman was vouchsafed even at the time of Adam's Fall, and again and again and ever with clearer light renewed by type and figure and prophecy; while by long waiting and chastisement of sin men were convinced of their need and taught to look for "the expectation of all nations," "the Desired of all nations;" "of all nations," since not the chosen people only, but the pagan nations also—likewise children of Adam—preserved, though disfigured by fable, the history of the Fall and Promise, their prophets ever keeping before the heathen world an expectation of a Messiah.

But out of the many nations of the earth *one* was chosen—until such time as men in Christ would be capable of wider association in religion—that by the preservation which the maintenance of the principle of unity ensures it might be the depository, and in its dispersion the visible witness to other nations of the truth about God and His promise that in the Redeemer to come "all the nations of the earth shall be blessed." Thus to Israel was committed the doctrine of God's self-existence—"I am Who am"—of His unity, spirituality, and moral perfections, to Israel was given the moral law inscribed on tables of stone, the priesthood, the typical sacrifice, and the prophets who so clearly and explicitly foretold the time, place, circumstances of the Messiah's Birth, Life, Passion, Death, Resurrection and Ascension,† until at length He came, and having fulfilled what was written of Him, He Himself, in His walk with two of His disciples after His Resurrection, set the seal to all that had hitherto been revealed, when "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded to them in all the scriptures the things that were concerning Himself." And thus, "God, Who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

*See further on this subject Card. Manning's *Religio Viatoris*.

†Is. vii. 14; l. 6; liii. 7-12; Gen. xlv. 10; Mich. v. 2; Zach. ix. 9; xi. 12-13; xiii. 6; Ps. xv. 9, 10; cix. 1; lxvii. 19, etc.

Schlegel observed that the witness of the Christian world is the maximum of evidence in history. Its witness is essentially a divinely revealed religion of dogmas based upon the Incarnation of the Son of God, and of morals based upon His teaching and example. To reject the dogmatic teaching of historic Christianity, and to advocate in place of it a "religion not in dogmatic form, but in pragmatic," is to renounce Christianity, and to advocate in place of it a new religion. Historical Christianity is the Catholic faith, which was carried by the Apostles into all the world in accordance with the commission given them by Christ to "teach all nations," and which by virtue of His promise has been in possession ever since. History knows of no other form of Christianity that, issuing from Christ through His Apostles, has been diffused through the world and has held possession of the *orbis terrarum* down the ages until now. To regard the Catholic faith as other than revealed truth is to regard Christianity as a figment.

"All power is given Me in heaven and on earth," declared the Divine Author of the Christian revelation by way of preface to His commission to the Apostles to make it known to the world: "going therefore, teach ye all nations. . . . to observe whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you. . . . Receive ye the Holy Ghost." "He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you. . . . He shall give testimony to Me. . . . And you shall give testimony, because you are with Me from the beginning. . . . He will teach you all truth. . . . and the things that are to come He shall show you." "And when the days of the Pentecost were accomplished"—how significant were the circumstances attendant upon the coming of the Holy Spirit!—"they were all together in one place," symbolising the visible unity of the Church; "and suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting," as though to show that the life of the Catholic Church is not of earth by the will of earthly princes, giving it one shape in this country and another in that, in accordance with national and temporal interests, but that her life is of God, Whose Spirit informs the whole Body with one and the same intelligence in every part, one ruling principle, one common instinct of faith, obedience, worship. "And there appeared to them parted tongues as it were of fire, and it sat upon every one of them, and they were all filled with the

Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak," for they were sent to "teach all nations" of whatsoever "tongue and people," and to teach them not infallible words of wisdom, but "according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak," therefore infallibly; therefore also to teach them not matter of human opinion, but the doctrines of divine faith. And the words "as it were of fire" likewise suggest a meaning: for as fire enlightens, purifies, refines, inflames, so also is the action of the Holy Spirit in imparting the grace of sanctification—a grace which robs not the merits of Christ of their virtue, as Protestants teach by the false doctrine of justification by imputation; but which sanctifies in very truth, enlightening, cleansing, refining the sinner's soul, transforming him into the likeness of Christ, even as fire transforms into itself all that comes under its influences; inflaming him also with love for God and zeal for His interests and glory.

And for the transmission of the truth into all the world throughout all time there has from the day of Pentecost been a lineal descent of Apostolic mission—an Apostolical Succession charged with the message of "the Gospel of the Kingdom" of Christ, and for the maintenance of His Kingdom against schisms, heresies, and the encroachments of the world-power. "Thou sayest that I am a King," replied Our Lord to Pilate, when interrogated by him as to His statement, "My Kingdom is not of this world." "For this was I born, and for this came I into the world; that I should give testimony to the truth." And Pilate asked the question, "What is Truth?"—a question which ever since that day has been asked, and to which the Catholic Church alone has consistently supplied the answer. To the kingdom of Christ's Church, and to no other religious body, still less to the kingdoms of the world, was the commission given for the promulgation and preservation of His truth. "Whoso shall eat the Lamb outside that House is profane," says St. Jerome with reference to the communion over which Christ's Vicar and Vicegerent reigns. No bishop, however validly possessed of Apostolic Orders, has Apostolic Mission outside this Catholic fold. To exercise episcopal or priestly functions otherwise than as the accredited ministers of the Catholic Church is to commit sacrilege.

The Apostolical Succession of Holy Orders was provided, not for autonomous dioceses and independent national Churches, but for that one Church which has ever been manifested as Christ's

Kingdom *in* and not *of* this world, because everywhere transcending human divisions and temporal jurisdictions. Apostolic Orders are necessary indeed for the true Church, but the possession of such Orders does not make a Church true; there is needed, besides Apostolical Succession of Orders, the Apostolic Succession of Mission, "*Ubi Ecclesia ibi Spiritus*," says S. Irenaeus; since it is by the Visible One Church, not by the Episcopal Orders of schisms from her fold, that the Holy Spirit manifests His presence and the Apostolic Mission. St. Cyprian speaks of the Church as "*Sacramentum Veritatis*," for the Holy Spirit ever preserves her as the outward and visible sign of the Truth, her visible unity in universality being in all ages the "testimony to all nations." To exercise Apostolic Orders apart from her fold, that is to say in schism, as also to teach doctrine contrary to hers, that is to say heresy, is sinful, precisely for the reason that these are offences against the Holy Spirit, from Whom both the unity of the Church and of the Faith spring—Who by such visible unity in every age manifests the truth of Christ's promise that not only would the Holy Spirit "come," but that He would "abide" also with the Apostolate of His Church "forever."

Here, then, is the Divine Teacher for all time and of all nations—"One Body and One Spirit, as you are called in one hope of your calling"—One Church, visible, indivisible, universal, with one lineal descent of Apostolic Mission. And St. Jude warns us that they "who separate themselves" from the Body "have not the Spirit;" therefore have not Mission. Schisms and sects there have ever been. St. Augustine tells us that even before his time the Catholic Church had condemned no less than eighty of them. Since his time many others have appeared, and, as those that went before, have likewise passed away. Many there are now, each of them traceable to the date at which it separated from the Church or otherwise came into being. But the Church founded by Christ and provided by Him with the Apostolate for the teaching of the nations, with promise of infallibility by virtue of His own and the Holy Spirit's abiding, remains ever the living testimony to His Truth, lifting the nations into a visibly supernatural unity, though no other kind of unity be visible amongst them, and even when they are in mutual warfare. And, to repeat, this the Church's visible unity is indissoluble, and her testimony to the truth is infallible; *because* both her Unity and her Mission are *Divine*.

A Church that disclaims infallibility is *ipso facto* condemned,

since such disclaimer is tantamount to a confession that it has not the guidance of the Holy Spirit—"the Spirit of Truth." The disclaimer, moreover, excludes, not only the exercise but likewise the very idea of Faith. For Faith admits not of any shadow of doubt or uncertainty; we cannot at the same time both doubt and believe, be sure and yet not quite sure; and certitude in matters religious there cannot be unless they rest upon Divine authority. Hence the faith by which we accept the truths of Divine revelation is itself likewise a Divine gift and therefore supernatural: "the natural man perceiveth not these things that are of the Spirit of God; for it is foolishness to him, and he cannot understand because it is spiritually examined." Now of the many religious bodies at present existing, none save the Catholic Church claims to be infallible; and, in consequence, so far from demanding an exercise of faith in their teaching, they all, excepting her, invite enquiry and for the most part sanction and even encourage doubt.

The Protestant sects "protest that they are but voluntary associations, and would be sorry to be taken for anything else; they beg and pray you not to mistake their preachers for anything more than mere sinful men, and they invite you to take the Bible with you to their sermons, and to judge for yourselves whether their doctrine is in accordance with it." High-church Anglicans appeal from the authority of their bishops, from the confusion and contradictions of their communion and its manifestation as a whole these three hundred and fifty years past, to what they term "the agreement of East and West" or "Catholic consent;" an appeal which resolves itself into the adoption of such doctrines and practices as by the exercise of their private judgment they conceive to be the common heritage of three separated branches of one visibly divided and indivisible Church! The Eastern national Churches appeal to the Councils held in primitive times before the schism of Photius, and admit no exercise of divinely constituted Apostolical authority since then, that is to say for more than a thousand years.

Thus the Catholic Roman Church remains from age to age without a rival in her claim to the possession of that Apostolical Succession of Mission, as well as of Orders, to which Christ promised His own infallibility in the words "teach ye all nations . . . and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world;" she alone of all religious bodies is conscious of the possession of so divine, so necessary, a gift and prerogative.

"Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." But since men have

denied—as was seen in a former article on the *Note of Sanctity*—the grant of a grace that really sanctifies, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they have likewise denied the grant of an infallible teaching authority for the promulgation of divine truth. Yet, surely, it should not be difficult to see that unless the Divine revelation has been secured from error by the grant of infallibility to the Apostolate commissioned to teach it, He Who gave it virtually has not given it. The duty of faith, that is of believing without doubting what God has revealed, implies an infallible teacher, else we could not know that we were being taught the truth, could not be certain, therefore could not believe. The Certitude of Faith rests not upon the human reason, but upon a Grace above reason; and in like manner Divine Truth rests not upon the word of fallible men, but upon an Apostolate divinely endowed with inerrancy. There is no alternative to such an infallible teaching authority save that of a separate revelation to each individual—a gift which not even the advocates of private judgment and the Bible only have ventured to claim.

We see, then, the necessity of a choice from among the many Christian bodies; we need to know which among the successions of bishops that claim the Apostolical Succession of Orders is possessed of the Apostolic Mission to “all nations;” we need to be guided by the authorized teachers of the Catholic Church. And the starting point in such an enquiry is not, as we have seen, the fact of a faithful transmission of Orders from the Apostles, but the standing fact of the Catholic Church, visible and one all over the world age after age, authenticating herself to be the Church possessed of the Apostolic mission to teach, not simply by her succession of bishops from the Apostles, but by her notes, and primarily by the note of a world-wide organization and unity of jurisdiction constituting her Christ’s visible kingdom in and not of this world—the embodiment and the manifestation to the world of “the Gospel of the Kingdom.”

Since, therefore, a revelation of supernatural truth has been vouchsafed and “God our Saviour will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth,” and since of all religious bodies the Catholic Church alone claims infallibly to teach this truth, it should not be difficult to decide that she is the one ark of salvation.

And Rome, the centre of her Catholic unity, is notably and pre-eminently “the Apostolic See.” For not only is the Pope successor to St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, but he is also sole successor to the special powers bestowed upon the Apostolate. His See is

of all Sees in the world the only one that can trace its line of descent back to an Apostle. The keys of jurisdiction were committed indeed by Christ to St. Peter, with charge of the entire flock of the faithful; but the College of the Apostles—designated “Peter and the rest of the Apostles”—was associated with him, each of them with immediate universal jurisdiction and each with infallibility, since this was essential to the commission given them to “teach all nations” and to lay the foundations of Christianity wherever they went. With the exception of St. Peter, however, “the rest of the Apostles,” though they had successors by reason of the Episcopal Orders which they conferred, had no successors in their apostolate in its fulness, that is, in immediate universal jurisdiction and infallibility in delivering the divine deposit. They went out into the world and left in the countries they visited the deposit of truth, founding Sees without themselves occupying them.

The Episcopate of the Church thus came into being through the missionary initiative of the Apostles, but of the Apostles not independently of one another, but as a College with St. Peter at their head. The Apostolate is of the essence of the government of the Church, and this in due course was concentrated in the See of St. Peter, which remained for all time “the Apostolic See,” the one seat of infallibility and universal government. The three principal Sees of the early Church were Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria, and each of these in turn was a See of St. Peter, and to him as the Prince of the Apostles they all ascribed their position: at Antioch he temporarily resided, to Alexandria he sent St. Mark, at Rome he reigned and died. Eventually both Antioch and Alexandria fell into Monophysism, the former having previously espoused the cause of the opposite heresy of Nestorianism. And thus at this day, as in all the centuries intervening, Rome remains the one only See that can trace its Succession in direct line from an Apostle. Hence, now, still more clearly than in St. Cyprian’s day, and in St. Cyprian’s words, “to be united with the See of Rome is to be united with the Catholic Church;” and in the words of St. Ambrose, “where Peter is, there is the Church,” in accordance with the appointment of her Divine Founder; to which appointment St. Cyprian also refers in the words “to Peter, first, on whom He built the Church, and from Whom He appointed and showed that unity should spring.*

Alone of all Sees in the world Rome remains the See of Apostolic Mission and Authority, the unfailing centre of unity, the seat

**Cp. L. Rivington's Prim. Ch. and See of Peter, p. 85.*

of the world-wide government of the Catholic Church. The Church of Christ never has known another centre of unity; nor other than the Papal form of Catholic jurisdiction. No such other Catholic jurisdiction, whether ecclesiastical or civil, has ever existed; there is absolutely no approach to a parallel to it in the annals of human history. Non-Catholic historians have marvelled at and tried to account for it by natural causes and have signally failed. Every effort that man in his rivalry with his Maker could devise has been directed against it in vain. It "stands" firm as the Rock upon which it is built, even the more clearly vindicating itself as of the very essence of Christ's visible Kingdom in and not of this world, sustained through the centuries "not with an army, nor by might, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." It "saw the commencement of all the governments and ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world," and Catholics at least have every assurance that it is "destined to see the end of them all."

Meanwhile, the fact that the Episcopal successions which have renounced this Catholic jurisdiction never have been able to rival it, never have so much as attempted to, ought to convince those who are in search of a Catholic jurisdiction that only in communion with the Vicar of Christ will they find it; that upon communion with Him depends the Apostolical Succession of Mission; that apart from him no succession of bishops, however certainly possessed of Apostolic Orders, has Apostolic authority to teach and govern. Hence St. Augustine speaks of "the princely succession from the Episcopate of Peter, to whom the Lord gave the charge of feeding His flock, down to the present occupant of the See;" and St. Cyprian observes: "there is one God, and one Christ, and one See founded on the Rock by the voice of Christ. No other altar and no other priesthood can be set up except that one." Hence also St. Thomas of Canterbury, within the octave of whose feast these words are being written, asks: "Who doubts that the Roman Church is the head of all the Churches, and the source of Christian doctrine?"*

That the Church is assured against error in teaching Christian doctrine is evident, since she was commissioned to teach *truth*. The very fact of a divinely instituted Church includes, as we have seen, infallibility. But if the Body cannot err, cannot fail in its mission to teach the truth, it follows that its visible head is likewise infallible; that when speaking as its head in the Name of Him Who is

*Cp. *Course of Religious Instruction*, John Gerrard, S.J., pp. 99, 106.

"the Truth," Whom he represents, he is divinely preserved from error in matters of faith concerning Christian belief and morals. The position of the Pope as the ultimate bond of unity alike of faith and of hierarchical obedience necessarily implies the gift of infallibility. De Maistre observes that infallibility is but another name for sovereignty. Sovereignty implies an authority which is final; its decisions being irreversible and requiring acceptance and submission as though they were infallible, which in things temporal of course they are not. But in things spiritual, authority being brought to bear upon interior acts of the intellect and will, the assent and submission of these would obviously be impossible without the assurance that such spiritual sovereignty was endowed with infallibility in its decisions and definitions concerning faith and morals. To submit to its teaching there is needed the assurance that it teaches naught but the *truth*. The three hundred million Catholics of "all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues" who render so willing and loyal a submission to the Pope, do so because they believe that as the Vicar and Vicegerent of Christ he is by Christ's appointment infallible when he speaks in Christ's Name: because, in short, they know that he occupies the throne of Apostolic Authority and Mission.

SIR LIONEL.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

(*In Memoriam, L. J. 1867-1902.*)

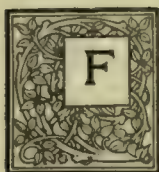
Flame-like you sang, and singing turned to flame,
High-purified of all save joyous Light,
Passing by lovely music from the night
Into the streaming glory of His Name.

A living trumpet consecrate to Him,
You drew the breath of Life, and breathing died
To Life, your soul to purity allied,
Far-burning through the spheres of cherubim.

Dear Poet-Saint of God, withal a lad,
Triumphant rings the note of your "All Hail!"
Throned on the Siege, His youngest Galahad,
Awed in the wonder of the silent Grail.

THE "GUARDIANS OF LIBERTY."

BY RICHARD J. KEEFFE, LL.D.



FOR the benefit of some of our good people who seem unnecessarily wrought up over the reappearance in American politics of that fanatical and wholly un-American society formerly known as the American Protective Association, we submit a few facts which we hope will be appreciated not only by Catholics, but also by our intelligent, fair-minded, and truly patriotic non-Catholic fellow-citizens. This Society, notwithstanding its past history, now appears in a more grotesque form than ever, masquerading under the title of "*Guardians of Liberty*," whose aim it is to oppose "aspirants for public office in National, State or Municipal Government who concede superior authority to any foreign political or ecclesiastical power." There is, however, no need for any fear or alarm. The very idea itself is such an insult to anyone of average intelligence that we should think no one, not even the most unscrupulous politician, would dare resurrect it from the dishonored grave to which it was so ingloriously consigned by the good sense of the American people some fifteen or twenty years ago. We believe that the dissemination of the principles of A. P. A. ism is not the real object of those people who would now pose as the "*Guardians of Liberty*." We believe, moreover, that this attempt to revive the so-called American Protective Association is, in reality, only the weakest kind of a stratagem on the part of poor politicians, in a last desperate effort to bolster up what they consider an almost lost cause, and they are silly enough to suppose that in this way they can exert an influence in favor of their candidate for the Presidential nomination, even at the expense of the peace and harmony of an united American people.

Or it may be, they forsee that there is a possibility of a Catholic being the candidate for Vice-President of the United States of one of the National Parties, and these self-appointed "*Guardians*" are foolhardy enough to believe that there are still left in this fair land of justice and liberty a sufficient number of bigots, bereft of all logic and of even common sense, who would vote against a man merely because he is a Roman Catholic, no matter how great his civic

qualifications for the office, and they hope by working on the ignorance of these bigots to further their own ends.

Be this as it may, we cannot believe that, in the light of past history, any appreciable number of our fellow-citizens could be deceived by such "bunkum." The trick is too shallow to deserve even the serious consideration of any intelligent voter. We notice it, therefore, not because we fear its results, but because it gives us an opportunity to expose the true inwardness of a political situation, the discussion of which cannot fail to evoke feelings of gratitude in the heart of every true American, because of what the Catholic Church and Catholics have done to establish the prestige which our beloved America enjoys to-day as an *intelligent* and *tolerant nation* throughout the civilized world.

The agitation is so absurd that General Miles and the reputed leaders of the movement, as men of affairs knowing if not appreciating the history of their country in this regard, are ashamed to acknowledge that they can endorse its principles, which, put in plain language, can be interpreted in no other sense than an attack upon the Catholic Church. In their Declaration of Principles these self-appointed "Guardians of Liberty," say, "We declare it to be our unalterable purpose to preserve, defend and hold sacred the blood-bought legacy of liberty inherited from our forefathers. . . . with the earnest intent to bring about a more intense loyalty to the fundamental ideas of the founders of this republic." They assume against all authority and teaching on the subject that the Pope of Rome claims sovereignty in this country in political and civil matters, and imply that American Catholics being in subjection to the Pope, owe him an allegiance which is in conflict with the allegiance which, as American citizens, they owe the government of the United States, and, on account of this, should be excluded from holding office in it. Any little boy or girl attending one of the parochial schools ought to be able to refute such a gratuitous assumption.

But let us examine American history and see what "were the fundamental ideas of the founders of this Republic," and "who were our forefathers who transmitted to us the blood-bought legacy of liberty." To begin with, the very land we inhabit was discovered by Catholics, and this alone should entitle them to the gratitude of mankind, or at least to fair treatment. In the great work of exploring the land which the genius of Christopher Columbus discovered, Catholics took the foremost part. The Cabots erected the cross of Christ on Cape Cod more than a century before the Puritans landed

at Plymouth Rock; Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean, De Soto led the first expedition across the Mississippi river. "The religious zeal of the French (Catholics) bore the cross to the banks of the St. Mary and the confines of Lake Superior, and looked wistfully towards the home of the Sioux in the valley of the Mississippi, five years before the New England Eliot had addressed the tribe of Indians that dwelt within six miles of Boston harbor."

Isaac Jogues, "having been the first to carry the cross into Michigan, was the first to bear it through the villages of the Mohawks," and at the cost of terrible suffering. "The Mohawks from their ambush attacked the canoes. Jogues might have escaped; but there were with him converts who had not yet been baptized,—and when did a Jesuit missionary seek to save his own life, at what he believed the risk of a soul? . . .

"Horrible inflictions of savage cruelty ensued, and were continued all the way from the St. Lawrence to the Mohawk. There they arrived the evening before the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin; and, as he ran the gauntlet, Jogues comforted himself with a vision of the glory of the Queen of heaven. In a second and a third village, the same sufferings were encountered; for days and nights he was abandoned to hunger and every torment which petulant youth could devise. But yet there was consolation: an ear of Indian corn on the stalk was thrown to the good father; and see! to the broad blade there clung little drops of dew or of water, enough to baptize two captive neophytes. . . .

"Father Jogues' life was spared and his liberty enlarged. On a hill apart, he carved a long cross on a tree, and there, in the solitude, meditated the imitation of Christ, and soothed his griefs by reflecting that he alone, in that vast region, adored the true God of heaven and earth. Roaming through the stately forests of the Mohawk valley, he wrote the name of Jesus on the bark of the tree, graved the cross, and entered into the possession of those countries in the name of God,—often lifting up his voice in solitary chant. Thus did France bring its banner and its faith to the confines of Albany."*

Marquette, another Jesuit priest, discovered the Mississippi's source and was the first to sail down its mighty waters; La Salle was the pioneer navigator of the Great Lakes; De Smet, another Jesuit priest, was the first to reveal to the savage tribes of the Rocky Mountains the truths of the Christian religion. The memory of

these great men, all of whom were devout Catholics, will live as long as mankind endures.

Passing on from the era of discovery to Colonization days, we find that the American colonies were the results of religious intolerance in Europe, which brought about most bitter and most merciless persecutions. Bigotry rode rampant everywhere. In France, Holland and Germany millions of innocent people were put to death, and the best and bravest of the children of St. Patrick were murdered and nearly every acre of their productive fields confiscated. England, Scotland and Switzerland witnessed the same sort of religious intolerance in the form of legalized oppression, including burning, beheading, hanging, poisoning and torture until it seemed "mankind was to be given up to sacrifice."

The colonies of America were made up of fugitives from these scenes of torture, and they, in turn, became as intolerant in religious matters in their new home as their persecutors had been in their native land. Every colony save Maryland had persecuting laws whereby the right of freedom of conscience was denied. Throughout the country frightful scenes were enacted, until Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic, established for the first time in the history of the world a government acknowledging freedom of worship. The historian, Bancroft, although not a Catholic, says: "The disfranchised orders of Prelacy from Massachusetts and the Puritans from Virginia were welcome to an equality of political rights in the *Roman Catholic province of men, the most wise and beneficent law-givers of all ages*, who were the first in the history of the Christian world to stand for religious security and peace by the practise of justice; to plan the establishment of popular institutions for the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the cause of civilization by recognizing the equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state." It will be seen from this that religious freedom in this great country of ours had its origin in the patent for Maryland granted by King James of England to Lord Baltimore—another fact which certainly ought to make men hesitate before taking part in a movement discriminating against American Catholics.

Nor must we omit mention of the first Catholic governor of New York, Thomas Dongan, "an intense patriot and a bold defender of the rights of his people."*

*Lossing, *Cyclopedia of United States History*. Vol. i., p. 401.

"Dongan sympathized with the people of his province in their aspirations for liberty, which his predecessor had denied; and he was instrumental in the formation of the first General Assembly of New York, and in obtaining a popular form of government."

It was under the Catholic Governor Dongan that "The Charter of Liberties" was passed, which declared "that no person professing faith in God by Jesus Christ should at any time be anywise disquieted or questioned for any difference of opinion."*

From Lord Baltimore's time till the signing of the Declaration of Independence, American Catholics, without exception, were most loyal in their allegiance to civil and religious freedom. Among the names signed to this immortal Declaration none is more illustrious than that of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and of the signers of the Constitution of the United States none were found more worthy than the Catholics, Thomas Fitz Simons and Daniel Carroll. If further testimony be required in favor of the devotion and loyalty of American Catholics to the cause of liberty, we have the words of General George Washington in answer to an address of American Catholics, complaining of unlawful restrictions placed upon their worship in several states, presented to him by the grandfather of General Meade, the hero of Gettysburg:

As mankind becomes more liberal they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the commonwealth are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality; and I presume your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and in the establishment of our government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic Faith is professed.

Besides the above from the illustrious Father of our Country, we have, also, an order issued on November 5, 1775, prohibiting the bigots of the city of Boston from burning the Pope in effigy, in which he said:

As the Commander-in-Chief has been apprised of a design for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning in effigy the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so devoid of

**Id.*, p. 787.

common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step. It is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, *instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to express public thanks to our Catholic brethren*, as to them we are indebted for every late success over the common enemy in Canada.

Thank God, the American people of to-day are not so ignorant of their own history, or so devoid of that gratitude which George Washington proclaimed to be their duty, as to countenance the hysterical efforts of these so-called "Guardians of Liberty" to insult fourteen millions of their Catholic brethren, ay, even more, to rob us of *our* "blood-bought legacy inherited from our forefathers."

We declare and claim that we have the best right to speak of American liberty as *our* "blood-bought legacy inherited from our forefathers." Could American independence ever have been achieved without the aid of our Catholic forefathers? The Catholic Irishman, General Moylan, fought side by side with General Washington; Commodore John Barry was "the father and founder" of the American Navy, and from his ship the Stars and Stripes were first flung to the breeze. Our ownership of the Northwest and the extension of our boundaries to the Mississippi at the time of the Revolution are owing to two Catholics, Rev. Peter Gibault and Colonel Vigo.

Can Americans forget their indebtedness to Catholic France? Have we so soon forgotten her part in obtaining for us "the blood-bought legacy" of liberty, consisting of a formidable fleet of ten thousand men and three thousand dollars? Is it possible that "General Miles and other lights," as they are described in the headlines of some of our newspapers, can under the cloak of "Guardians of Liberty" disregard the services of such patriots as Lafayette, De Grasse, and Rochambeau in obtaining for them that precious boon of liberty which they would have a patriotic American people believe they are striving "to preserve, defend and forever hold sacred" by denying it to Catholics, who have since the days of its birth proven themselves loyal and devoted subjects of this nation?

Do they entirely ignore the fact that Canadian Catholics aided us with two fully equipped regiments who performed heroic services for our cause? Do they forget that Catholic Spain, now so maligned and held up as the essence of intolerance, at that time opened her home ports and the port of Havana to the American

Marine? Besides this, she contributed to the new Republic three thousand barrels of gunpowder, enough blankets for ten full regiments and one million francs. Are they unmindful of Pulaski and Kosciusko from Catholic Poland whose deeds are immortal? Do they not realize that all the foreign assistance came from Catholics and Catholic countries? Moreover, the Catholics who were already in this country aided greatly in the work of securing American Independence. Even the Catholic converts among the Indians helped, and a band headed by the Catholic chief Orono of the Penobscots were a material aid.

During that struggle for life and liberty no one would think of maintaining that it "would be inconsistent with and destructive of free government to appoint or elect to political or military office any person who openly or secretly concedes superior authority to any foreign political or ecclesiastical power whatsoever." Everyone then knew that all Catholics not *secretly* but *openly* conceded authority to the Holy Father, the Pope, the Visible Head of their Church. Still there was no one who thought them unworthy of entrusting them with the command of their regiments at that crucial time.

The authority which these patriots conceded to the Pope of Rome, in as much as it was *spiritual*, was to them *superior*, and from this they learned the lesson of their duties to lawful inferior authority, which they recognized to the extent of undergoing terrible tortures and laying down their lives that their country might be free. What greater proof of love and devotion to their land could they give than this?

All were aware of the fact that the Pope of Rome, even though he lived in a foreign country "like a sentinel on the watchtower of Israel," looked out over the whole civilized world, and taught as a Father, but in no uncertain tones, that his children if they would remain under his spiritual authority should "render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's."

The welfare of a nation rests eventually upon the spiritual character of its people. Respect for law and authority alone maintains social order and well-being. Love of country, civil allegiance, obedience to law, respect for constituted authority are all matters of conscience with a Catholic; and the Holy Father, as our supreme spiritual Head, and the teacher of universal Christendom, inculcates all these upon his subjects.

The more faithful a Catholic is, then, to his spiritual Father, the better citizen will he be. The teaching of the Catholic Church on the supreme spiritual authority of the Pope, in which "he has no

rival in his claim upon us," and on the obligation of obedience to our temporal ruler and our country's laws, far from being derogatory to patriotism or good citizenship is the safeguard of orderly progress, the bulwark of the republic and the best, we will say the only, certain guarantee of its continued life.

Washington's words are surely a safe index to the fundamental ideas of the founders of the Republic. But Tom Watson maintains "it to be inconsistent with and destructive of free government to appoint or elect to political or military office any person who openly or secretly concedes superior authority to any foreign political or ecclesiastical authority whatsoever." And Tom Watson is an honorable man. All his ilk are honorable men. And, indeed, it must be edifying to their American fellow-citizens to see these self-styled "Guardians of Liberty" laboring so earnestly to bring about a more intense loyalty "to these ideas."

Not only did Catholics give proof of their patriotism *in war* during the infancy of the Republic, but they proved themselves just as capable of carrying the weightiest burdens and the highest honors *in civil life*. The Supreme Courts, the Cabinets of the Presidents, and the United States Senate felt the influence of their learning and patriotism, and never was one found recreant to the trust reposed in him.

The names of Taney, Gaston, Campbell, Ewing, O'Connor, Shields, Harney and a multitude of others will ever be remembered as illustrative of what Catholics have done towards shaping the destinies of our nation during its great crises.

Before approaching the period of the Civil War, there looms up before us that shameful product of intolerance and bigotry, which the American people should have had every reason to suppose had been stamped out from the history of the nation, the "Know Nothing Movement." The members of the defunct American Protective Association and the distinguished "Patriots of the Order of the Guardians of Liberty" may behold their forefathers in the persons of "a few desperate, disappointed and, for the most part, obscure politicians, who formed what was known as 'The Know Nothing Party.'" After a brief life of infamy, which forms one of the foulest blots on the fair name of our country, that "party" sank into ignominious oblivion amidst the smoke of burnt churches, sacked convents and the cries of inoffensive people, whose life blood flowed not, as was its wont, for the cause of God and liberty, but to satisfy the demands of sectarian and diabolical fanaticism.

Governor Henry A. Wise, then Governor of Virginia, thus

characterizes them: "Men who were never known before on the face of God's earth to show any interest in religion, to take any part with Christ or his Kingdom, but were the devil's own, belonging to the devil's church, are, all of a sudden, deeply interested for the Word of God and against the Pope! It would be well for them that they joined a Church which does believe in the Father and in the Son and in the Holy Ghost."

We do not, we cannot, we would not, say that the "Guardians of Liberty" are as ignorant, as irreligious, and as fanatical as Governor Wise painted their forefathers, but we do say that they are the worst kind of unscrupulous politicians who would risk the revival, even in the way of memory, of that one disgraceful effort in the history of our country to introduce sectarian prejudice and bigotry into politics. They should remember, however, that the American people cannot be fooled "all the time." It would be well for their own reputation, for the good of their party, and for the peace and comfort of their fair-minded fellow-citizens, if they would meditate now and then not only upon the incident just mentioned, but also upon the miserable failure of a somewhat similar attempt in the campaign of 1884 when the Hon. James G. Blaine, one of the country's ablest statesmen, was defeated for President and sent to an untimely grave through the efforts of his fanatical friends.

The name of the Rev. Samuel Dickenson Burchard appears in the *American Encyclopedia*. The *Encyclopedia* only records of him the following: "He was a Presbyterian minister for many years in New York. During the Presidential campaign of 1884 a company of clergymen, about 600 in number, called on James G. Blaine, the Republican candidate at the 5th Avenue Hotel, New York. Dr. Burchard made an address in which he affirmed that the antecedents of the Democracy were Rum, Romanism and Rebellion, and this denunciatory speech on the very eve of election created the most intense excitement throughout the United States, and alienated from Blaine many Democratic votes upon which he had reckoned. It is generally conceded that Burchard was thus largely instrumental in electing Grover Cleveland."

That is all. We have never heard of any pilgrimages to his tomb, bearing wreaths of immortelles, symbolical of his services to his party or to his country. We come now to the days of secession when patriotism was tried more than at any other period of our existence as a nation. From the very beginning, we see the great Archbishop Hughes of New York, with voice and pen, *championing in the name of Catholics the rights of the Federal Government.*

Catholics were his own loyal spiritual subjects, and Catholics were also the obedient subjects of the Government. The same example of loyalty and patriotism has ever been characteristic of the Catholic hierarchy of America. The recent unprecedented ovation given to His Eminence, John Cardinal Farley, was the spontaneous testimony of Catholics and non-Catholics alike to his dignity as a churchman and his worth as a citizen. At that banquet at which were present the President of the United States, Governor Dix and Mayor Gaynor, His Eminence said in the course of his speech, "I love this country second only to my Creator and here lies my work."

The American flag that waves on festal days between the lofty spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral is an eloquent witness to the living patriotism of the Catholic heart; and the *De Profundis* that sounded only a few days ago from its chimes, during the burial of the *Maine* dead, is but the continuation of her prayer for those who in countless numbers gave up their lives fifty years ago to save the nation.

When at last the Civil War became necessary what part did Catholics take? The roster of our nation's army gives the answer. What student of history can ever forget the names of Phil. Sheridan, Don Carlos Buell of Shiloh, Thomas Francis Meagher of Fredericksburg, or General Shields, Stanley and Whipple or Don Piatt?

Can anyone recall, without a thrill of admiration for Catholic valor, the story of the seven days' fight around Richmond or the story of the great Union victory at Stone River won by the Catholic General, William S. Rosecrans, or, more thrilling than all, the story of the 69th N. Y. Regiment, all Catholics, when in the words of General Longstreet: "Six times in the face of a withering fire, before which whole ranks were mowed as corn before the sickle, did the Irish Brigade run up that hill—rush to inevitable death."

No wonder that General Thomas Francis Meagher could say of his Catholic Brigade: "A chivalrous and, I may with perfect truth assert, a religious sense of duty and a spirit of fidelity to the Government and the flag of the Nation, of which they were citizens, alone inspired them to take up arms against the South."

What words more inspiring than those of the Catholic hero, General James A. Mulligan, who distinguished himself at Lexington on the Missouri, and as he was taken mortally wounded from the battlefield of Winchester, exclaimed: "Lay me down and save the flag."

To these could be added a long roll of honor, the names of

Catholic Generals, Catholic officers and soldiers of the Union Army and Navy, but space forbids their mention here.

We believe, however, that there is no veteran of the Civil War, now surviving, no matter what his creed or nationality, who would forgive us, if, in speaking or writing, of those dire days, we failed to give honorable mention to the ministering angel that accompanied his weary march, attended him in hospitals of pain, and amid the din of battle brought God's consolations to many a departing comrade—"the sweet-faced Sister of Charity." To describe her devotion to God and country would transcend the limits of prose. Her unrequited devotion, her self-sacrifice, her unrewarded heroism, have caused her deeds to be enshrined in this beautiful verse of the poet:

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapors of death;
Where rings the loud musket and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace!
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb!
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

The history of our late Spanish-American War is of too recent date to require any reference to the heroism of the Catholics engaged in it. Suffice it to say that it is generally conceded that there was no greater act of heroism than that displayed by the Chaplain of the Maine, the Rev. John P. Chidwick, D.D., now quietly and humbly presiding over our Diocesan Seminary, instilling into the hearts of the young Levites under his care those same virtues which have caused him to be acknowledged one of the heroes of our Nation.

Such is only a kaleidoscopic review of the loyalty of American Catholics to our country from the discovery of America to the present day. It must be that those Catholics who are now holding positions of honor and trust, whether in the Supreme Court of the United States, in the United States Senate or in the Senates or in the Supreme Courts of the different states in which they are as conspicuous as they are powerful, have proved themselves unworthy of their heritage, if the "Guardians of Liberty" have any reason for their existence to-day! There is absolutely no proof of disloyalty to the Government of the United States on the part of any Catholic in the past. We leave it to our American non-Catholic fellow-citi-

zens, in whose calm judgment we have the greatest confidence, to decide whether or not Chief Justice White or United States Senator James A. O'Gorman (to mention only two) has done aught in their tenure of office to merit even the suspicion that it is "inconsistent with and destructive of free government to appoint or elect to political or military office any person who openly or secretly concedes superior authority to any foreign political or ecclesiastical authority whatsoever." But if the "Guardians of Liberty," knowing our history as patriots, would have the American people think there is danger of our disloyalty, why draw the line at our holding office? Why not go the whole way? Why let us vote, sit on juries or bear arms? Why let us live?

LINES IN MEMORY OF ARCHBISHOP JOHN CARROLL.

BY HILDEGARDE.

*For the unveiling of his statue at Georgetown University,
Washington, D. C., May 4, 1912.*

Here shall his loving effigy in honor stand,
Whose name, upon the fairest archives of the land
Is writ in guarantee of all things great and good!
His highest boast, the tie of common brotherhood
That bound him to the company of valiant men,
Who gladly dedicated time, and voice, and pen
To liberty of worship, and the holy cause
Of righteousness and truth. Nor was he known to pause
Though oftentimes confronted with the threatened loss
Of all his plans—his means—his friends! The holy Cross
Was ever all in all to him. He once declared
That to this chosen mystic school he oft repaired
And there, in contemplation, learned the half he knew.
Oh! could the honored presence of this image true
Enkindle in our hearts his apostolic joy
In doing good; it might, perhaps, in part, destroy
Our wayward worldliness, too prone to-day
To sweep the memory of the good and great away.

New Books.

CALIFORNIA: ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE. By John S. McGroarty. Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Co. \$3.50 net.

The Californian author and poet, John S. McGroarty, has made a contribution of unusual value to the literature of the subject by his new book called *California, Its History and Romance*. He begins in the sixteenth century, with the first expeditions to California, traces the activities of the missionaries, gives full accounts of the Spanish era and of the Mexican era, and brings us through the American conquest, down to the recent achievements of California and the Californians. He has, moreover, succeeded in the difficult task of combining historical detail with a pleasant popularity of style.

Mr. McGroarty is a Catholic, and has obviously given especial care to his lengthy and detailed account of the Franciscan Missions. His treatment is adequate, intelligent, and sympathetic, correcting frequent mistakes and misrepresentations. After telling of the secularizing of the Missions, which he calls a robbery, not of the Franciscans, but of the Indians, he adds:

Very many writers who have put forth what they wrote as historical records, and many other less ostentatious writers who have written on the subject of the California Missions, have invariably concluded their chronicles with the statement that the labors of Junipero Serra and his brown-robed successors in the work of the Missions ended in failure. They say it was a dream that had no realization. But they miss the point. The material aspect of the Missions was merely subsidiary and auxiliary to their spiritual aspect. What Junipero Serra came to California to do was to Christianize the Indians. To feed and clothe them and to teach them trades were secondary considerations, which, in the wisdom of Serra and his associates and successors, were regarded as a necessary service to perform. But the dream was, first and foremost and above all things, to convert the heathen to Christianity. The Indians and their descendants lost the land and the Mission establishments which the Franciscans taught them to till and to build, but they have never lost the religion which the Padres brought them. Their descendants have it to this day. Wherefore, the dream of Junipero Serra is a dream come true.

Another very interesting chapter tells of the Bear Flag Re-

public, the nation of twenty-six days, and of the stirring fights, led by the "Pathfinder," Captain Fremont, Ide, Ford, and "Kit" Carson.

To his last chapter the author gives the ambitious title, "The Five Miracles of California." They are, he affirms, the building of the chain of twenty-one Missions, the building of the Central Pacific railroad across the Sierra Nevada mountains, the irrigation of the deserts, the rebuilding of San Francisco, and the Owens River aqueduct. In concluding, the author predicts a glorious and perhaps equally miraculous future for his state.

Mr. McGroarty is certainly to be congratulated upon the scope, the care, and the excellence of his book. To be sure, he writes at the top of his voice, and some of his superlatives should perhaps be taken with a grain of salt, but breathes there a man with soul so dead who would reprove such enthusiasm of state patriotism?

THE LIFE OF MADAME DE LA ROCHEJAQUELEIN. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

Catholics readers are already familiar with the gallery of noble women whose portraits have been sketched for us by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, and will welcome this new life of the Marquise de la Rochejaquelein. It is a stirring tale, built up mainly from the *Mémoires* of the French woman herself, and covering the last tragic days of the *Ancien Régime*, the wars of La Vendée, the First Empire and the Restoration.

Victoire, Mme. de Lescure (as it seems fitting to remember her), spent a happy youth at Versailles, and was married at nineteen to her cousin, the Marquis de Lescure, a studious, shy young man, destined to become one of the great patriots of La Vendée. At the request of Marie Antoinette, who seems to have counted upon their devotion, the couple remained in Paris until after that terrible 10th of August, 1792. A few months later, Victoire's husband threw himself heart and soul into the war of La Vendée—that forlorn hope of a loyal nobility, and a faithful but untrained peasantry, who for awhile "made the Republic tremble, conquered part of Europe, obtained an honorable peace and defended their cause with more success and glory than all the allied Powers." Years of defeats and victories, of arrests and releases, followed, when men grew familiar with the face of Death, and the women and little children learned to pray while the cannon thundered.

It is interesting to discover that Mme. de Lescure—or de la Rochejaquelein, as she afterwards became—was not naturally of heroic mould. She was a timid woman, with little self-reliance and no zest for adventure. But through her great love and her great sorrows she learned not only the beautiful, momentary lesson of heroism, but the long, long lesson of detachment. As wife and then widow of the two brave Vendéan generals, she shared all the scarred fortunes of her adopted province. She learned to ride alone crosscountry, to carry pistols, to muster the peasant soldiers; she learned to endure exile, to disguise herself *en paysanne* and go out seeking news amongst the enemy. And when the long life closed in 1857, she was still working for the cause of those gallant and pious peasants who called her their mother and their friend.

HADJI MURAD. \$1.20. THE FORGED COUPON, AND OTHER STORIES. By Leo Tolstoy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

The lengthy realism of Tolstoy has perhaps aroused in some of us the sentiments expressed by the old gentleman of Miss Repplier's acquaintance, whom she one day found reading *War and Peace*. "My daughter-in-law sent it to me," he explained, "and so I must read it. Its in seven volumes. But," he added, brightening up, "thank heaven, one volume was lost on the way!"

Considering the matter seriously, however, it is plain that, as Mr. Chesterton says, "You cannot ignore Tolstoy any more than you can ignore a mountain." With the philosophy of Tolstoy, Catholics can have very little patience. His rejection of Christianity was accompanied by a frequent rejection of sanity. The theory of the brotherhood of man (an essentially Christian theory, by the way) probably began in his mind as a reaction against the coldness and cruelty of his environment, but it flared into an inhuman idealism—a splendid insanity. The philosophic and economic edifice which he built upon it was a failure—a towering and magnificent failure, but a failure without doubt. Another thought, which that clever Englishman, Mr. John Galsworthy, is quoted as having expressed of Russian writers in general, may easily be recorded of Tolstoy in particular, namely, that by the time he had finished experimenting with life in search of the facts, he had not enough energy left to correlate his material and use it for any socially reconstructive purpose.

That he *had* experimented with life, however, that he knew

how to make wonderful studies in psychology, and that his literary art was of a high order, these things are sure. The terrible earnestness of the man, and the purity and vigor of his style, impress us as strongly as ever in these recently published posthumous stories, *Hadji Murad*, and *The Forged Coupon*. The former is a tale of that Caucasian life with which Tolstoy was familiarized when a young soldier in the Russian army, and from which he drew the material for his former great story, *The Cossacks*. He has told us this time of the struggle, the surrender, and the final tragedy of the Tartar Chieftain, Hadji Murad, basing his plot with truth, although not with accuracy, upon historical facts. The involved picture of Russian army life is sordid and painful to repulsiveness, but in the character of the Caucasian hero we find nobility and grandeur, despite his savage ethics. The story is translated and prefaced by Aylmer Maude.

The second book consists of six stories, and takes its title from the first and longest, *The Forged Coupon*. This purports to trace the inevitable consequences of one sin. A forgery committed by a foolish school boy in desperation is the first link in a fatal chain of crimes that follow each other with a horrible, unreal logic, like a thief-chase on the films of a moving-picture show. Of the other stories perhaps the most impressive is *After the Dance*—a quick, vivid picture of Russian military cruelty. The volume is edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright, who has written a long introduction, which, he somewhat elaborately states, aims "at being less strictly biographical than illustrative of the contributory elements and circumstances which subconsciously influenced Tolstoy's spiritual evolution." The gentleman writes rather pompously, and is a bit absurd in his adjectives of admiration, but we can extract much that is interesting, and much that is explanatory of the personal whys and wherefores of Tolstoy's beliefs. The translator, or, we understand, the translators of these stories are not named, but a needed apology is inserted for the haste in which their work was done.

THROUGH THE DESERT. A Romance of the Time of the Mahdi. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35 net.

The sure and international fame of Henryk Sienkiewicz has received its latest confirmation by a romance of the African wilderness, of which the English translation appears under the title *Through the Desert*. As in writing *Quo Vadis*, the novelist has

again departed from his usual background of Polish life and Polish history. This time he has chosen a setting of weird fascination—the African desert, with its lure and its horror, its mysterious and terrible desolation. Such scenery has been used very skilfully by Robert Hichens. Sienkiewicz makes it just as vivid and just as passionate, but relieves it by a plot healthier than any yet achieved by the English writer. Two children, the boy of a Polish, the girl of an English family, are snared into captivity by agents of the Mahdi, and by them carried through the desert. Adventure is heaped upon adventure, and horror upon horror, but little Nell remains patient and brave, and the boy, Stasch, is a small hero. Their story is told with the strength and brilliancy which we associate with the name of Sienkiewicz, and is decidedly an achievement. There are ten very fine illustrations done by P. Schwormstädt. The translator has done his work well, but has rather unaccountably omitted to sign his name.

MOTIVE-FORCE AND MOTIVATION TRACKS. A RESEARCH IN WILL PSYCHOLOGY. By E. Boyd Barrett, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50.

This work is an attempt to study will-power and character by experimental methods. As a result of his experiments the author even attempts a mathematical formula by which character can not only be expressed but also measured. He leans strongly to the Socratic concept that virtue and knowledge are one, and advocates a predominantly intellectual training for the development of character. The experimental work was done at the University of Louvain, under the direction of Professor Michotte, and presented as a dissertation for the Doctorate in Philosophy. It was afterwards extended and submitted to the National University of Ireland for the degree of Master of Arts.

CATHOLIC IDEALS IN SOCIAL LIFE. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.70.

It is pleasant and encouraging to know that the first edition of Father Cuthbert's work, *Catholic Ideals in Social Life*, has been exhausted, and that many copies of the second edition were ordered before it was ready for sale. THE CATHOLIC WORLD welcomed Father Cuthbert's book on its first appearance with words of warm praise, and we repeat now that we know of no book better fitted to

inspire Catholics with the true spirit of social work, and none better calculated to arouse them to a sense of its supreme importance. As Father Cuthbert says, we are passing through an age of transition; world-wide problems face the Church. It is absolutely necessary that every Catholic, as far as in him lies, should do his part to spread the Truth of the Gospel: to lead all that is good and worthy in the aspirations of the world to saving Catholic truth, and by the infusion of that same truth to reconstruct the world's social and political ideals.

A touch of the enthusiasm with which Father Cuthbert would inspire us may be felt from the following passage:

The true apostle of the Church is as humble and simple of soul as he is patient and steadfast; for whilst he walks amongst men he walks in the presence of God. To sum up briefly, it is the duty of every Catholic to do his part in bringing about greater justice and charity in the world, whether by economic legislation or by private or voluntary endeavor. This is a universal duty incumbent upon all. But for those who have leisure, or who have opportunity, there is a special apostolate—to redeem those who by their own fault or the fault of others, have fallen from what a man and a Christian ought to be. The voice of Christ calls for helpers in this work, but whoever would help must come to the work in the spirit of Christ; they must be sincere and consistent in their own lives; they must be sympathetic with those they would help; above all, they must walk constantly in the presence of God, and know how to seek in prayer the strength and guidance necessary for their work.

STEPS IN THE ATTACK OF RATIONALISM AGAINST THE GOSPEL AND THE LIFE OF OUR SAVIOR. By L. Cl. Fillion, S.S. Paris: P. Lethielleux.*

We read the matter of this book with great interest in the pages of the *Revue du Clergé Français* (April 1, 1909—November 15, 1910) some time ago, and welcome it now that it has been published in a separate volume. It is a scholarly, accurate and detailed account of the various attempts made by rationalists during the past one hundred and thirty-five years to destroy the supernatural character of Christianity and to deny the divinity of its Founder. Works of similar import have been written by the Anglican scholars

**Les Etapes Du Rationalisme Dans Ses Attaques Contre Les Evangiles et la Vie De Notre Seigneur Jesus Christ.* By L. Cl. Fillion, S.S. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

Fairbairn and Sanday,* and the German rationalists Von Hase, Weinell, and Schweitzer.† But we are sadly in need of a guide, containing both orthodoxy of doctrine and accuracy of scholarship through this bewildering labyrinth of modern destructive Higher Criticism. The work so ably begun by the learned Sulpician, the Abbé Vigoroux, in his *Les Livres Saints et la Critique Rationaliste*, has now been completed by his confrère and pupil, the Abbé Fillion, in this clear and convincing resumé, which he calls *The Halting-Places of Rationalism*.

The Abbé mentions six "Etapas" or stages of modern unbelief on its long road of denial. The first four are named after Reimarus, Paulus, Strauss and Baur; the last two, representing vaguer and more general theories, are styled the stages of Eclecticism and Syncretism or Evolution. All these theories are based on the fundamental dogma that God's action in the world is limited absolutely by natural laws, and that therefore the miraculous element in Christianity must be explained away, and the idea of a supernatural Christ, *i. e.*, a divine personality, must yield to the notion of an historical Christ, *i. e.*, a human personality, more or less imperfect, ignorant and even sinful.

"Independent Criticism," while making a great pretense of objective treatment in its study of the New Testament records, and often giving evidence of great erudition, is in very truth the most abject slave to transcendent metaphysics. A certain *a priori* philosophy,—real or verbal theism, pantheism, idealism, etc.—forces the "free-thinker" to negative the supernatural content of the Gospels, and to declare without warrant passage after passage to be interpolated or of late origin, until at last in utter despair he asserts that Jesus never existed.

The theory of Reimarus (1694-1798) asserted that fraud was the basis of both Judaism and Christianity, and that Moses, Christ and the Apostles were conscious impostors. Some of his followers were so crude and blatant in their blasphemy as to disgust even liberal critics like Weinell and Von Hase. Paulus of Jena (1761-1851) admitted the historical reality of all the Gospel miracles, but he considered them as purely natural events. Strauss rejected the theories of his predecessors, and maintained that the popular imagination created unconsciously the Jesus of the Gospels; that all the so-called miracles were simply myths. Next came the tendency

*A. M. Fairbairn, *The Place of Christ in Modern Theology*; William Sanday, *The Life of Christ in Recent Research*.

†K. A. Von Hase, *Geschichte Jesu nach akademischen Vorlesungen*; H. Weinell, *Jesus in neunzehnten Jahrhundert*; A. Schweitzer, *Von Reimarus zu Wrede*.

theory of Baur, which practically made St. Paul the founder of a universal Christianity. He created an imaginary and purely arbitrary division of anti-Pauline and anti-Petrine books and sought thereby to destroy the value of the New Testament as contemporary documents. The Tübingen school died with the death of its founder in 1860.

Most of the Abbé's book deals with the Eclectic School which combines at will various portions of the old discredited theories. The work of these critics is treated under a three-fold division: 1: Their literary criticism of the Gospels; 2: Their endeavor to account for the historical personality of Jesus; and 3: Their attempt to show the relation of the contemporary Judaism to primitive Christianity. The author's brief sketch of the ultra-radical school is most painful reading. Still the satanic views of Holtzmann (Oscar), Baumann, Lomer, Rasmussen, Tschiro, Nietzsche and others are merely the logical outcome of liberal theories, despite the fact that the better class of critics strenuously repudiate them.

The last theory is styled the Evolutionary or Syncretical stage. Its defenders maintain that "the history and chief ideas of Jesus, as well as the origin of Christianity, are but the material result of an evolution due to preëxisting historical beliefs or practices in the cults of Greece, Persia, Babylon, India and the like. There is nothing original in the teaching of Christ or the Apostles; the New Testament merely borrows from Babylon, Greece and Persia (Bousset), Mithraism (Cumont), Babylon (Jensen), Budhism (Seydel), etc.

A final chapter of the Abbé's book deals with the latest phase of rationalistic criticism, *Die Jesusbewegung*, which denies absolutely the existence of Jesus. Its chief exponent, Drews of Carlsruhe, not content as his predecessors Kalthoff, Benjamin Smith, Jensen, Robertson and others, with writing up this absurd thesis, has gone from city to city of Germany lecturing with the most bitter fanaticism against "the historical Jesus." Certainly this stupid and blasphemous negation is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the so-called independent criticism.

This entire history is most helpful to the devout Christian, since it proves absolutely the utter impossibility of any theory of naturalism availing to solve the question of: Who is Jesus Christ? No explanation does explain save that which acknowledges Him as true God and true Man in one divine Personality. How strongly does the Catholic Church defend that fundamental dogma against the vagaries of private judgment?

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES FOR CHILDREN. Adapted from the French of Mme. La Comtesse de Ségur. By Mary Virginia Merrick. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents.

In this volume the wonderful story of the infant Church, fostered by Divine inspiration and Apostolic zeal, is made to appeal to the understanding of the youngest child. As this has never before been attempted in English, it is an especially valuable addition to Catholic juvenile literature.

With exquisite simplicity, and tender insight into the capacity of the child mind, the author unfolds before the little ones the noble deeds of the Apostles, and instills into her hearers the spirit of love of Christ which incites to imitation and high resolve. Numerous illustrations lend realism to the narration. The work has gained rather than lost in the English adaptation, and is one that should receive a hearty welcome in the Catholic school and home.

SAINT PATRICK, by the Abbé Riguet; translated by C. W. W. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.00.) This latest contribution to the series of *The Saints* holds matter of interest, not only for the client of Ireland's Apostle, but for the students of her people and customs as well.

The early chapters on the Irish Celts, their political, social and religious state, contain much that is curious and characteristic.

Despite the fact that he is the object of great popular devotion, the real St. Patrick is too little known. Impressed by this the Abbé Riguet has made a critical study of authentic documents, and has sifted, with painstaking zeal, the mass of legend which enshrined St. Patrick's memory, interpreting literally or symbolically as the evidence seems to warrant.

The sources of information are carefully given in notes and appendices. The writer allows himself no *a priori* judgments; probabilities are pointed out, but there is no careless assumption of them as facts.

The nature of the evidence makes it impossible to clear away entirely the mist of uncertainty which rests on much of St. Patrick's career, but through it we see the touching yet inspiring figure of the lonely captive child, expiating the sin that rends the hearts of saints, that of not having given all to Him, for Whom all is too little. Gradually the figure grows until, through much prayer, patient waiting and fearless action, it assumes the proportions of a spiritual giant undertaking and performing a gigantic task.

THE GOSPELS FOR LENT AND THE PASSION OF CHRIST. By C. J. Eisenring, rendered from the German by Charles Cannon, O.S.B. (St. Louis: B. Herder. 80 cents.) Every attempt to bring popular devotion into intimate accord with the mind of the Church and to root it in the rich soil of her liturgy, merits a cordial welcome and hearty commendation. This purpose has actuated Father Eisenring to popularize the beautiful sequence of the Gospels for Lent, and through them to encourage meditation on the Passion. In his desire to have the Gospels point invariably to the sufferings and death of Christ, the author occasionally strains their meaning, or breaks away from it entirely, but generally the thought developed is implied in the Gospel's lesson, and is always full of devotion and practical profit. After each meditation the Collect of the day is given as an unerring guide in spiritual orientation. A method of hearing Mass by meditating on the Passion of Christ, and other prayers, complete the volume.

A BIOGRAPHY OF FATHER JAMES J. CONWAY, S.J., the famous Jesuit of St. Louis, has been written by M. Louise Garesché, and, with a preface by Archbishop Glennon, is published by B. Herder. The book includes, in addition to a complete and careful biography, many of Father Conway's letters, and three of his best-known sermons. Price \$1.00.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS, by Cardinal Newman. Illustrations by Francis E. Hiley. (London: Gay and Hancock, Ltd. Price 25 cents.) Of the making of cheap books verily there is no end, so that the important points would seem to be, first, the choice of worthy titles, and then a neat and durable binding. This reprint of Newman's classic upon death and judgment fulfills both of these requirements, and should bring the poem to many new readers. It suggests itself as a peculiarly suitable and dignified Easter remembrance, or as a prize for religious and secular schools.

THE FAITHFUL FAILURE, by Rosamond Napier (New York: George H. Doran Co.), is a love story told in high C. It is vivid, nervous, and feminine to a fault, but possesses a fragile, hectic beauty that is unusual and not without appeal. There is much nature painting, done in high, delicate colors, and really exquisite in effect.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Church in France. Two recent judgments in the French courts have an important bearing on the law of Separation. "In the first case a priest who had been expelled from his cure by a bishop disputed his successor's rights to supercede him, claiming that his dismissal was invalid on ecclesiastical grounds. The court decided that it had no powers to examine the question whether measures taken by the hierarchic chief of the two priests conformed to the canonical law. In the second case two priests had been appointed to the same cure—one by a bishop and the other by an *association cultuelle* not recognized by the diocesan authority. The court decided in favor of the bishop's nominee."—*Tablet*, Feb. 24.

The Pontifical Biblical Institute. The Institute was founded in May, 1909, and in November of the same year its first session was held. Since its inauguration the Institute has acquired a permanent home, a considerable number of books and periodicals for a library, the nucleus of a collection for a Biblical museum, and a house in Palestine to be used as a headquarters for students making excursions to and further researches in the Holy Land. The Apostolic Letters erecting the Institute stated that its chief purpose was to be a training school for future professors and writers. The course of studies extends over three years. The number of students enrolled has averaged about 120 during the three years, and so far the progress of the Institute has been most encouraging.—*Tablet*, March 2.

An Irishman in Chinese Service. By Henri Coridier. Sir Robert Hart, the subject of this article, was born at Portsdown, County Armagh, in 1835. When nineteen he entered the service of the Superintendent of Commerce in Hong-Kong. In 1859 he became associated with the Chinese Customs Department, and in four years rose to be its head. Under Hart's able administration the Chinese Government soon augmented the Bureaus of Customs. Between 1860 and 1864 fourteen were opened in as many Chinese cities. The service was improved by founding two colleges especially for training young men for this work. Hart also took care to have Chinese exhibitions at various international expositions. Each year of his administration the revenues from this branch of the Government increased and new ports were opened to foreign commerce, until to-day they number forty-five. But the Boxer uprising

put an end to his labors. He himself had to take refuge at the British Legation. After the insurrection was quelled he again took charge, but resigned finally in 1906 when the Emperor limited his authority. Sixteen decorations were conferred upon him by foreign governments and a baronetcy by England. Sir Robert Hart died in England, Sept. 20, 1911.—*Le Correspondant*, Feb. 10.

Montalembert's Centenary. By Alexander Braun. At the initiative of M. Léon de Lantsheere, Belgium's Minister of Justice, a fitting celebration commemorating the centenary of Montalembert's birth was planned and carried through. The convention was held at Brussels in February of this year, and was attended by people from every walk in life. Fr. Rutter, O.P., represented Montalembert as the learned and fearless defender of monasticism. M. de Lantsheere pointed out that Montalembert's great ambition was to prove both by his public and private life that religion is the mother of liberty. "Montalembert and Christian Art," an address by Henri Cochin, praised him as the restorer of Christian art, and recalled his crusade against the vandals in Catholic churches. Cardinal Mercier closed the programme by referring to the purity of Montalembert's intentions and his docility to the Sovereign Pontiff.—*Le Correspondant*, Feb. 10.

Industrial Insurance in Switzerland. By Max Turmann. For thirteen years the question of insurance for both sickness and accident has been agitated in Switzerland. The old law in this regard proved unsatisfactory, and a new one has recently been adopted by a close referendum vote. This new law provides in great detail for the amounts to be paid and the method of certification. In case of a misrepresentation on the part of a doctor, he is to be fined not more than five hundred francs or imprisoned for three months. Five classes of benefits are paid under accident insurance: medical care, indemnity during idleness, pension during invalidity, funeral expenses, pensions for surviving wife or husband, or children, or brothers and sisters. The referendum was accepted by thirteen cantons and four demi-cantons and opposed by only six cantons and two demi-cantons. In the German cantons the affirmative vote prevailed and a negative one in the French.—*Le Correspondant*, Feb. 10.

Did Christianity Abolish Slavery? By Paul Allard. M. Cicotti has recently written a book to prove that the abolition of slav-

ery was due to economic causes and not to Christian charity. In reply M. Allard denies that the number of slaves diminished in Greece between the Homeric times and the fourth century B. C. as claimed by Ciccotti. Nor was there any noticeable decrease in their numbers in the Roman Empire until the fourth century A. D., that is, until Christianity became dominant. What diminution there was after this date is to be attributed not to economic causes but rather (1) to the cessation of offensive wars; (2) manumission from Christian motives, (3) and the dignity conferred by Christianity upon manual labor. When Ciccotti accuses the scholastics of sanctioning slavery, he is, says Allard, confusing slavery with serfdom.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Feb. 15.

Montalembert. By Cardinal Mercier. In detail is given the address by Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, at the Congress held at Brussels to honor the memory of Count de Montalembert. The Cardinal pays an eloquent tribute to the Christian gentleman, soldier of God and the Church. He describes him as the very fulfilment of the description which St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians of the true and perfect Christian. The Cardinal concluded his address by reading the letter written by the Countess de Montalembert Mérode to the Hungarian Countess Apponyi after the death of the Count de Montalembert, in it describing those sentiments uppermost in the mind of the nobleman during the closing years of his life.—*Le Correspondant*, Feb. 25, 1912.

Mind Training. By Fèlix Klein. The author of this article describes the methods in vogue in the different countries of Europe, and also in the United States, for developing the mind of the child, thus laying a firm foundation for the more advanced studies in later life. The Kindergarten idea originated with Froëbel of Germany and Pestalozzi in Switzerland. To-day in Italy remarkable work is being done under the direction of Mme. Montessori.

The author takes us through the various studies constituting a school day and describes them, such as studies of objects, clay-modeling, working in paper, raffia, etc., and studies in nature during the spring-time conducted by teacher on walks in the woods and fields.—*Le Correspondant*, Feb. 25.

Religious Troubles in Russia. Unsigned. P. Héliodore, a Cossack by birth, and a monk at Tsarytsine, province of Saratoff, Russia, in 1908 started a religious revolution, which has since kept

the Russian Orthodox Greek Church in a state of turmoil. He inveighed against the corruption of the century, advocating a return to primitive Christianity. The Holy Synod took the case in hand and ordered Héliodore into exile. With a guard of 2,000 fanatics he defied them. Mgr. Hermogène proved his friendship and compelled the Holy Synod to revoke the sentence against Héliodore. His victory was celebrated by a scandalous pilgrimage along the Volga River, committing all sorts of crimes. Mgr. Hermogène sent a telegram to the Czar denouncing the Holy Synod. As a result he was brutally expelled. All this has led to demands for reform of the entire Church, but at the present time the point of reform seems to be passed over, and the question resolves itself into re-union with some other Church. For this reason twenty-five Anglicans went to St. Petersburg on February 1st to discuss the question, but the Orthodox Greek Church has always regarded the Anglicans as heretics. The only other logical Church that they could hope to unite with is the Roman Catholic Church. Of late a very active Jesuit working for such a re-union has been expelled from Moscow. Yet there are many fervent advocates for such a re-union, and none more so than Abbé Tolstoy, a relative of Count Leo. The question is being keenly discussed in the Douma and closely followed by the outside world as to the outcome.—*Le Correspondant*, Feb. 25.

The Reason for the Religious Orders. By R. P. Renaudin, O.S.B. All associations must be justified in the object at which they aim, and in the profit they bring to society as a whole. A Christian must act for God and for his neighbor, and it is to accomplish this aim that religious orders have been founded. To vital external action is added vital internal action, because all outward activity is really founded upon the inner life. There is a mutual dependence between meditation and action.—*Revue Thomiste*, Jan.-Feb.

Social Teaching of St. Thomas. By R. P. Robert, O.P. The author points out that St. Thomas was not by any means radically individualistic. For him society was a natural and necessary institution. It was an assemblage of individuals for common action, and private advantage had often to be sacrificed for the public good. Père Robert notices that St. Thomas compared society to a living organism. *Private property* is lawful and necessary. But the right

to live is more fundamental, and therefore in cases of extreme necessity property becomes common. St. Thomas has not treated wages *ex professo*. But the author infers from various scattered passages that wages must be proportioned to the work performed and sufficient to support the workman in frugal comfort. All these fundamental doctrines have been realized by Belgian, French and Swiss Catholics, and have influenced their social policies.—*Revue Thomiste*, Jan.-Feb.

Archeological Discoveries in Central Asia. By Joseph Brucker. During the past decade many archeological expeditions have been made to eastern Turkestan and the country to the northeast. They have found extensive remains showing traces of Hellenistic civilization. Paul Pelliot saw a library containing over fifteen thousand MSS. dating from the fifth to the thirteenth century. Pelliot brought back three thousand MSS. and thirty thousand fragments, besides remarkable paintings upon silk, sculptures, and mural decorations. In his collection and others are found writings in Soghdien, Sanskrit, Ouigour, and several unknown languages. Pelliot has been accused, but without truth, of manufacturing the MSS. The most interesting result of these discoveries is to show the extensive missionary activities of Nestorianism, Buddhism, and Manichaeism in the same territory. And as Nestorian Christians were cut off from the rest of Christendom from the seventh century on, this would seem to show that resemblances between Christianity and Buddhism are due to Christian influences rather than the reverse.—*Études*, Feb. 5.

Elective Character of the Papacy. By Gustave Neyron. The manner of choosing a Pope is unique among governments. It embraces the good points, while avoiding the bad, of both hereditary and elective systems. For hereditary succession has the advantage of practically closing the door to ambitious schemers, continuity of tradition, and easy transmission of power. All this the Papacy secures while escaping the danger of incompetence due to hereditary power, wars of succession, and long regencies. At the same time that the Cardinals have a wide power of selecting the best man irrespective of wealth, birth, or race, there is no premium placed upon mediocrity (as where the suffrage is universal) and the secrecy of the conclave prevents bribery and machine politics.—*Études*, Feb. 5.

Persecution of Missionaries in Portuguese Colonies. By Alexandre Brou. The Portuguese republic was proclaimed in India, October 7, 1910. The new governor did not, as is customary, receive his investiture in church, but suppressed the Christian formulas at the end of the official acts. A Eucharistic Congress at Goa was countermanded, though the exposition of the body of St. Francis Xavier was allowed. The separation of Church and State was announced December 3rd. The Catholics are attached to the monarchy, but the other Hindoos salute the republic as the dawn of liberty. The official situation of the clergy seems so far unchanged. In Portuguese China all the religious have been banished. The Colonial Company of Mozambique has subjected priests to constant taxation. In the Congo many priests were imprisoned. The Fathers of the Holy Ghost have been spared because of their firm resistance, the devotion of their black followers, and especially because of German intervention. Germany offered to protect the Jesuits on condition that they leave the Society; they have refused and will not leave the territory until expelled by force.—*Études*, Feb. 20.

Education in Turkey. Until recently education was left to private generosity. The first printing press was established only in 1727. Sultan Mahmoud in 1808 brought European teachers for a naval school, started the first Mussulman newspaper to be published at Constantinople, and sent students abroad. Abdul Aziz founded a valuable secondary school in 1868, which now has over seven hundred pupils. He established a complete school system, but it required too much money and ran counter to too many ancient customs. Under Abdul Hamid thousands remained uninstructed, and the teachers, poorly paid and poorly trained, were afraid to teach the truth. Oriental and European Christians have opened many flourishing schools towards which the young Turks are none too well disposed. Three-fifths of the Ottomans are ignorant of their own language, due largely to the difficult spelling, but it is forbidden to write it in Latin characters.—*Études*, Feb. 20.

Origins of the Roman Missal. By F. Cabrol, O.S.B. Though often called Gregorian, the ultimate sources of the Missal go back much further. There was in France an original liturgy that prevailed up to the time of Charlemagne. The Roman Missal had by then been revised and improved by Gregory from an older work, the Gelasian Sacramentary, and Charlemagne took many active

steps to introduce the corrected form. As a result of the efforts of Charlemagne and Alcuin, the work as we have it may be called the work of St. Gregory, with certain Gelasian and Gallican additions. Thanks to them, the ancient Gallican prayers were not only preserved, but by their union with Gregory's work spread beyond the boundaries of France to all countries of the Latin Rite.—*Clergé Français*, Feb. 1.

Were Primitive Races Monotheistic? By O. Habert. Fr. Schmidt, director of the review *Anthropos*, has contended in a recent work, called *The Origin of the Idea of God*, that the monotheism of primitive peoples can be proved historically. He thinks that in the remains of the oldest prehistoric civilizations there are unequivocal proofs of an original monotheism taking account of morality. Though praising the work very highly, the reviewer concludes "that one cannot say that Fr. Schmidt has demonstrated 'monotheism, pure and without defect.' We believe, as he, on the authority of Scripture, in original monotheism; but to pretend to demonstrate it by profane sciences seems to us a relic of that 'concordism' which is decreasing in favor among us."—*Revue du Clergé Français*, Feb. 15.

The Church and Marriage—an Historical Sketch. By A. Sicard. For centuries the Church was supreme in the family. The state only asked that the faithful observe the Christian laws—indissolubility, equality of man and woman. The Christian emperors were inspired by the Christian ideas when forming their codes. The barbarian kings, the Merovingian, and Carlovingian kings worked in harmony with the Church. From the time of the Reformation to the Revolution, though there was not intimate union between Church and State, yet the laws of State, relative to marriage, were what the Church wished. The Revolution brought a change. The sacrament of matrimony was no longer a sacrament. Marriage became a purely civil contract. The state no longer recognized such impediments as "solemn vows," "disparity of cult," "spiritual affinity," etc.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, March 1.

Dickens and Krasinski—Social Workers. By J. Overmans, S.J. Though at first sight leagues apart, these two novelists had much in common. Charles Dickens was raised in poverty, and had no other education than contact with humanity in the slums of

London, and what little he could pick up by himself in the way of book-learning. Zygmunt Krasinski was the son of a Polish nobleman, with all the advantages of wealth and social position. But both devoted themselves to social betterment by means of fiction, one from a purely humanitarian motive, the other from the standpoint of Catholic charity. Dickens was intensely national and insular; Krasinske Catholic and catholic.—*Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, Heft. 2.

Weakness and Lack of Will. By J. Bessmer, S.J. Not only pessimists and chronic fault-finders, but conservative investigators have pointed out a deplorable lack of initiative and will-power in the young men of the coming generation. What is the explanation? By "willing" is here meant a "specific human desire," and not a general impulse common to men and brutes. To answer the question raised, a thorough study of the inmates of various psychopathic institutions was made. The causes of weakness are summed up as follows: (1) inactivity of mental power; (2) sorrow or despondency brought on by some external difficulty; (3) lack of interest in life. Conclusion is to follow in next number.—*Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, Heft 2.

Recent Events.

France.

After a long debate in the Senate the Agreement with Germany concerning Morocco was ratified by 393 votes to 36, there being a large number of abstentions. Among those who voted against the ratification was M. Clemenceau. He declared his inability to render support to a Treaty which had been extorted under the guns of German ships at Agadir, and which had given to that country concessions to which she had no rightful claim. French diplomacy, in the judgment of M. Clemenceau, had gone helplessly astray, and although he was a friend of the present government, he could not follow it by voting for the Treaty. Among those who abstained from voting was M. Pichon, who for so long was the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. From this it is made clear that, although it was felt to be necessary to ratify a Treaty made after such long and anxious discussion, there is a strong feeling that France has not done so well as at first appeared.

M. Poincaré, the Prime Minister, admitted that the price paid for the Protectorate over Morocco was very heavy, but urged that it would be too much of a leap into the dark to haul down the French flag after it had once been hoisted, and to revert to the Algieras Act and the Declaration of 1909, and all the uncertainties such a reversion would involve. He denied that the making of the agreement indicated any *rapprochement* with Germany. On the contrary, it was based upon the necessity of maintaining unbroken the continuity of the alliance with Russia, and the friendship with Great Britain.

The exact shape which the Protectorate of Morocco will take has not yet been definitely settled. A Commission has been appointed to consider the question, and has made a report which is said to reject the idea of direct administration through French local officials. That is to be left to the Maghzen, whilst the necessary impulse and direction to the services of justice, finance, public works and domestic administration generally will be given by the French Resident-General and Councillors at the Sultan's court. The pacific military occupation is to be continued under a scheme soon to be drawn up. A system of law is to be elaborated. Great satisfaction must be felt that at last Morocco is to be delivered from the personal rule of the series of tyrants who have so long held the inhabitants under their control. It is to be hoped, however, and there is no

reason to anticipate that the hope will be disappointed, that France will deal severely with the greedy aspirations of certain of her own subjects who have secured for themselves by unjust means the ownership of land in the country. There has been some hesitation in dealing with these sharks as they deserve; but the government has promised that no injustice to the Moors will be allowed.

The new ministry is endeavoring to pass through Parliament the measure of Electoral Reform which at the last General Election was the chief subject before the electors. It has not committed itself to any special plan of its own, but will accept whatever commends itself to Parliament, with a view to the adoption of the Reform before the General Election of 1914. Considerable progress has been made in the Lower House, although the opposition to all change has shown considerable strength.

The abominable system of delation, to which officials on the Continent are so strongly attached, has been abolished, so far as the Army is concerned, by M. Millerand, the new War Minister. This system, known as *les fiches*, came to a head under M. Combes, and was invented to extirpate anti-Republican or clerical influences from the Army, and soon developed into an intolerable espionage. Public opinion in France has been brought to a condemnation of the whole system, by the bringing to light of the secret denunciations made to the government of officers whose sole offence, in many cases, was their regular attendance at Mass. The War Minister last year made a partial reform, but required from the Prefects of Departments reports every six months upon the political attitude of officers. Even these half-yearly reports M. Millerand has abolished, without relinquishing the right to institute inquiries into the conduct of officers, in case they be guilty of incorrect political manifestations. While there has not been perfect rest among the working-men of France, there having been one or two strikes, and a prospect of more, yet there has been no recrudescence so far of the uprising which characterized the past two years. Whether or no the war in England will spread to France is at present doubtful.

Germany.

The perennial question of the relations between Great Britain and Germany has been brought prominently to the front again by the trial of Mr. Stewart, on a charge of espionage, and by Viscount Haldane's visit to the Emperor. The trial of Mr. Stewart was conducted in secret, although the sentence of imprisonment of three

years and a half was pronounced in public. The evidence against him is, therefore, more or less a matter of surmise, but his defender at the trial described it as chiefly that of an *agent provocateur*, the character of whom in other respects was well-known to be bad. Considerable excitement was caused in England by these proceedings, and a serious increase of bad feeling towards Germany was on the point of being aroused. The father, however, of the man convicted by the German court wrote to deprecate the expression of feelings calculated to excite international animosity. As a lawyer of fifty years' experience, he wished to express his emphatic respect for the judgment of the Supreme Court of an enlightened and friendly country, and his conviction that the motives of the judges who had arrived at the decision were absolutely unassailable. While he stood by the side of his son, and did not commend the justice or generosity, or even the legal soundness of his trial, he regretted any expression of opinions tending to foment feelings of international animosity, and would be no party to any agitation. This letter had the effect of preventing what might have resulted in a grave state of tension. The visit to Berlin of the War Minister, Viscount Haldane, a personal friend of the German Emperor, and the fact that the Emperor was thought to have expressed a desire to receive him, raised hopes that an arrangement for the limitation of armaments might be possible. For this sanguine expectation there has proved to be no foundation, inasmuch as an increase of the German naval programme has been announced, to which Great Britain has responded by the declaration of its intention to keep sixty per cent. in advance of anything done by Germany. Lord Haldane's visit, however, may have had the good effect of removing the suspicions entertained in Germany of aggressive designs on the part of Great Britain—at least, the attempt to do this could not but prove useful. At the same time he would learn the opinions entertained in the highest quarters concerning the relations between the two countries, and what would be the best means to improve those relations. In fact the visit is said on the highest authority to have had a distinctly reassuring influence.

The German naval estimates for 1912 indicate that the average cost of the Navy for the next six years will be about seven millions and a half each year, while for the Army no less an additional sum is required for this year than twenty-five millions, and for subsequent years of close on to fifteen millions. When it is remembered that German Imperial expenditure has increased nearly seven-fold

since 1872, from one hundred and ten millions to seven hundred and one millions, of which one-third is now spent on the Army, and one-sixth on the Navy as compared to three-fourths on the Army, and one-eighteenth on the Navy in 1872, it will be seen how great is the burden which is about to be imposed upon the German people. No one therefore can be surprised at the growth of the party which is the supporter of peace. The combined debts of the Empire and the States amount to five thousand millions of dollars, no less than two thousand millions of which are due for totally unremunerative expenditures. No wonder the Secretary for the Treasury should explain: that this is an unhealthy proportion.

The new Reichstag has elected a Radical for its President, a Socialist for its First Vice-President, and another Radical for its Second Vice-President. In the first instance a member of the Catholic Centre was elected President, but he refused to serve because he was not assured of the continued support of the majority. The decisions of the Reichstag were due to a majority made up of Liberals and Socialists; and as this coalition may not be permanent the appointments may not receive the confirmation which is necessary when the question is brought up again.

The Government has made a strong appeal for the united action of all the parties opposed to the Socialists, in furtherance of what it calls patriotic objects. This means, of course, the increase of taxation for the army and the navy. For it is not the navy only, as we have seen, that is to be increased; the army, on which so much has for so long been spent, is to have further additions made to its ranks. It is generally thought that for this object, the only one for which the government supremely cares, a majority against the Social Democrats is secure. In that case the government will accept the situation, and the dissolution of the new Reichstag which was thought by some to be probable, will not take place. The Chancellor of the Empire has declared it to be the firm purpose of the government to offer determined opposition to the desire entertained, especially by Radicals and Socialists, for a reform of the franchise by the much-needed redistribution of seats, and above all to the making of the government responsible to the Reichstag and not to the Emperor. This last step, he declared, would be an attack upon the foundations of the Constitution. The German Empire was to be governed neither by reaction nor by radicalism. The fact that Socialists and Radicals are co-operating in favor of parliamentary government, is one that deserves to be noticed as likely to have great results in the future.

Austria-Hungary. The death of Count Aehrenthal naturally raises the question as to the results of the policy he pursued while in such control

as the Austro-Hungarian mode of government gives to a Minister. For in the Dual Monarchy, as in Germany, the power is still to a large extent in the hands of the monarch, by whom the Ministers are appointed, and to whom alone they are responsible. Before Count Aehrenthal assumed power, Austria-Hungary was contented to pass as tranquil an existence as its many contending nationalities permitted, and to be looked upon as a reliable Conservative power willing to co-operate, perhaps even in the second place, with both Russia and Germany in their different spheres of action. Count Aehrenthal's change of policy arose from his desire that his country should take what he considered a higher place among the Powers. He broke away from common action with Russia in the Balkans, and, without consulting Germany, annexed the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, thereby endangering the peace of Europe, and violating a heretofore generally recognized principle of international law. The military preparations rendered necessary by his action have placed a further burden on the already over-taxed citizens of the two countries, upon whom the new ship-building policy has imposed a still further weight. The wisdom of the Emperor was able to overrule the evil effects of his Minister's proceedings, and in the end made the Count a supporter of peace.

In the last days of his life he resisted the attempts of the military party to bring about a war with Italy. Notwithstanding the service rendered to Austria by Germany during the crisis following upon the annexation, Count Aehrenthal strove earnestly to emancipate the Dual monarchy from that subordination to Germany which the latter country so eagerly desires. This, however, was done in such a way as to avoid, as far as possible, any resentment on the part of Germany, for the ultimate object of the Count, and the goal of his desires, was the formation again of the League of the three Emperors of Austria, of Russia and of Germany. The *entente* of Russia with Great Britain was to him a great mortification, standing as it did in the way of his plans, and he did all in his power to prevent it, and to put obstacles in its way after it had been made. A few hours before Count Aehrenthal's death his successor was appointed. Count Leopold Berchtold, the new Foreign Minister, is a Hungarian, with large landed property both in that country and in Austria. He is the first Hungarian to have the management of

foreign affairs since the retirement of Count Andrassy in 1879. He is considered to be the best of all possible choices. He is very highly esteemed for simplicity and integrity of character—qualities of which the want of has made itself felt in the recent conduct of affairs. He is entering upon a task hard enough to tax all his energies. It is thought probable that he will continue the efforts which have been recently made to remove the long-existent coolness of the relations of Austria with Russia. His appointment has been well received both in that country and in Italy. What Germany thinks about it has not yet been made quite clear. Count Berchtold has, however, lost no time in declaring that the Triple Alliance is the immovable basis of his policy. According to a well-informed correspondent, if wishes were deeds, Count Berchtold would already be one of the most successful of Austro-Hungarian Foreign Ministers. None of his predecessors have been launched upon so broad a wave of good will.

In dealing with Austria, Hungary has often taken the attitude of an oppressed nationality, but when dealing with her own subordinate races—for such she considers them—she is even more of an oppressor than Austria ever was. As a consequence, disturbances have been renewed in Croatia. In fact throughout all the Southern Slav Provinces, anti-Hungarian feeling is running high. At the capitol of the newly annexed Herzegovia, the Hungarian flag has been publicly burned as well as at Spalato.

Between Austria and Hungary a fresh misunderstanding has arisen, or rather a revival of an old one. This has led to the resignation of the cabinet of Count Khuen-Hedervary and to an incredibly confused situation. The question which led to the resignation was a military one involving the prerogatives of the Crown in regard to calling out reserves. The Hungarian Premier adopted a plan which is said to conflict with those prerogatives. Feeling here too is running high, and a repetition has taken place of the scenes which disgraced the Hungarian Parliament some years ago. An agitation has begun again for the universal franchise bill which has been promised for so many years, all of which promises have hitherto been flagrantly broken.

Italy. What control Parliament should have over the government in countries nominally constitutional, seems to be a very unsettled question. Italy's government went to war with Turkey for Tripoli,

and formally annexed the country, without consulting either the Senate, or the House of Deputies. In fact, it put off to a later period the assembling of the houses, in order that it might not be hampered and impeded by discussions which it looked upon as untimely. No doubt was felt about the popularity of the war, for Italy almost to a man had rallied to the flag, the Socialists being the only critics. The government was influenced by the desire to have absolute control. When Parliament at last met, it manifested the most extraordinary enthusiasm. Even the dissentient Socialists were caught in the wave of emotion, and applauded along with the rest. The decree for the annexation of the Tripolitaine and Cyrenaica passed into law with but slight opposition. As to the war itself it seems as far off from an end as ever. The Italians have penetrated no further than the line of the coast, and have had to fight hard to retain possession of one of the places thereon which they had seized. So far operations have been confined to Tripoli and its coast, with the exception of the Red Sea, and the sinking of two Turkish warships in the harbor of Beirut. The Italians were said to have bombarded the town, but this is denied. All the Powers are interested in preventing the extension of the war, and there is good reason to think that they have brought pressure upon Italy to this end. In fact Russia and several other Powers are striving to find a way for mediation between Turkey and Italy to bring the war to a conclusion. Even Italy itself is abating somewhat of the high and mighty tone which they at first assumed as the successors of the Romans, whose mission it was to rule the world. It has given indication of a desire to find for Turkey some honorable way of making peace. But Turkey remains obdurate.

Whether the recent attempt on the King's life is due to any dislike of the war, on the part of the Socialists, has not yet been made clear.

Spain.

The Liberal Ministry, of which Señor José Canalejas is the head, has maintained its position for nearly two years—a very long time when measured by continental standards. Persons who claim a special knowledge of Spanish affairs, look upon this ministry as the only safeguard against a revolution, to which the attempt to place a Conservative government in power would certainly lead. For this reason it is that, although the Premier is a strong Liberal, he is supported by the Conservatives.

At the present moment the existence of the ministry is threat-

ened for the second time within the period of six weeks. In the middle of last January Señor Canalejas resigned office, but on the very next day returned to power. The resignation was occasioned by the sentence of death passed upon seven men, who had last September murdered a judge, under circumstances of extreme brutality. On the advice of Señor Canalejas, who acted in deference to public opinion more wisely than Señor Maura had done in the case of Ferrer, the King reprieved six of the seven. But when the King felt called upon to urge the reprieve of the seventh, Señor Canalejas consented, but gave in his resignation and that of his Cabinet. This the King refused to accept, and Señor Canalejas with his Cabinet resumed the reins. The action of the King secured for him an immense accession of popularity. Popular enthusiasm was unbounded. Even Republicans declared that both as man and as Chief of the State his Majesty had acted nobly. Addresses of gratitude were drawn up, and popular demonstrations took place. Never again, it was declared, is the scaffold to be raised in Spain for political crimes. An unprecedented humanitarian wave swept over the whole country. With one exception, every organ of public opinion approved of the reprieve of men who were undoubtedly guilty of one of the most atrocious of crimes—a crime which was the culminating point of the lawless excesses of last September.

Señor Canalejas has just weathered a second storm. This time some of his colleagues have been thrown overboard, and he has now a more homogeneous Cabinet. This crisis seems to have been due to administrative difficulties, and to some hesitancy on the part of the Conservatives to continue the support hitherto accorded to the Liberal Ministry. Whether the strength of the government is greater or less after these repeated crises, it must be left to the future to disclose.

The settlement of the questions as to Morocco which have arisen with France, in such a way as to satisfy the aspirations of the Spanish people, is a matter both of great urgency and extreme difficulty. For generations Spain has had the desire to enter upon the possession of Morocco, and has looked upon her claim as both natural and just. France, however, has stepped in, and has secured the greater part of the country. More than that, there are those in France who grudge to Spain the rights secured by the Treaty made in 1904. They urge as a ground for their wish to restrict the Spanish claims, the fact that it has been through the efforts of France that Germany has been eliminated as a claimant. France is to be

“compensated:” for nothing in this world is now done without compensation. To this Spain will not listen, and a strong feeling against France has been roused. So far has this gone that the French have been accused of inciting the Moors to make their recent attack upon the Spaniards in the district of Melilla—an attack which has caused great loss and necessitated an increase of the forces. The negotiations are still going on and grave fears have been expressed that they may not prove successful.

Portugal.

Great uncertainty still exists as to the future of the Republic. All sorts of rumors are being circulated indicating a state of unrest.

One of the latest is that a whole regiment has renounced its allegiance, and has crossed the border into Spain, for the purpose of joining the Royalist bands in the border-land. Another report accuses the Spanish government of the intention to annex the Portuguese territory, thereby emulating the achievement of Philip II. The Royalists, again it is said, have composed the differences that have hitherto existed between them, and adjusted their claims to the succession. A conference between ex-King Manoel and Dom Miguel of Braganza has been held in England. At this conference Dom Miguel, it is said, spontaneously renounced for a second time his claims to the throne—claims which he had, since the expulsion of King Manoel, been re-asserting. He has given his promise to support by every means in his power the efforts of the late King. Whether this be true or not, the two parties have as a matter of fact been for some time working in harmony.

Many strikes of a serious character have also added to the sense of insecurity, since they manifest the existence of great discontent among large masses of the people, thereby giving to the Royalists an additional chance of success. A general strike in Lisbon forced the government to take the extreme step of suspending the Constitutional guarantees, and of declaring a state of siege in the capital. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army, by decree of the government, was placed in control, showing how flimsy a bulwark of the liberties of the people is a paper constitution. The measures taken were effectual in restoring order, but destroyed all power to rely on moral, as distinguished from physical force, and formed a striking contrast to what has taken place in Great Britain where a strike immensely larger has taken place without any thought of recourse being had to martial law.

The new government, of which the extremists are the supporters and inspirers, continues to manifest toward the Church a spirit of unmitigated hostility. Acceptance of the Separation Law has been vigorously demanded and enforced under severe penalties. The Patriarch of Lisbon has been expelled, the Bishop of Algarve banished, the emoluments of priests who signed a declaration of fidelity to their Bishops have been withdrawn. Officials who have ventured to express condolence with the sufferers, are to be dismissed. Not satisfied with the expulsion from his diocese of the Patriarch, the government proposes to arrest him, and afterwards, two archbishops and some half dozen bishops, and to put them upon trial for the same crime for which they have been already arbitrarily punished—that is to say, for having refused to accept the Law of Separation, and for encouraging the clergy to resist the anti-religious action of the Republic. The second penalty will involve imprisonment for months or years. Such is justice as she is practised in Portugal.

Persia.

It is still very uncertain in what way a settlement will be effected in Persia, or whether there will be any settlement. From one point of view things look brighter. The Russian government disclaims any intention of taking permanent possession of the Northern districts of Persia, and has in fact withdrawn part of the forces that had advanced towards the capital. In making this disclaimer the government undoubtedly is sincere, but absolute governments with a single head, while apparently the strongest are in reality the weakest in the world, since it is, as a rule, quite easy for unscrupulous workers behind the scenes to force the hands of the ostensible ruler. In Russia this has occurred many times. The recent proceedings against Persia are but another instance of this practice. A subordinate official went behind the back of his immediate superior, and got the ear of the Tsar, who ordered proceedings of which his representative at Teheran disapproved.

Whether or no Russia's assurances are to be believed, any immediate further attempt on the integrity of Persia is not to be expected. Public opinion in this country and in Great Britain has been sufficiently well aroused to make any open attack too dangerous. Professions are being made even of the desire to strengthen the Persian government in its efforts to restore the reign of law and order, and these professions are backed up with the offer of a

small loan—at seven per cent. interest, and on certain conditions—to enable the government to enter upon this task. This is all that can be said on the bright side of the question. There are those who think that whatever may be the prospect of the continued existence of Persia, the last has been seen of a Parliamentary form of government. The Mejliss has been dissolved; and while a promise has been made of a new election no steps are being taken to bring it about. A bad feature of the case is the almost cynical avowal of the British Foreign Minister, that the only object which either Great Britain or Russia could be expected to have at heart, was their own respective financial interests, and that the liberty or good government of the people of Persia must as a matter of course take second place.

China.

The Manchu dynasty having transferred all its powers to the provisional President of the Republic in a perfectly regular way, by a series of edicts, it accordingly became the duty of all its loyal subjects to renounce their allegiance to the monarchy, and to adopt this “the best form of government.” There are, however, many, and among those are some of the best informed in Chinese methods of thought, who look upon the proposal as preposterous, and have no expectation of its success. Chinamen for untold generations have worshipped their emperors; and any other form of government is to their minds inconceivable. However, in accordance with the Edicts, Yuan Shih-Kai has been unanimously elected Provincial President of the Republic by the National Assembly, the representatives of seventeen Provinces voting. The revolutionary President, Sun Yat-Sen, and his Cabinet thereupon resigned. The Advisory Council of the Council, having searched the history of the whole world, announced in the *Official Gazette* that they have found only one instance of a unanimous election to a President, namely, that of Washington. Many express delight at the thought that Yuan Shih-Kai may be the second Washington of the world, and the first Washington of the Chinese Republic.

The next step to be taken is the summoning of a National Convention for the definite establishment of the new *régime*, the choice of the capital, and the ratification of the Constitution. One of the first public utterances of the President was the expression of his determination, so far as in him lay, to remove all religious disabilities, and to enforce religious toleration throughout the country.

The mutiny of soldiers that has taken place in Peking, although much to be regretted from every point of view, scarcely furnishes an argument against the stability of the Republic. Disorders are almost natural under present conditions, and have taken place in almost every city of China. The one in Peking went to great extremes; but was chiefly due to the soldiers' fear of disbandment and of being cut adrift without resources; not to any predilection for the deposed Manchus. It has of course made the situation much more difficult for Yuan Shi-kai, especially as it gave to Foreign Powers an excuse to intervene.

The Coal Strike in England.

The Coal Strike in England ought to be mentioned rather on account of its political than of its economic aspect. It is the first manifestation of the power of Democracy on a vast scale. The working classes came into power for the first time when Mr. Gladstone's Franchise Bill became law. Up to the present time, however, they have not put it into action. Now they have done so, and the result is to completely shake the sense of security, which is the primary condition of contentment, and to fill the nation with dread and apprehension for the future, to say nothing of the widespread want at present. Nothing so disastrous has taken place in the memory of Englishmen. The Spanish Armada is the only comparison which is suggested. A vast mass of working-men have found at last the way to pull together for the first time. Will it be for the last? And what will be the limit of their demands? These are some of the questions that are being asked.

That the demand for a *minimum* wage is just, is now generally recognized. What is denied to be just is the particular *minimum* claimed by the miners. But if the miners have the power in their hands, they themselves must be the judge of the justice of those demands. This is the bearing which the strike has upon political questions. That the strike has taken place in spite of the fact that more has just been done for the working classes than ever before, adds to the gravity of the outlook for the future. Old-age pensions, labor exchanges, trade boards—to settle wages in certain trades—insurance against invalidity and unemployment have recently been established—things that would not have been dreamt of a quarter of a century ago. But as the strike shows they have failed to bring contentment.

With Our Readers.

IN the "Recent Events" of this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD it is stated that "the fact that Socialists and Radicals are co-operating in favor of parliamentary government is one that deserves to be noticed as likely to have great results in the future."

But this is an age of rapid movement. It would be well and comforting if Socialists and Radicals would act in line with the established institutions of parliamentary government. Law and order are the only security for justice with them as with other men. Yet the process of destruction once started is difficult to stop. And we have the startling, yet by no means surprising, phenomenon to-day of a movement in which Socialism and Radicalism are outstripped in their own going and out-played at their own game. Very little attention has been paid to the movement in this country. It is Continental in origin. Yet the Lawrence strike, and the effective guidance thereof by the Industrial Workers of the World, bring it home to our very doors. The Industrial Workers of the World present a new phase of the labor or, it would be more proper to call it, revolutionary movement. Labor itself through the American Federation has ever recognized our institutions of government; has always honored a contract, and seeks for the betterment of conditions through legitimate channels. But the principles, or lack of principles, of the I. W. W. recognize none of the institutions of our government. Revolution is their watchword: the turning of the world topsy-turvy; the ultimate possession by labor of all the agencies of production.

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WHEN labor reaches that stage it will be capitalistic of course. But logic or forethought is not characteristic of the I. W. W. Their new philosophy of society and social "reconstruction" is called "Syndicalism." Syndicalism knows no country. It is a world-wide brotherhood of "laboring" men. It hesitates not to preach and practise treason. It believes in brute force, in arson, murder, in all forms of "direct action" as they call it. It is at home with what the French call "sabotage," and it is in France that Syndicalism had its birth. It wants no representation in parliament or congress. It regards political Socialism as its enemy. The man who works with his brains must be put down; he who works with his hands must be exalted—somehow, by any means, and eventually, he must possess the earth. The state is the organ of the intellectuals and the capitalists; therefore, must the state be overthrown. "We will accept no contracts," it cries, "for contracts are the weapons of tyranny in the hands of industrial captains. We want no reform, for reform is only palliative. We seek to overturn the existing order. We will strike now and again and we will advance from victory to victory. But our end will be attained when the whole laboring world will go out on a world-wide

strike, and never be reconciled until it tears down with its hands of toil the pillars of modern civilization and stands a victor upon its ruins."

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AS we have said, this is an age of speed. We may think the Socialists are radicals, but they are outradicaled here. Even the extreme New York *Call* can see the anarchy and destruction that this movement carries with it, for it says: "Worse than the aristocracy of intellect is the aristocracy of revolution. It is without a glimmering of intelligence. . . . with subservient followers and unquestioned leaders."

"Subservient followers and unquestioned leaders"—the terrible pity of it all is that the preachers of syndicalism will go about with frantic enthusiasm deceiving the laboring man and leading him to destruction by the promise of a day that can never be.

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WITH greater zeal and care and enthusiasm we should be publishing and spreading broadcast among the peoples of every nationality pamphlets that will instruct and enlighten them and save them from perdition. Socialism, radicalism and syndicalism will be their own undoing. They carry in themselves the seeds of destruction. But we cannot afford to refuse even the smallest effort or the least sacrifice to save even one from the contagion.

WHEN magazines publish fiction they should confine themselves to fiction. A magazine that dares to take the Resurrection of our Lord and make it the subject of fiction and the plaything of a half-baked rationalist critic like Mary Austin, as does the April *American*, ought to be heartily repudiated and condemned by every sincere Christian.

MR. Thomas M. Mulry, of New York, is the recipient this year of the Laetare Medal. The choice of Notre Dame University will meet with universal approval. All Catholics will be delighted that this lay leader of Catholics, a man who has exemplified his faith by long years of devoted service to Catholic charities and the welfare of his fellows, has been so honored. Greater than all his public service and, indeed, the root of it all, has been Mr. Mulry's devotion to family and home. He is a Catholic father in the truest and worthiest sense, and his sterling Catholic life is the best kind of an inspiration to his fellows. His public work has gained him the respect and admiration of all his fellow-citizens. Time and again he has refused public honors easily within his reach.

A man of many gifts, his time and study have been devoted unselfishly to God's poor. Keeping abreast with the best methods of helping them and of making effective organized charity, he has always stood for that which alone will make charity really effective—the

guidance and inspiration of Catholic faith. May the Laetare Medal make his life and work better known that many others may follow in his footsteps.

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AN eminent Catholic whose work has frequently been noticed in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, Sir Francis Cruise, died last month in Dublin, Ireland. Sir Francis was a physician of note, a painstaking student, and a devout Catholic who lived and worked for the poor, never refusing any appeal that came to him. He gave us a new translation of the *Imitation of Christ*, and his labor vindicated beyond question the right of Thomas á Kempis to its authorship. He received the dignity of Knight of the Order of St. Gregory from Pius X., and was also knighted by Edward VII. Sir Francis Cruise was born in 1834.

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GK. Chesterton's *The Ballad of the White Horse*, which is discussed in this number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, is published by John Lane of New York. The price is \$1.25 per copy.

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IT is evident from all statistics at hand that in the most trying periods (of our history) the Catholic movement was steadily onward by fidelity in faith and conversions rather than backward by leakage." These words open a very important and timely pamphlet just published from the pen of the Right Reverend Bishop Canevin, Bishop of Pittsburgh. His Grace proceeds to review the history of the growth of Catholics in this country, and by careful statistics shows that the onward movement has continued to this day. Under the heading "Some Causes of Leakage," His Grace places first among these mixed marriages. "To this all the other causes that tend to make and destroy faith seem to converge and contribute." The pamphlet though small in size is exceptionally great in importance. It will no doubt be the subject of much discussion and we hope to refer to it again at greater length.

GIBBON'S "ROMAN EMPIRE" AS A PROVOCATIVE TOWARDS CATHOLICISM.

(WRITTEN BY LIONEL JOHNSON IN 1893.)

IT was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I was musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." In this famous sentence Gibbon betrays the imaginative greatness of his historic grasp: how came it about that a Christian Pontiff sat upon the pagan Cæsar's seat; that *Jupiter Optimus Maximus* vanished before the revelation of *Omnipotens Deus Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus*? It was as a Winchester scholar that I first began to read Gibbon, and I finished

him at Oxford. His "luminous or voluminous" work did not say to me *Tolle, lege*: yet it was one of the great books which helped me on my way to the Catholic Church and Faith. As I read the processional pages, which record not only the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, but the growth and triumph of the Catholic Church, I came to see what Newman in his *Development* meant by declaring, "It is melancholy to say it, but the chief, perhaps the only English writer who has any claim to be considered an ecclesiastical historian, is the unbeliever Gibbon. To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant." I was not so innocent of humor as the good lady, in a once popular story, who could not understand why Gibbon should be thought an irreligious writer: "I am sure he makes the most religious reflections all along; I liked him particularly for that!" But Gibbon, with all his ironies and subtle scoffs, had an eye for theology: he scorns it, but he seldom misstates it; and, though it be to his disgust, yet in his volumes the Church is seen majestically moving on to victory. In his Oxford youth, the study of Bossuet had made him a Catholic, and verily, as he tells us, he "fell by a noble hand;" nor, as I think, did he ever rid himself of Bossuet's influence. I am old-fashioned enough to believe in that view of history set forth by the "Eagle of Meaux" with all his strength and splendor; the view, which discerns in the procession of the ages the unfolding of a Divine purpose, the gradual movement towards a Divine end. Despite all his painful elegance of superior scepticism, despite himself, Gibbon cannot help showing us a despised and persecuted Faith winning its way to spiritual empire, amid the infinite confusions of a distracted world and a distraught civilization, amid perils from false brethren, amid the decay of the ancient ages, and the laborious birth of the new. *Vera incessu patuit dea!*

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NOW, a religion not embodied in visible form, not realized and manifested in a social organization, has at all times seemed to me contrary to human nature: man, says Aristotle, is naturally social, "political," given to combination, averse from isolation. And thus, the merely external aspect of the Church, portrayed by Gibbon, arrested me: she held her children in a mighty embrace, destined to become ecumenical. If that were by force of worldly genius, it was wonderful; but there comes the inevitable question, could that be so? Was there not here *digitus Dei*? When emperors, and barbarian chiefs, and even Christian prelates, threw their protection over heresies, could sheer obstinacy and partisan prejudice keep back the harassed Catholic from becoming Arian, Nestorian, Monophysite? Could it be by chance, that from the Council of Jerusalem to the Vatican Council there has been one and only one Christian communion, which has preserved an absolutely consistent body of belief, a distinct "analogy" or "proportion of faith?" Carlyle, so Froude tells us, at one time used to laugh at the Athanasian

controversy, at *Homoousion* and *Homoiousion* dividing Christendom; in after years, "he perceived Christianity itself to have been at stake. If the Arians had won, it would have dwindled away into a legend." Catholicism has persisted in remaining the same. Must not that be an illustration of the Greek saying, that "good is one, evil is manifold?" And Gibbon was especially impressive, in that he was an impartial infidel, to whom the controversies of councils and theologians were petty wranglings about meaningless nothings; yet the Catholic Church, with her centre of unity, dominates his indifferent pages. The serene little great scholar, with his cosmopolitan airs and graces, sits in the middle of Europe, encompassed by a thousand folios, and turns his purple periods: he fascinates the lover of learning, but he has no spiritual charm. His friends can draw our hearts; Johnson, with his awe-struck piety; Burke, so profoundly reverential a statesman and political philosopher; the sweet-hearted Goldsmith. But Gibbon, kindly and pleasant as he was, shows no trace of deep feeling or spiritual need. If the Church stand forth in his vast work so vividly, it is in virtue of no sympathy with her, but of historical necessity: facts constrained him. There are those who say that the Church's vitality and universality spring indeed not from a spiritual source, but from the Evil Spirit; that, at least, is an acknowledgment of something mysterious and mystical in her nature and office. But the altogether worldly and material Gibbon comes to complete grief, when he attempts to account for the success of Christianity and the Church; his *Five Reasons* are laughably inadequate. The historian who, with his almost monotonous magnificence of style coupled with his laborious accuracy of fact, wins our wondering admiration of the Church, compels us to look elsewhere for a satisfying interpretation of her existence and claim. No fortuitous accumulation of historical circumstance can explain the *mystery of the Church as a fact*. Faber, in a sonnet upon the Papacy, writes:—

That such a Power should live and breathe, doth seem

A thought from which men fain would be relieved,

A grandeur not to be endured, a dream

Darkening the soul, though it be unbelieved.

No cynical simplicities of reasoning, from the century of rationalism, are sufficient and convincing here.

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ASSUREDLY I do not owe my conversion to Gibbon; I owe it, humanly speaking, to far different writers and other studies; but the imperturbable unbeliever gave me a vision of the Faith, whose Divinity grew clear to me from other sources. Mr. Pater, *anima naturaliter Catholica*, by his *Marius the Epicurean*, did more in a few pages to draw my mind towards the ultimate conviction than all the stately volumes of Gibbon. So did Plato and the austerer poets, whether

pagan or Christian; so did the standing miracles of Nature and the aspects of society. Yet to Gibbon I owe a great debt. Some men have been won to the Church by a single visit to a church, by something amazing and affecting in the very air and atmosphere of her worship. Gibbon gave me that vision of the mysterious and divine by chronicling the footsteps of the Church from the catacombs to the basilicas, from the shadow of death to the plenitude of sunlight and life. His very efforts to prove that there was "nothing in it," did but the more convince me that everything was in it. The more he strove to prove Catholic Christianity a masterpiece of human device, due to favoring events, the more he made me regard it as the greatest of the *magna opera Domini*. I learned that, spiritually, "it is not good for man to be alone;" and in the Catholic Church I found myself in a world-wide fellowship of believers in a Divine Society, whose Divine Head has told us that "His delight is to be with the children of men."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROS, New York:

A Knight of the Green Shield. By Mrs. Stacpoole Kenny. \$1.10 net. *Do-Ra-Me-Fa*. By David Bearne, S.J. \$1.10 net. *Holy Communion*. By John Bernard Dalgairns. Two volumes. \$2.50 net. *The Holy Mass*. By Very Rev. Eugene Vandeur, D.D. Translated from the French by Rev. V. Gilbertson, O.S.B. 50 cents. *Fresh Flowers for Our Heavenly Crown*. By Very Rev. André Prevot, D.D. Translated by M. D. Stenson. 85 cents. *Cases of Conscience*. By Rev. Thomas J. Slater, S.J. Two volumes. \$3.50. *Girls' Clubs and Mothers' Meetings*. By Madame Cecilia. 60 cents. *Back to the World*. By M. Champol. Translated by L. M. Leggatt. \$1.35.

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The Credibility of the Gospel. By Mgr. Pierre Batiffol. \$1.50 net.

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Why Should We Change Our Form of Government? By Nicholas M. Butler. 75 cents net.

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Christian Science and Catholic Teaching. 10 cents.

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BURNS & OATES, London:

The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book. Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand.

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XCV.

MAY, 1912.

No. 566.

CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY EMILY HICKEY.



O some of us it has been a question whether any difference should be made between the study of literature by Catholics and its study by others. May I suggest that the key of the position is contained in the following words of Foerster, quoted in the *Dublin Review's* article on *The Decay of Fixed Ideals*, January, 1911.

Christianity.....leads from the periphery to the center and educates mankind to see everything and work at everything from the vantage-ground of a great central position. To find and maintain this central position is the whole salvation of man, and all social work is without foundation if it be not inspired and directed from thence.

We have only to keep before us that loyalty which we owe and from which we must never swerve. We are in many ways, as we surely ought to be, one with our fellow-citizens. We hold, as they do, the greatness of the virtue of loyalty to kindred, home, the native land, and to all mankind. We desire to unite with them in all possible ways; but it will sometimes be, of necessity from sorrowful circumstances for which so many are not themselves responsible, that certain lines of demarcation have to be made. I may be allowed to illustrate this by mentioning what I was told some time ago of the parable of the Good Shepherd having been used by a non-Catholic teacher as a lesson in kindness to animals! So with other teaching where motive power differs and eyes look out and do not see alike. We can never substitute the service of

man for the love in brotherhood of those who know of one Father; we cannot put morality in the place of religion, nor philanthropy in that of charity. And wherever this putting and this substitution take place in the teaching of literature, as of any other subject, however artistic the teacher's treatment of his subject may be, we are bound to a treatment different not in degree only but in kind.

Much of what is called our classical literature in English has been created under the shadow of the Reformation. But the first of the line of great poets, the first who handled the new English with the hand of the master, Geoffrey Chaucer, was of the household of Faith, and his influence has never yet died out. And most happily he whom we know as the greatest of English poets, the one who stands preëminently as the representative of great thought and high art, was in time very near the age of Faith; and we gladly and thankfully recognize that the spirit of our Shakespeare is distinctly non-Protestant. We cannot think of him as one who looked on the Great Mother as a stranger, or averted his eyes from the beauty of her face and the grandeur of her gait.

If we reflect on Shakespeare's way of touching on Catholic themes; if we think of his hatred of Puritanism; of his sympathetic presentation of religious, of priests, of things connected with true belief, we shall see this. And more yet; if we dwell on his largeness and sympathy, on all that is included in the fullest sense of the word Catholicity, we can, I think, hope that, though unconfessed as a son of the Faith, which was the faith of his father as well as of his fathers, having fallen on evil times and being in the company of many who were calling bitter sweet and sweet bitter, or not caring to discern between the bitter and the sweet, he lived in heart no alien to the native land, the *patria* of joy and union. We may even, perhaps, believe, as has been told, that at the last there came to him the fair bliss and comfort of reconciliation, with all its infinite peace.

In Spenser, too, we even find Catholic belief underlying much of his work, despite the hatred professed for the Pope and all his. Nowhere in our literature can there be found a clearer presentment of an important part of Catholic doctrine, set to high music, than in the Tenth Canto of the First Book of the *Faery Queen*. Elsewhere also, in Spenser, we find the same clinging to the old beauty and truth.*

*In a paper on *Catholicity in Spenser* printed in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for July, 1907, I have tried, at great length, to show this.

Milton, in his greatest work, leaves Puritanism far behind. To be oneself a poem; that was what he set forth; and to him the greatest of the virtues—the very key to the kingdom of Holiness—was chastity. Whatever mistakes John Milton made, and he made sorrowful mistakes, he made no mistake here, and no English poet has more nobly sung the glory of that purity, that cleanness, which has its incarnation in the blessed Lady of Christendom. Not only of Shakespeare, Spenser and Milton is it true in a sense deeper than the primary one as expressed in Wordsworth's great *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, Who is our home.

The Soul, the Life that rose with these and such as these came from what had had elsewhere its setting; and these poets and their fellows, a noble company, came to us, not in entire forgetfulness, of the great lovely Mother, and not in utter nakedness, because of the shadow cast by her garments of glory.

It is a difficult thing indeed to get rid of a heritage. We may lose the thing inherited, but we cannot shake off the influence of all that it has been to us, and has meant to us; of all that it has done for us and all that it has helped to make us.

This applies not to individuals only, but to generations and to peoples. In the early days of the Protestant Reformation the atmosphere of Catholicity had not been destroyed. Who can read the literature of what have been called "the spacious days of great Elizabeth" and deem it Protestant wholly! With controversial writings we have here nothing to do; they are writings rather than literature. Here and there they may rise into literature as when, in times yet further from the days of "Merrie England," the heavy grey clouds of Milton's prose polemic are burst through by glorious streaks of beauty. In the Faith England received what a man may waste, desecrate, never quite lose. And even those who would most shrink from the imputation of having anything to do with the Holy Catholic and Roman Church have been subjugated by her austere loveliness, her majestic breadth of tenderness, her vision of all that

is near and all that is afar off. Poets and artists and preachers and workers have approached her and kissed the hem of her garment; yes, and even the feet below that hem, those feet how beautiful!

We do not, however, in any way aim at the restricting of our reading to the work of authors belonging to the body of the Church. Let us go out boldly and bravely and gather in all that we can of the good gifts of Him who reveals Himself in many ways. Let us learn from the mouths of all who have spoken truth as it was given them to know it, and have shown us beauty as it was given them to see it; poets of the East and of the West; writers before He, Who was the Light of the World, had come to walk the little country of Judea; writers who felt after Him in some way, and whose feeling after Him throbs in their work; His children who did not know Him in His fulness, but who loved what they knew, and indeed were loved of Him. Let us study those beautiful things which our separated brethren of genius have given us, and not in pride of spirit nor in bitterness of judgment, but in gratitude to the Supreme Maker Who made them makers of fair things to teach and to delight. This is the spiritual side of the reason for studying such work; but there is also the reason that we cannot afford to be ignorant of great things in our literature because they lack what is to us the best of all. Also, it is important to recognize that to be a Catholic, even the most pious of Catholics, is not to be an artist; and the work of such artists as non-Catholic America and England can boast is indeed not to be set at nought.

Religion is the mother of art and has been so at all times, in all countries, and under all circumstances; but this fact does not involve the belief or supposition that religion is art, and piety literature; nor that a piece of writing is necessarily literature because it deals with religion; nor yet that it is not literature if it show no direct connection with religion. But though a Catholic writer as Catholic is not necessarily an artist, yet when the gift of creative genius is given him, he ought to expect the highest results. Taking one example of Catholic literary genius, to what heights did not Dante rise! Heights they are whence he looks down with austere benignity and splendor of royalty, as one of the *world-poets*, few in number and great in honor.

In recent times, too, very recent indeed, one of the greatest novels, showing qualities of high "imagination penetrative," to use Ruskin's expressive phrase, in connection with finely cultivated thought, and nobleness of style, is the work of the priest who writes

under the pen-name of John Ayscough. And *San Celestino* does not stand in loneliness.

I have used the words "gift of creative genius." Of genius it would be difficult to give a definition, but at any rate it is that which creates or remoulds what it sees and discerns. Of its workings who can adequately speak? And who can know of its consciousness or its unconsciousness, of its declaration or its suggestion?

Horace speaks of indignation as having made certain verses of his. Yet indignation does not create; nothing but genius can *make*. How was it then? Was it not that genius consciously or unconsciously was waiting for its time, when a wave of indignation came and swept away the barrier of silence, and so what was behind it was revealed?

Thus with other emotions also. Love has been the occasion of a vast body of literature and patriotism; and these do not stand alone. But it was genius that created the work of which these things were the occasion.

If it had not been for the reading of the account of the burial by torchlight of a great soldier, the reading of it in a quiet Irish home, Wolfe would not have received a place among the poets; yet the thing was in him—and that newspaper paragraph bade it come forth; and forth it came. This is but one of many and many an instance of the importance of occasion.

It is one thing when the teaching, though noble morally, is not distinctively Christian, and another thing when the teaching of poet or artist is in contradiction, express or implicit, to the teaching of Holy Church. Then "It is not, nor it cannot come to good." There is then no question of "I disagree with this: that is not my opinion," but "This is not for me, because it is opposed to her who commands my loyalty as well as my love."

The finest literature is assertive, not controversial; universal, not hide-bound. Finely touched spirits give us what is great sacramentally; by the outward sign passing on to us that inward grace which our Lord bestows on those whom He wills to send it forth by those works in speech and song called the output of genius. This is how we know the best work: by its sacramental quality.

We find also, in that best work, the power of drawing us out of ourselves, the nourishing of the desire for something above and beyond us; that something which, if rightly sought for, may be apprehended within our hand-grasp, or lying at our very feet; that something which marks us out as the children of immortality.

Do you say that the finest literature may be the medium of conveying poison to the mind and of bringing the soul to the very edge of destruction? This I earnestly and emphatically deny. Literature that has poison in its structure and injury in its brain can never be classed as of the finest. For the body—the expression and the style of the expression—cannot compare with the soul, that living soul which by God's grace may partake of the quality and office of the *quickenings spirit*, the spirit that gives life and brings light. It is worse than a soulless body. It is like a being possessed by those ill spirits whose casting out is by the might of purity and discipline.

Here I may say a word about what is known as the literature of *Realism*, by which we are to understand that which deals with the looking at certain things with eyes that seek not merely for the sordidness of low motive and mean aim, but even for the horror of ugliness, of parasitical abomination, and seek to palm off upon us the result of such looking as a study of human nature! Away with such! Let us not dare thus to insult the human nature once and for love taken into God.

Finely Browning lifts his voice against that "realism" which dwells insistently on what, one day, thank God, is to pass from the sight of the men of His love.

"For I find this black mark impinge the man,
That he believes in just the vile of life.
Low instinct, base pretension, are these truth?"

(The Pope, in *The Ring and the Book*.)

No, verily and indeed.

This is a far different thing from the recognition of great sorrowful depths which may indeed be shown us for warning, for the evoking of sympathy, for strengthening by the power of contrast the soul that might perhaps stay too long in the meadows of ease and sweetness.

They said of Dante, "There goes the man who has been in Hell." But if Dante could tell us of Hell and its horrors as illustrating God's justice, His wisdom, and His love (*Inferno* I., 4-6), he had also to tell of Heaven and its glory as none other could. He had been in Heaven also. And so with Milton. His voice could sing of the loveliness of Eden and the beauty and love and the happy plight of its inhabitants, and higher yet could rise in loftiest strains to sing of the glory of God; and that voice also bore

on it the horror of Sin and Death and their grisly parentage and their all-hatefulness.

But if literature deals unmotivated with ugliness and wrong; if these are represented as life, as the ordinary thing to look for and expect; represented either with morbid delight in the painting of them, or their callous dissection; let us avoid that author, as one not to be studied by those we desire in our teaching to help, as we should avoid unwholesome, or worse than unwholesome, food or drink.

There is another kind of hindrance of which some among us have need to beware. It is the suspiciousness of evil where evil is not; the looking out for harm where that very looking out is harm in itself. This is a kind of spiritual evil eye which casts a curse on what is naturally pure and sweet. And heed has also to be taken lest the spirit of abject literalness work us ill and grief, the spirit that would do away with playful lightness and dainty jesting because it must take all in the most absolute and serious sense. It would dub the playfulness as a denizen of the Land of Lies, and the Jest as a sitter in the chair of pestilence! This mood or attitude is surely not consonant with the fair liberty of Catholicity which so thoroughly understands human nature, and finds a use for all the sides of it. The important thing is to work affirmatively rather than negatively. Let us in literature as in other things cultivate a healthy appetite and a fine taste. Those who have been accustomed to feed on the fair mountain will not lightly leave it to batten on the moor. Those who have drunk pure draughts will not lightly seek to quench their thirst where the clearest water has been troubled and fouled by loathy feet. Those who have known the splendors of noble thought befittingly phrased will not easily be attracted by the crude infelicities which they may meet at times upon their way. The house filled with the high treasure of good things, new and old, has no room for the ill spirit to enter; and so there will be no need for the attempt to cast out a seven-fold evil thing. And we go deeper and further than this, and say that it is no exaggeration or even hyperbole to assert that those who feed frequently from the Divine Table, those who are indeed "partakers of the Altar," have in that partaking a shield against evil. As the body by the breathing of pure air, and by wholesome food and the discipline of exercise is able to resist septic influences, so the spirit, made whole by the Body of the Lord, living in its pure atmosphere, strengthened by holy charity and blessed discipline, can best repel those assailing evils that strive to conquer and lay low.

And if it be true that these dangers can be thrust aside or passed in quietness, how gloriously true it is that on the affirmative side their gain is surpassingly great who are thus sustained and exercised! Think of the eye open to beauty neglected or missed by the vision imperfect through wrong conditions, or untrained for lack of the teacher; the eye that even under its mortal conditions can "see the King in His beauty" and discern the loveliness of the land far off—the land far off and yet so near. Think of the ear that can hear music for another undiscerned or mute!

Oh, joy of the keenness of sight and hearing and quickness in going in the beautiful ways of God! Oh, blessedness of discerning sweet savors and exquisiteness of taste at the Banquet spread first at the Holy Table, and then everywhere, all through nature and art and the delights of home, and through sacrifice and the mysteries of life with its sheen of joy, and its shadows of pain, and the light streaming even through the gate of Death.

When we speak of the critical spirit, we mean, at least we frequently mean, the spirit of carping, the quickness and readiness to discern flaws and faults; the spirit that makes people hard to please, and ashamed of being easily gratified; the spirit that insists on the outweighing of great beauty by trivial defect. There is indeed a passion for perfection or for that which comes the nearest to perfection that we may hope to gain; but this is not what most people mean when they describe themselves, with no little pride of culture, as being very critical.

"Good critics who have stamped out poets' hopes," a poet has said. The true critical spirit is that of the judge (*Krites*), of the discerner of spirits; of the one able not only to "separate the precious from the vile," but also to show what is the more precious of the precious; the spirit also of one who can see where there is true merit, and set it in its right place, and not suffer that merit to be obscured in his mind by defects, defects which sometimes belong to the qualities of the writer.

Let us, in literature as in life, cultivate the power of seeing the *best*. The true way to avoid the cultivation of the carping and fault-finding spirit is to have before us the best and finest things, and to exercise our judgment upon them, and love them, and study them; for that judgment will bid us to love them and to study them, in fine discernment and noble appreciation.

NOVELS OF INNOCENCE.*

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.



MARTHA Vine was a first innocent adventure into romance, and such adventures are always beautiful. It was full of essential promise. It had also many accidental defects of knowledge and experience, the sort of defects that worry faithless people; but it was a return to an older and finer tradition in fiction—the novel of innocence. To begin with, Martha Vine lived too much in things outside herself; she was much concerned with the odds and ends of her environment; she set great store by the little conceits of second-hand knowledge and social convention, but that was given as the inevitable result of the way in which she was brought up. In spite, however, of these superimposed and rather tawdry wrappings her mind and soul soon work their way to healthy freedom. At the first call of an innocent and splendid affection she leaves all and follows it. I think then we should rather thank than criticise the author for giving us *Martha Vine* with all her tiresome but quite natural defects, and showing us the way in which they were left behind. But Miss Viola Meynell has done something more than give us the history of a tiresome little maid who bravely struggled against, and finally got rid of, her tiresomeness. In Stephen Flint she has created the character of a living man—this, to my mind, is the convincing proof of her original power. A critic looking only at Martha Vine herself might say that introspective imitation is an easy accomplishment, but I think we may justly overwhelm such criticism by pointing to Stephen Flint. What a splendidly objective creation he is! Stephen Flint is sufficient for my faith—he is a man, the creation of a maid.

The following passage gives, I believe, strong indication of the author's very real power :

The smell of burning leaves had been in the village for some weeks, sometimes strong and outright, at other times faint and delusive in the breezes. Now the fall of leaves had ceased; and the trees that had delayed so long to be entirely uncovered had nothing but their plain, wooden barrenness for the cold sea

**Martha Vine*, *Cross-in-Hand Farm*. By Viola Meynell. London: Herbert and Daniel, 1910, 1911.

winds to press upon. Here and there a thin poplar clung to one leaf, which looked like a young bird ragged with the wind, that sat and shivered slightly, and dropped in flight that was less strong than the breeze.

Martha lapsed into the habit of frequent walks with Stephen. At the sight of her he would throw down his work and follow her wherever she would go. She used to instruct him, as they went, on many matters of which she did not doubt he was ignorant, and tell him what was her father's opinion on this or that.

He, on his side, had one thing to teach her. She was learning to have an intimate and true sense of the beauty of Nature, to respond with all her heart to sight or sound of it. It had been the most artificial and obvious prettiness in the world that she had admired formerly; now she saw that Nature had something better to offer her. This knowledge could not but be learnt by one who was the constant companion of Stephen; if she had looked back she might have known that there had hardly been a meeting with him when she had not half-unconsciously been affected by the sense of his inveterate union with Nature, his familiarity with land and wind and water.

But Martha gave little heed to the fact that Stephen had at any rate accelerated this development in her. Such an extension of her intellect and power only seemed to her the natural process of her mind, so much her own possession, her right, her gift, that it did not appear to owe itself even in part to another.

Of what Stephen failed to give her she was more conscious. In their every-day companionship she was made both sad and a little contemptuous by his lack of brilliance, his halting and mis-used words. His devotion she always thought of as something unusual; she was not without humility when she considered that she was the object of a love that was a rare thing in the world—rare, at any rate, in the humility, the unselfishness, the intensity of its expression. And because his love had its perfection it was not easily or light-heartedly that she could tolerate these barriers that lay in the way of her journey to him. The slight sadness with which she at first expressed her feelings changed into fits of petty annoyance and sulkiness, which resentfully made clear to Stephen his failings. Martha began at the same time to correct his speech, doing it under the guise of good-natured banter, but often leaving bare her exasperation and contempt. At first Stephen's gentle, smiling acknowledgment of his stupidity shamed her want of temper; but soon she grew accustomed to that, and thought of it as the least retribution he could make.

But any rights she might assume in regard to her behavior to

Stephen she was by no means disposed to allow to others. She had the strong, urgent wish that he should be regarded by her family as at any rate a person of normal interest and importance. She could burn with a sense of wrong to think that someone judged him adversely on account of the lowly position he had elected for himself, or at the sound of an awkward sentence. There were beautiful qualities in him, she argued, that they ought to perceive; and this was a situation of some pain for her, for she had never in her life before had any judgment separate from her parents; and she could not by any means wholly separate it now. "If only it were possible for them to know him as he is to me," she thought, and considered his humble, ardent, patient love-making as something of undreamt-of perfection.

But to pass on to Miss Viola Meynell's second story, *Cross-in-Hand-Farm*. First of all there is about it an air of established and interior peace. It is the authentic air of Jane Haffenden herself, and it breathes a wholesome benediction through every page; it is the peace of innocence, the prevalent peace of one whose gradual footsteps are set toward Zion. Jane Haffenden has a character of unusual depth, serenity and distinction; she is at one with herself and as a natural result she is clear in sight, simple in motive, and definite in action. All the better things come naturally to her both for acceptance and dispensation, but whether she is giving, receiving, rejoicing or suffering she always remains herself, unconscious in her modesty, beautiful with reserve.

I would dwell with some emphasis but without exaggeration upon the notes of taste and seemliness which mark this story. They are in such happy contrast to the dreary realism so much affected by contemporary writers of fiction. The realism of to-day bespeaks both mental and moral depression. "We are all realists at times," writes a wise critic, "just as we are all sensualists at times or liars or cowards." In the fashionable realistic novel of moral disintegration there is so little excellence of the sustained and healthy kind; so little fruit that grows to a ripened moral sweetness; hardly anything that is simple, proportionate, beautiful and true; no lofty criterion of high attainment; no sufficient stimulus to an habitual rightness in taste and conduct. And the reason is not far to seek. St. Thomas Aquinas long ago touched upon it when he pointed out that no proper judgment on human excellence can be expected from those whose taste is out of order. That must be

most pleasant, he tells us, which is most pleasing to him who has the best taste and that good must be most complete which is pursued by him whose affections are best in order. The realistic novel of moral disintegration is the work and pleasure of those whose taste is out of order and whose affections are set on the lower things. What we need as a correction to the novel of bad taste is the novel of good taste, the novel of innocence.

But while *Cross-in-Hand Farm* is a novel of innocence, it is very far from being that most wearisome of all things—the novel with a purpose. Quite the contrary. Innocence of its very nature is goodness shining unconsciously, and because this is so, very few can altogether escape its natural light; only those in fact who finally love the darkness because their deeds are evil. I may perhaps be allowed to give two instances of the artless shining of innocence as shown by Jane Haffenden on two different occasions and under the stress of emotions quite opposite in character.

In the first instance, Dorcas Lilliot, Jane Haffenden's friend, is engaged, but her fiancé happens to be away. During his absence, George Lanteglos, who is much attracted by Dorcas' wayward beauty, makes some very definite advances. Jane, by a mere accident, becomes the unwilling witness of the most definite of these, and its effect upon her is given with a strength and simplicity that could hardly be surpassed.

It had already stopped raining, and by nine o'clock that night the sky was clear and blue, and the moon shining; the wind had subsided at the hour of sunset. Jane, tired of the long confinement within doors, wound a long black shawl round her, and went out to walk a little way. She looked back at the lighted windows of the room in which her father and aunt sat, at peace and rest, and blest them in her heart. She wandered on and came to the beginning of Primrose Lane. It was muddy, but she had already resigned her boots to mud. As she strolled up its steep grassy slope, the path became dry and firm under her feet.

The moon was radiantly full and the atmosphere still, and dark places were only dark in comparison with the pale brightness of light places. When Jane passed from the sharp shadow of the hedge on to the moon-struck side of the lane she half expected to be conscious of a warmer air.

She had no fear of sounds or movements close to her; she knew the portent of those things; she had no fear of anything in these wonderful country nights. It might chance that she

should see some closed flower spring free from an entanglement of stems; or among all the sleeping birds one might be awake and stirring, or one among the silent cattle raise a voice; but all these little lapses tolerated by the great night were dear to her.

She thought of all the ingeniously made little homes that had frail, secure holding in the great trees; and of the tremendous chorus of promised song that would happen in a few weeks now. She was reminded of Tom Meadows, whom she had again lately seen at his destructive hobby. She realized when she recalled his tense, eager face, that this was a passion with him.

Jane heard a sound, and thought at first that it was a horse moving quietly on the other side of the hedge, but she was wrong. She looked and saw that someone was ahead of her—two people who had paused in the path, and as soon as she saw them something struck her heart with horror and fear. Her recognition of those figures was immediate; indeed there was no reason why she should hesitate to know them, familiar as they were to her, and with nothing between them and the moon.

She saw them kiss, and she sickened and turned and fled.

In her room she lay on the floor, faintly grateful for its insensate hardness. Only one thought brought passionate relief to the troubled and shamed horror of her mind, and that was when she recollected the inevitable extinction of all human bodies.

"Thank God we have to die! Thank God, Thank God!" she said....

It had seemed to Jane that that kiss was a dishonor to the world.

In the second instance, Dorcas Lilliot tells Jane, quite by the way and in the course of some good-natured chatter, that someone thinks her beautiful. The circumstances of the story turn this revelation of praise into a still more beautiful revelation.

One day Dorcas arrived at Cross-in-Hand Farm when Jane was acting the part of Elizabeth (the servant-maid) in the kitchen. Jane had no longer any discomfort to be found by Dorcas at a menial task; she was more likely to err on the side of non-apologetic, non-explanatory pride in her office. But Dorcas, idling gracefully about the kitchen, and changing her chair, and peering into drawers and bags, remembered the absent servant.

"It has been all I can do not to smile in her face, sometimes,"

said Dorcas. "That is the way her expression affects me. I hope she cannot overhear?"

"She is out for the evening," said Jane. "She will soon be married."

"Well, well," said Dorcas, marvelling. "Do you know, Jane we never kept our cups in here? I remember distinctly that they hung in the next room. I really think ours was the better plan."

"It isn't only beautiful people that get loved, you know," said Jane, her knees trembling as she stood at the table.

"Evidently," said Dorcas, with a little laugh, remembering Elizabeth's interrogative features.

"Perhaps those who are not beautiful are even loved *more*," said Jane, feeling bitter and controversial.

"I suppose such a thing might be," said Dorcas; "there would be a kind of pity—yes, loved more by one man, perhaps—it is just possible. But not loved by so many men."

"I am ugly, am I not?" Jane asked after a pause.

"You? No."

"How do you think I really look?" said Jane, blushing deeply.

"Oh, Jane, I think you are perfectly sweet," said Dorcas, with generous enthusiasm. "And people say so to me—even Evan, once, long ago; *he* said 'beautiful.' I say 'even Evan.' I mean, you and I are so un-alike."

Jane had been more or less diligent at her task of passing bread through a sieve, but she paused and stared at Dorcas and said: "Did he say so?"

She was gay all the evening with the rapture of these tidings; she was gay under a new condition of things. If she were beautiful to him! Then she had him closer than she thought. Nothing but some circumstances kept them apart, and circumstances were poor things. She had never had a word of the approval which a lover gives to the beloved; her love had been starved, according to her situation. The spark of praise set her thrilling with surprise and joy; she was so near to Evan, so near....

But Miss Viola Meynell has not only the power of delineating simple, strong and refreshingly innocent people, she has an equal ability in a different kind—the characterization of place. She makes us love the homes of her people with just such a love as they themselves must have had. One cannot think without delight of that little room which Jane Haffenden marked down for her own on the

day of the sale at Cross-in-Hand Farm. "It had a little two-foot-square table, made of some dark wood, standing against the wall. It was noticeable because, besides the bed, it was the only piece of furniture left in the room. The other thing was nothing more than a mark on the wall, a delicate outline, which showed the shape of something that had hung there and had been removed. It was the shape of a cross, and the cross had hung over the bed." I need not further illustrate this genius for simple description. It marks the book which seems in a wonderful way to inform the beauty of nature with the strength of grace. There is nothing complex from end to end but all things are disposed with simple sweetness—the people, places, times and incidents are usual to a degree, yet over them all there is a lightness, a charm, a power, which only the white and beautiful magic of innocence could give.

THE SECRET WORD.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

When John was rapt to Paradise,
He knew a secret word
Which tongue of man had uttered not
Nor ear of man had heard.

Thro' agonies and ecstasies
He strove to frame again
The awful accents of the speech,
And wing it forth to men.

The wondrous language of the Greek,
Like treasure-laden ships,
Bore all the heavenly vision forth
In dread apocalypse—

Save only that one secret word
All human tongues above:
It was the master-speech of God
Wherein all meanings move!

CONSEQUENCES.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

CHAPTER XII.



JANE soon became an accomplished horsewoman, and was not afraid to ride any of the horses in Mrs. Dandrey's stable. Bainbridge insisted that she should not travel the country roads alone, so when there was no one else available he willingly went with her. As the days grew longer and a green mistiness began to be faintly discernible in the sketchy winter woods, these rides became more frequent and they often stopped at the rectory for tea.

"Tea" was the one genuine relaxation that Paul Hartford allowed himself. He had acquired the habit at Oxford, and at five o'clock each day he dropped all work, no matter how important or absorbing, and gave himself up to a half hour of perfect rest, made more delightful if his friends cared to join him.

When the weather permitted Mary Hartford spread the little table upon the porch, and whenever she saw Jane approaching she elaborated the simple service by adding a jar of orange marmalade.

"Girls always like sweet things," she said by way of explanation.

This commonplace statement astonished all that heard her. Mary Hartford so seldom spoke in the presence of guests that they had begun to regard her as a sort of automaton useful to Paul's comfort, a silent force hardly to be reckoned with. Jane had attempted to persuade her to talk about her past, but after that first day in the studio all her efforts had been futile.

"Girls have no respect for their stomachs or their dentist's bills," snapped Mrs. Van Doran who happened to be present; "but I'm glad to see that the child is altogether normal."

Paul looked reflectively into his teacup. "I never would have suspected her of being anything else."

"One never knows," continued the old lady resignedly. "It's the fashion to be abnormal these days. She had an actress for a mother, and actresses are born temperamental. They have to be; it's part of their business. How-dy-do?" she added as Jane

joined them on the porch. "Don't kiss me; I have rouge on my face this afternoon. I put it there because I was as pale as a hobgoblin. I don't know whether it's humility or vanity that makes me struggle to look less like a scarecrow."

"You are looking very well," said Bainbridge taking the proffered seat by her side.

"Don't try to compliment me," she interrupted wearily. "I was talking about the abstract virtue of humility. Most religious-minded people would insist that women who deck themselves out are animated by vanity, but I insist that they are often urged on by pure humility. They know they are but horrors bolstered up by the beauty parlor, while the really vain woman thinks she is in no need of adornment. Of course my theology may not be quite orthodox; I took to it late in life. Are you vain or humble, Jane?"

"Both," said the girl laughing, as she helped Mary Hartford pour the tea.

"The question is," continued the old lady, "do we dress for ourselves or other people? If it were not for the critical observer, would we be willing to modestly go round in gunny sacks with a hole for our heads?"

"Why the holes?" asked Bainbridge. "Why not be completely extinguished?"

She tapped his knuckles playfully with the end of her parasol. "Now don't be absurd; our heads are useful. There's reason for seeing, eating and drinking tea at all times. Give me another cup, Paul. You have a delightful brew; you must give me the name of your importer; this tea drinking of yours is becoming a real function. I've been here three times this Spring, and Jane and George come every day?"

"Not quite," answered Jane. "About three times a week since Lent began."

The old lady's eyes narrowed suspiciously. She was more interested in this group of young people than she cared to admit.

"You know it's a penitential season," Hartford smiled.

"I know it ought to be," grunted the old lady, "but we've wandered far afield from praiseworthy ideas of penance in these days. Lent has always seemed to me a dangerous season. We stop all our formal innocuous entertainments because we are too tired to go on, and we take to intimate, gossipy tea-tipping."

"My dear lady," remonstrated Bainbridge, "how do you know we gossip?"

"Why, what else can we talk about except our neighbors? I know Jane does not abuse people; she has a tender heart and a cultivated conscience. I have neither. The dear Lord only knows how I struggle to see the virtues of my friends, but their faults are so much more amusing."

"But we haven't either your insight or your wit," said Bainbridge. "There are a few things in the world besides people—there are politics."

The old lady balanced her spoon lightly on the edge of her teacup. "I have no politics; I'm a Whig—the last of the Whigs."

"There is the war."

"What! a European war three thousand miles away from us. If you had lived through a real war like I have, burning and bloodshed to your nearest and dearest, you wouldn't care to talk about it."

"But that still leaves a few topics," said Jane humorously. "Automobiles, muddy roads, horses, crops, travel and the weather."

"Science and religion," added Paul.

"Ah, that reminds me," said the old lady not a whit disconcerted. "I really have something to say this afternoon, but it's a private matter. May I see you alone, Paul? I am sure that your sister and Jane and George will excuse you. I am going to Mrs. Dandrey's to spend the night, and they will have quite enough of me before morning. Take me into your little chapel. I hear that you have a fine new window that you bought in Europe last year; I want to see it and I want to see your church."

He rose with alacrity. Beautifying the little church had been one of the dreams of his life; the purchase of this one window had meant much personal self-denial, and he was anxious to gain the old lady's cultivated artistic approval. "I meant to ask you to go look at it before you left," he said.

She leaned heavily on his arm and they passed down the rose-bordered path together.

"Who takes care of these beautiful flowers?" she asked. "The hyacinths are already in bloom. I see you have some rare specimens."

"My sister."

A strange silence fell between them.

"She seems very unhappy," the old lady said at last with unusual softness. "Sometimes I wish you lived in a more cheerful atmosphere. You have never told me what her life has been. I

remember her health was frail and she went out to California to live with relatives. I lost sight of her after your mother died."

"She married," said Paul shortly.

"I see," said the old lady with vast understanding. "I'm glad she finds comfort in the roses. Now if I were unhappy and cared for flowers I should be conscious only of the thorns, and it is to save you from the thorns that I wanted to speak to you this afternoon. You are falling in love, Paul. I have watched you all this winter. You are falling in love with Jane."

She made the accusation with such startling suddenness that he was thrown completely off his guard.

"Why?" he asked weakly. He could think of nothing else to say.

"You have been to Mrs. Dandrey's very often." Her keen, wrinkled face was full of kindness. "You have met her often at my house; she stops here continually for tea; she knows nothing of men. To me her lack of self-consciousness is her chief charm. Mrs. Dandrey finds all kinds of absurd fault with her behind her back. Some day she will do it in front of her and then Jane will break away, for the child is not lacking in spirit. I am an old woman, Paul, and I love you. Once I had a son; he came after years of impatient waiting. If he had lived he would be your age now. I have seen so much of the world that you may trust me to tell you the truth. Jane is in love with George Bainbridge."

His face showed white in the strong sunlight; his hand trembled on the knob of the church door.

"How can you know?" he asked.

"I know women," she said stopping on the threshold of the dim vestibule. "How can a doctor tell fever symptoms? By the eye, the tongue, the lips, the pulse. It's but a fancy with you, Paul. It has not gone deep. You are a born celibate; you are too priestly to dream of marriage."

He did not know how to reply. He was not sure of himself. He had never thus bluntly questioned himself. Romance of any kind had seemed so remote from his plan of life. But standing thus accused he realized that he had been dreaming unawares, and he did not want to acknowledge it even to himself. Striving to escape from his old friend's catechising, he opened the low-studded door for her to pass through.

She sank down heavily in one of the cushioned pews, and looked long and intently at the beautiful window touched into

softest colors by the brilliant evening light. It represented a heavily-laden pilgrim kneeling at the feet of a radiant Figure, who stooped to raise the burden from the suffering shoulders of one who had traveled far in search of Him. The small wooden altar below the window was covered with a strip of red felt, and held only a cross set upright in a wooden stand and an adjustable reading lamp.

Paul knelt down in this his little sanctuary and buried his face in his hands. He often came into the church at this time for an hour of lonely prayer, but now his brain was whirling. He felt, with a sudden illumination, that all that Mrs. Van Doran had told him was true. Jane had attracted him from the first, ever since she had unwittingly given him her confidence. "Was it Jane or her religion?" he asked himself. The sense of the supernatural was so strong in her that he had sometimes wondered a bit enviously if he could ever attain to it. In her graver moods she had talked to him quite frankly of her beliefs, and he had always refrained from controversy with her. Her doctrines were so definite; her faith so clear cut. He knew that he had no such surety to offer his flock. He had even ceased preaching from any text of Scripture. Everything seemed capable of so many interpretations. His sermons were scholarly essays on general questions of morality that no congregation could deny. Even Jane would have considered them orthodox. Was it possible that her religious view-point had influenced him? And now she was to pass out of his life forever. She was in love with Bainbridge, and Bainbridge had everything to offer her—money, position, a life of ease, a luxurious home—while he had nothing, and a most uncertain future dependent on the vagaries of his bishop, who already suspected him of heresy.

His thoughts were interrupted by Mrs. Van Doran, she came up behind him and put both her hands affectionately upon his shoulders.

"It is a wonderful window," she said, "and I understand why it appealed to you, but the church, Paul—the church is very empty. I know, dear, that you wanted to reserve the sacrament for adoration and your bishop would not let you."

"No," he admitted, rising slowly to his feet.

"Of course from my point of view I would have to agree with the bishop, and I object to agreeing with that unpleasant person in any way, but since you have no valid orders, you have no power of consecration."

"But I don't agree to that," he made haste to interrupt her.

The old voice was full of tenderness as she answered, "But you will, Paul, you will. You are on the road to Rome."

CHAPTER XIII.

A few days after this tea-drinking at the rectory, Jane was seated in one of the big armchairs in the library of Bainbridge Hall intent on studying *She Stoops to Conquer*. She often amused herself thus, acting whole plays at night with Bainbridge as her only audience, and he repaid her efforts by showing his enjoyment and by occasional friendly criticism.

This afternoon she was so much interested in her reading that when the old negro butler shuffled softly to the door to announce a visitor she looked up with marked impatience.

"Isn't Mrs. Dandrey at home?" she asked.

"De lady axed fer you particular," answered the old man, respectfully extending a card.

The card presented a yellow time-worn appearance, and Jane glanced at the name with great surprise. She had been told that Mary Hartford never returned a visit, that she never entered any house unless sickness or disaster of some sort demanded her charitable services, and yet here was her card presented in formal fashion. Jane told the butler to ask her visitor into the library, and when the little figure in rusty black appeared in the doorway, looking strangely out of place against the rich brocade of Mrs. Dandrey's portieres, Jane tried, by her cordiality, to conceal her amazement.

"I am so delighted to see you," she said, rising eagerly and dropping her book on the floor, "come sit down by the fire. These first Spring days are so chilly and you have had a long walk. I am glad you found me at home. Mrs. Dandrey and Mr. Bainbridge are both out."

"I know it," said Mary Hartford taking the proffered seat. "I watched them as they passed on their way to the city. That is the reason I came."

"And you thought I would be lonely all by myself? Now please take off your bonnet and stay to lunch."

"No, no," she answered, re-tying the strings of her beribboned bonnet, which seemed to antedate all fashion. "I did not come

to keep you from loneliness. I came—I believe—to make you very unhappy.”

Jane stared at her in some consternation. “You—you have some bad news?” she faltered.

The older woman’s eyes were full of tragedy. She looked out of the window to the far-away hills across the river. “No, I have come to talk to you with maternal tenderness,” she gave a mirthless little laugh. “Never having been a mother, of course, I don’t know how to go about it. I have wanted to come. No, I can’t say ‘I wanted,’ for I disliked coming exceedingly, but I felt that I must have a short talk with you alone and so I am here.” She paused a moment, not like one waiting for a response, but as if she were selecting her words carefully and dreaded interruption. “I have asked myself why I, of all people in the world, should care what became of you, but sometimes even our motives are quite beyond our understanding. Perhaps it was the old fascination reasserting itself. God knows I should have outlived that.”

Jane was plainly bewildered. Gossips of the village had circulated doubts as to Miss Hartford’s sanity. Jane had indignantly denied the rumors, but as she listened to her guest’s incoherent words, she began to suspect that the reports might be true. She smoothed the shabbily gloved hand she held soothingly.

“Don’t like me then,” she said cheerfully. “I’ll keep on liking you just the same. I know I began by giving you a great deal of trouble, and no doubt I have bored you inexpressibly many times since.”

“No,” replied the older woman. “No, you have interested me since the beginning. You are so ignorant of the world; you are so ignorant of yourself, and it is to save you from yourself that I am here to-day. I don’t want your life to be what mine has been, and so you must believe me; you must tell me the truth. I am going to ask you one question. I am a blunt-spoken woman, and I talk so little that I choose my words poorly, and blunt weapons can wound deeply, but you will promise to answer my question and you can trust me not to betray your confidence.”

Her whole attitude was tense and at the same time pitifully appealing. Jane banished all her suspicions in regard to her guest as unworthy. She seemed to feel instinctively the struggle that had preceded what, she could not help believing, was a selfless manifestation of friendship.

“Yes,” she said moved to excitement by the dramatic force of

the situation. "Yes, I am sure I would be willing to answer more than one."

The usually silent, self-contained woman fell on her knees before the girl and, putting her hands on her shoulders, said, "Now I can look into your eyes and they will tell me you are in love with George Bainbridge?"

"Why, yes," said the girl simply. "Is that the question? He has been so good to me."

The woman's head drooped as if it longed for a resting place. "Child, child, that is what I meant, you do not know yourself. It is not gratitude you feel; it is not the child-like affection you had for him in the beginning; he was not willing to let you rest there; it is love, passion, madness. I have felt them all. He is selfish, coldly selfish. He does not care. He cannot care for a simple-hearted girl like you. You represented novelty at first. He is but a type—a type I know so well—a type that is entertained for a little while and then passes on seeking new sensations." She stopped for a moment, twisting her hands together nervously as if she were steeling herself for a supreme effort. She began again huskily, "Once I was a girl like you, happy, care-free, unafraid. I met someone, and I loved him. We were married. I was only nineteen when—he left me."

Jane's arms closed impulsively around her guest. "Left you?" she cried.

"Yes, left me," she repeated bitterly. "After some years he divorced me—those things are managed easily out West. He was George Bainbridge's friend; they met in Paris. My husband married again—a French actress—your mother, child—your mother—"

A cry of protest rose to the girl's lips, "Don't—don't say that," she entreated.

"It is the truth, the truth, that hurts," said the older woman grimly.

"But my mother—oh, my mother—and you—you?"

"I was your father's wife."

The clock ticked noisily on the mantel, the logs fell to smouldering embers in the blackened chimney place, the two women faced each other silently with dry, unseeing eyes, one struggling with that youthful disbelief which, at first, seems to make all tragedy untrue, the other wincing at the girl's pain, and wondering if she could have found another way to warn her. At last Mary Hartford rose from her cramped position on the floor, and now that her

momentary emotion had passed she seemed to speak with cold indifference. "Divorced women seem to have no place," she said. "I took back my maiden name because I grew so tired of explanations; the world is curious and respects no sanctity in sorrow. My heart was broken. My life seemed ended—sometimes women love too much. Men grow tired. I loved your father devotedly. All these years I have struggled to forget him and then you came. Your voice, your laughter, were so like his. The normal woman, I suppose, would have disliked you, but I—I felt that we were both his innocent victims and—and we must be tolerant of the dead."

"I cannot be," said the girl like some one slowly awakening. "It was sin—terrible sin."

"I suppose he did not look at it that way," returned the other dully. "He was seeking his own happiness, counting no costs, and now—now I am going. If I were in your place I think I should want to be alone."

The girl clasped her hand convulsively. "Oh, stay—oh, stay—with me!"

"There is nothing more to say," said the older woman quietly. "I have only tried to help you. She stooped and kissed the girl's smooth forehead. "God forgive me if I have blundered; I knew no other way."

She left the room so quietly that Jane did not heed her going. The girl lay with closed eyes huddled among the sofa cushions, her world in devastation around her, and she was alone in the ruins. Even Bainbridge—her heart cried out for him—did not care—*could* not care. If her father, whom she had idealized through a lifetime, could be capable of such cruelty, guilty of such sin, everything was believable. No man could be trusted and her mother, "Oh, my God," the little prayer was a despairing cry, "My mother, oh, my mother!"

To her Catholic mind a divorce meant no liberty nor license. The sin seemed to beat her helplessly to earth. She forgot herself—she forgot Bainbridge in the thought of her parent's perfidy.

All afternoon she lay there suffering as only the young can suffer, when realities seem unbearable and there is no one to whom they can turn for sympathy or explanation.

At twilight when Bainbridge came home he found her still there, pale, white-lipped, staring like someone terrorized by seeing a vision. "What is the matter?" he asked in some alarm, "you are ill. I'll ring for brandy."

"Don't," she said struggling to her feet, "I am perfectly well. I have been thinking."

"Thinking what? My dear Jane, if thinking turns you into such a tragedy queen, never try it."

"We have to sometimes," she said weakly striving to gain time. "I have had a visit from Miss Hartford."

"And she said?"

"Oh! she said many things."

"But I thought she never went to see anyone."

"She doesn't. She came, she told me, because you and Mrs. Dandrey were out."

"Complimentary of her to mention it," he said lightly. "What fell purpose led to the visit?"

She regarded him for a few moments in silence. He appeared so handsome, so well groomed, so desirable, as he stood there in the sunset light, looking so solicitously down upon her. He was always punctiliously polite, and she realized dimly that he would not sit down as long as she remained standing. She wondered why this trifling fact should please her when her brain was on fire. She was formulating a plan—a test. Was he indifferent to her? She was animated by a daring desire to find out, trusting to her woman's wit to conceal her own feelings while she extracted from him a hint—a confession. Her every instinct seemed a nerve center; she knew that they would register true—that her judgment would not fail her.

"Miss Hartford's real reason in coming was to warn me against you," she began with studied coolness. "She thought that I was beginning to care."

He was plainly puzzled by her tone. "What did you say?"

"Oh! I said many things," her laugh was admirably well done. "I always say too many things."

"Not to me."

There was a false fervor about him that she had never detected before. She had led him on awkwardly enough to the brink of an avowal. She was over-wrought, and his apparent willingness to stop and play with words seemed unendurable. She felt that if he loved her he would have told her. He would have shown some irritation at Mary Hartford's interference. She was afraid that in spite of her efforts to speak calmly, she had betrayed herself, and he—he stood there indifferent, self-contained.

She was but one of a hundred women he had met who

had amused him. Her pride spurred her on to further effort. Now was the time to act—to act a part of her own improvising; now she must conceal her humiliation and retreat, leaving him in a state of uncertainty. Her test had succeeded. He had failed her.

“I always find Miss Hartford interesting,” she said, and even as she spoke her heart cried out in protest at the calmness of her voice. “She is not like her brother who is so religious that he ought to be in orders; she seems to have no faith, no hope. Life must be very dull and dreary for her. I was reading *She Stoops to Conquer* when she came in. Let us get up some private theatricals for the benefit of something or somebody. Don’t you think we could?”

“My dear Jane, I am no actor.”

She picked up her book and walked leisurely to the door. “I’m not so sure of that,” she said as she left him.

CHAPTER XIV.

As the door closed behind Jane she gave a sobbing little sound. Only the pitying angels knew what this afternoon had been to her. She clung to the banisters as she walked heavily up the stairs. She had a strange sense of faintness, and her one fear was that she would fall and then someone would pick her up and take her to her room, and send for the doctor and servants to wait on her, when her one desire now was to be left alone.

She reached the second story in safety, and was half way down the long corridor when she was arrested by the sound of voices and words.

“Of course George did not want her but the nuns could not keep her indefinitely.”

Jane stopped instinctively, not reasoning about her position as eavesdropper. The words fitted in so agonizingly with her own convictions that she felt that she must hear more.

“But did her father leave her no income?” It was Madge now who spoke.

“Not a franc,” said Mrs. Dandrey. “He must have been an improvident creature. George has led her to believe that she has a small income, and she has gone to him for money without hesitation. She’s the most unconventional simpleton about money matters you ever knew.”

"Do you think she will ever grow up?"

"God knows," said Mrs. Dandrey hopelessly.

There was a slight noise of a moving chair in the room and Jane hurried on, her first thought one of surprise that she could suffer further. She threw herself face downwards on her great four poster that had sheltered her so many happy, peaceful nights, and turning her eyes to a beautiful little statue of the Virgin that the nuns had given her she prayed aloud: "Mother of God have mercy upon me—have pity. What can I do—I have no place—no place."

Her nervous hands beat the pillows into grotesque shapes; her eyes were wide and staring. Tears would have been a relief but they did not come. An hour went by; then she lay in silence like one dumb with pain, until the clattering of dishes in the dining-room which was directly below her own roused her to the fact that she would have to go down stairs to dinner or else explain her absence. She could not—she would not. These people had borne with her long enough. She thought, with humiliation, of the hundreds of trifling liberties she had taken in the house, the assumed possessive air of a daughter of the home. She thought of her extravagance in procuring a wardrobe. She had known nothing of the value of money. Her face burned when she remembered the occasional demands she had made on Bainbridge. Once when an old couple were to be turned out of their cabin she had asked for money to pay the rent, and several times when there had been sickness in the village, the priest had applied to her for help, and after expending her regular allowance for medicine and nourishing food, she had gone to Bainbridge as a matter of course to ask for more, and he had given it to her without question.

He had been kind to her—so kind. He was her father's friend—her father who had been so cruel, so sinful, so despicable. She could not think of her father. She must take short views—views of her own present. How could she escape from this terrible house where she had remained too long an unwelcome intruder? She could not stay another night. Her one idea now was flight.

She had made many acquaintances in her winter in Washington, but there seemed no one to whom she could turn in her hour of need except Mrs. Van Doran. She had felt assured of the old lady's friendship from the beginning. Mrs. Van Doran knew the world too well to be surprised or shocked at anything. She knew all sorts and conditions of men—government officials, dramatic critics, theatre managers. Perhaps she could get her a position

where she could earn the right to live—to live since she must not die. She would go to Mrs. Van Doran. She looked gratefully towards the statue on the mantel. It seemed to her that her prayer had been heard, that the way had been cleared temporarily at least.

Getting up she began to pack some clothes in a traveling bag, taking only the barest necessities. There were her mother's things in the shabby hair trunk in the corner; she had the right to these at least. As she raised the lid to select some needed underclothing a packet of old letters fell from the ancient hat-box; she had not examined the contents of this trunk since she had come to Bainbridge Hall. Anxious to leave no trace of her family history behind her, she hastily tucked the package in one corner of her bag and closing the clasp with a snap, she put on her long coat and the ugly round hat she had worn on her arrival, and creeping down the back stairs she passed unseen through the kitchen garden down a narrow path to the open road.

The village station was only a mile and a half away. A southern train bound for Washington would pass through at half past six. She had a little money in her pocket, and her way seemed plainer now that she was free of the house; she wished that she had not made her satchel so heavy; it was becoming a real burden, and though she changed it repeatedly from hand to hand her muscles ached with the unaccustomed weight.

She had not gone more than a mile when she saw another lonely pedestrian coming towards her. For the moment she was frightened, the road shadowed by black tree trunks and hedged by tangled berry bushes seemed very remote from the few houses scattered along the way. Then, with a little cry of relief, she recognized Paul Hartford. He was on his way home. She rested her valise, and sitting down on it in the middle of the dusty road she waited for the young minister to come up to her.

"I am on my way Mrs. Van Doran's to spend the night," she explained, and in spite of her efforts her voice sounded strained and tremulous. "I attempted to bring my own luggage and I find I can carry it no further. Would you—would it inconvenience you very much if I asked you to take it to the station. It is such a short distance now."

"I'll be delighted," he said, eagerly picking up her burden. "Where is the carriage, the automobile, the horses, that you are walking in all this dust?"

She turned her head away. Even in the dim light of the

woods she was afraid he would see the gathering moisture in her eyes. "Oh, don't ask me questions," she begged him wearily, "I am going away. Going away to think."

"To think?" he repeated. She had always bewildered him. "Going away to think?"

She looked beyond him into the gathering shadows,

"Your—sister—came—to see—me to-day," she said slowly. "She—told me the truth—about—my—father. I suppose you meant to be kind when you kept the truth from me all this time. How you must have despised me."

"Despised you!" his tone was full of feeling.

"You must have wanted to murder my father," she went on vehemently. "A man who brought such sorrow, such shame, into your only sister's life, while I—I have no right to name—to place—to existence."

"Oh, you must not say that," he protested, conscious only of his helplessness in his great desire to comfort her. "You must know—she must have told you that your father was legally divorced."

She stopped in the road and faced him. He was frightened by the pallor of her face.

"Does that seem to make a difference to you?" she asked.

He had always found her direct questions difficult to answer, and he had often evaded them, but now she was suffering. They seemed to stand alone in an isolated world where all subterfuge would be unfair.

"In the eyes of the law he was free," he said at last.

"But your church?"

"It has sometimes admitted the right," he answered reluctantly.

"The right to remarry when one has a living wife?"

"Yes."

"Oh, then you cannot see things as I do. There never could be the right; he was not free. Surely—surely, Mr. Hartford, you would not marry a woman to a divorcee."

"I certainly would not wish to."

"But would you?"

"Perhaps if the divorced party were innocent and my bishop ordered it."

"But would he?"

He had asked himself the same question many times. The

attitude of his church towards divorce had been one of his great stumbling-blocks. To his reverent mind marriage had always seemed to him a sacrament dissoluble only by death. He had written a scholarly paper to prove the truth of his convictions, but it had been rejected by several church papers as too reactionary to print.

"I know the Catholic point of view on the subject," he said striving to gain time. "And I believe I share it, but I am not sure that my bishop agrees with me. I am sorry that my sister told you her story. The telling can accomplish no good."

"She came to me in all kindness," Jane made haste to assure him, "and—I think—I think I am glad to know the truth. I would not want to go blinded through a lifetime. The truth hurts, but the sooner it is borne the better."

"It was a past tragedy," he said, as if he had struggled and outlived. "Twenty-two years is a large part of a lifetime. I do not see why it should be brought out now to shadow your life."

"It was sin," she cried, "horrible sin, and its shadow can stretch through the centuries. Why should I be immune from suffering for it when your sister—your sister, my mother and I are the victims. My father claimed the right to individual happiness. It is the old cry—the cry of the pagan soul." Her wonderful voice was so full of emotion that for the moment he forgot his self-effacing habit of reserve.

"And we all hear the cry," he responded. "We all hear it. It comes to us at most unexpected times—the cry for personal happiness no matter what the cost. To live without reasoning, without fear, without thought. Its plea is most alluring."

"Not to you," she said. "You are an ascetic and would mistrust all happiness."

Her calm belief in him steadied him. She would never know that he had been talking of himself and of his wild desire to claim the right to love her.

"And we have to have confidence in ourselves before we can attain," he said enigmatically.

Apparently she did not hear him. "Come," she said, "there are the lights of the station. I have lingered too long as it is."

He could not understand the hidden meaning underlying her words.

"It will be dark when you reach the city. I will go with you to Mrs. Van Doran's."

"No, no," she pleaded. "Please don't think me ungrateful, but I would rather go alone. I'll get a cab when I reach the city. You have been most kind but I would rather go alone."

He had a vast respect for anyone's desire for privacy. He had suffered so much from kindly people who had insisted upon intruding upon him when he longed for solitude. He bought her ticket for her, found her a comfortable seat on the train, and then stood on the wooden platform of the station, watching with a poet's vision the lurid shower of sparks from the receding engine, little dreaming that Jane was passing out of his life forever.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A CROWN DIVINE.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

O kings of toil! O men that wear
Stern labor's iron crown,
Half-tempted by its weight of care
To fling it down,—

Be kingly, still! Be calm, serene
Beneath its solemn state;—
Keep silence! It were base, I ween,
To abdicate.

And noise and fret but ill befit
This strong, momentous hour;
The clock of Time is striking it
From Earth's bell-tower.

'Tis noon; o'er towns and fields afar
An earthquake hush impends.
O men and brothers, is it war?
Or are we friends?

In God's own sight, which shall it be,
Rich love and life, or death?
O weary soul! Who toiled for thee
At Nazareth?

Who labored all His lowly life
For those who paid Him scorn?
So patient 'mid embittered strife
From eve to morn.

His, the great kingliness, adore;
Praying, in silence dumb,
"O Lord, exalted evermore,
Thy kingdom come!

"Thou knowest all. Our cause of grief
Is deeper felt by Thee;
Thy heart of love our pledged relief
Shall surely be."

Who loves and labors shall find love
Its own, its sure reward:
With thy Great Master throned above
Dwell in accord.



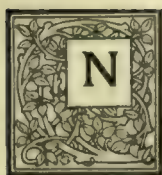
DARWIN AND "DARWINISM" AND CERTAIN OTHER "ISMS."

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S. K.S.G.

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II.

NATURAL SELECTION.



NATURAL Selection is the great contribution to theory made by Darwin. I emphasize the word *theory* because one must never forget the great additions to positive science which were made by him, additions which must always remain a glory to him, even if some of his hypotheses disappear under the destructive criticisms of more widely-informed ages. As we have seen, transformism as a theory did not owe its origin to Darwin, though it unquestionably did owe to his writings its sudden rise to popularity and to that general acceptance which it has obtained. Transformism, so to speak, was in strong solution at the time that Darwin published his greatest work. That work was like the crystal added which causes the whole fluid contents of a vessel to become crystalline. But the crystal added was the theory of the origin of species by *Natural Selection*, and hence it will be necessary to devote some little space to the consideration of this matter.

The theory is based on the knowledge which we possess that the offspring of all living things, whilst generally resembling their parents, still differ more or less from them, in other words, it is based on the observed fact that variations do occur. Darwin concluded that some at least of these variations would be of such a character as to make their possessor a more successful combatant in the battle of life, and thus more likely to be the progenitor of a strong and vigorous race. The perpetuation and intensification of such variation might in time lead to the formation of a new and distinct species. "Can we doubt," he says (remembering that many more individuals are born than can possibly survive), "that individuals having any advantage, however slight, over others, would

have the best chance of surviving and of procreating their kind? "Since the theory was first brought before the public, it has been subjected to every kind of criticism, favorable and unfavorable, and it may be said that scientific opinion at this moment is much divided as to the real value which is to be given to this supposed factor in the process of transformism. There are those who stand by it even more strongly than did its author, if that be possible. Lankester, for example, says "in looking back over twenty-five years, it seems to me that we must say that the conclusions of Darwin as to the origin of species, by the survival of selected races in the struggle for existence, are more firmly established than ever."† On the other hand, there are writers of equal weight who will have nothing whatever to do with the theory.

I take the most extreme expression of this form of opinion that has come under my notice, that of Korschinsky, a Russian botanist, who says that "the struggle for existence, and the selection that goes hand in hand with it, constitute a factor which limits new forms and hinders further variation, and is, therefore, in no way favorable to the origin of new forms. It is a factor inimical to evolution."‡ Then, finally, there is the middle—and much the largest—group of those who, while holding that Natural Selection is a factor, even a very potent factor in the process of transformism, hold it with greater or less modifications, and all of whom agree in believing that it is only a partial explanation of the process and not, as Darwinian extremists would argue, a complete key to the secrets of Nature's operations. Even in Darwin's own time the view was put forward that Natural Selection was the *cause* of the variations which it was supposed to control. Darwin himself comments on this view and disclaims it: "Some have even imagined that Natural Selection induces variability, whereas it implies only the preservation of such variations as arise and are beneficial to the being under its conditions of life."§ This makes Darwin's attitude quite clear, and probably the prevalent opinion of to-day would be in accordance with the views of de Vries when he says:||

**Origin of Species*, ed. vi., p. 63.

†*The Kingdom of Man*, 1907, p. 124.

‡As quoted by Kellogg, *op. cit.*, p. 333.

§*Origin of Species*, p. 63.

||*Darwin and Modern Science*, p. 70. The reader who is desirous of studying a close criticism of the present position of the theory of Natural Selection may be referred to Driesch's *Science and Philosophy of the Organism*, pp. 261 *et seq.*, and the very full account of modern writings on this point in Kellogg.

Natural Selection acts as a sieve; it does not single out the best variations, but it simply destroys the larger number of those which are, from some cause or another, unfit for their present environment. In this way it keeps the strains up to the required standard, and in special circumstances may even improve them.

Natural Selection, at any rate, is no proof of monism; for this excellent reason: that it *explains* nothing. For nothing is *explained* until the origin of variation is explained. What makes the living organism vary? That is the question of questions? To that question science so far has no certain reply, as might be shown were it possible to devote an entire article to the point. Vitalists and neo-vitalists say that it is the *entelechy* or principle of life, a factor wholly different from the material factor of the organism, which causes variation and, as many of them and these not Catholics would also say, causes variation along fixed and predeterminate lines. Naegeli, for example, believed in a "principle of progressive development, a something inherent in the organic world which makes each organism in itself a force or factor making towards specialization, adaptation, that is towards progressive evolution."* Most persons of ordinary common-sense would agree that if a principle of this far-reaching character is found to be inherent in the organic world, that inherent principle must have been put into the organic world by some one or by something. We Catholics say that it was put in by the Creator of all things, and the only reply that we meet with on the part of our opponents is that no one can know who put it in. I am now, of course, speaking of those opponents who believe in an inherent tendency: those who do not have still to meet the initial difficulty of explaining how variations occur. As one further development of Naegeli's views may be cited, his statement that "animals and plants would have developed about as they have, even had no struggle for existence taken place, and the climatic and geologic conditions and changes been quite different from what they have been."† It is pretty obvious that views such as these do not compel a monistic explanation: most persons would say that they run directly contrary to it.

*Kellogg, p. 277.

†*Ib.*, p. 278.

III.

SEXUAL SELECTION.

This was another very attractive theory put forward side by side with that just discussed, and intended to assist in the explanation of transformism.

Darwin thought that the brilliant colors, and many other characteristics which sometimes—but by no means always—distinguish the males of a species from the females, might be accounted for by the fact that these secondary sexual characters were pleasing to the female, and that those males whose variations had been in the direction of an acquisition of, or an intensification of, these characters would be most likely to secure the most desirable females. Now this theory was, of course, more or less vitiated by the underlying fallacy that it depends upon an anthropomorphic interpretation of the animal mind. There is little proof that brightly colored members of one sex do, by that fact, attract members of the other. As a matter of fact actual experiment has shown that amongst insects—where coloration may be said to reach its maximum—dyeing of the wings with strange colors does not seem to have made any difference in the sexual relations between changed and unchanged specimens. And other experiments seem to prove, that again amongst insects, it is scent and not sight which attracts the sexes towards each other. One must bear in mind that just as it has been said (by Wundt) that the reason that animals do not talk is because they have nothing to talk about, so also it may be said, with good reason, that they do not admire the points in their kind which seem to us so exquisitely beautiful, for the simple reason that they have no aesthetic sense and admire nothing. Kipling and others write charming books in which animals talk to one another, and reason as if they were human beings. We must beware of taking these things seriously, and reasoning from our own ideas of which we know something, though perhaps not much, to those of animals of which we know just nothing. One need not delay long over the theory of Sexual Selection. It was never adopted by Wallace, Darwin's great companion in broaching the theory of Natural Selection, and it has steadily declined in popularity since it was first formulated. The balance of the tendencies of later days, as the last edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says,* "has been against the attachment of great importance to sexual selection,"

*Art. *Evolution*, p. 34.

and there we may leave the matter with this final remark, that if it is a factor, it is only a factor and is no more—but rather much less—an explanation than is Natural Selection.

IV.

PANGENESIS.

Strictly speaking, this theory was not original to Darwin, for Buffon had suggested something of a similar character long before. But Darwin's hypothesis was the first attempt to grapple with the physical explanation of heredity which gained any great amount of public attention. An explanation is needed of why the child resembles its parents, sometimes too in the smallest points, such as a birth-mark, a dimple, a curious arrangement of the eyebrows, not less, of course, why it resembles its parents at all. This, again, is a matter which cannot possibly be dealt with here, but it may be said that Darwin's theory and that of the other micromerists, if one may use Delage's convenient term to group them together, however those theorists may differ in detail, is governed by the idea that in the tiny germ are still tinier—infinately tinier they must needs be—representatives of every variable portion of the body, by the development of which representatives the new body is built up with the necessary resemblances. Of course, this theory is one which never could be scientifically demonstrated. The germ is often—far more often than not—a microscopic object, and it has been calculated that some trillions of the minor elements in it would be required to meet the necessities of the case. These could never, it may safely be said, be demonstrated by the microscope, or by any other means conceivable to our present knowledge of science and scientific methods. The weakness of this theory is in its amazing complexity, a complexity which goes beyond the bounds of belief when it is carefully studied. "Any theory which involves the assumption of morphological units as representing characters must bring us to an *impasse* in a very few generations, as is demonstrated by the working out of such a theory to comparatively few degrees upward from offspring to parents, grandparents, and so on."* It cannot be said that the theory of Pangenesis and others of its kind have secured any firm hold on scientific opinion, rather must it be said that they are losing what hold they once possessed.†

*Walker, *Hereditary Characters and Their Mode of Transmission*, 1910, p. 121.

†See the criticism of Pangenesis in Morgan, *Evolution and Adaptation*, pp.

V.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

On this vast and important subject but little can be said in a brief series of articles like these, but some attempt must be made to sketch the outlines of the controversy as it now stands.

As we have seen, Darwin believed that man, body and soul (if we may be permitted to use the latter term in such a connection) was developed from some lower form, and we have also seen the result which this conviction produced in his own mind. This result, one would have thought, should have led him to doubt the certainty of his own conclusions as to the spiritual relationship of man and apes, rather than to doubt the dependability of human reasoning. Now in considering this question we must separate the two aspects of the case. There is a clear separation in the Biblical account of the Creation of Man. "Man was made rational after he was made 'corporeal.' The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man *became* 'a living soul' (Gen. ii. 7). Here are two acts on the part of the Creator—the forming the dust and the breathing the life."*

Let us discuss from a purely scientific standpoint the two separately, and let us commence with the inferior. (a) *The Body of Man*. Unquestionably, in a general way, it may be said that the anatomical outlines of the human body closely resemble those of the higher apes. There are differences, of course, but the resemblances are far more numerous. This at least suggests a genetic connection through some common ancestor, and some would say—like Schwalbe†—that the experiments of Friedenthal and others as to the behavior of the blood of man and other mammals strengthened this probability. This particular point is at present in too inchoate a condition to be dealt with otherwise than tentatively, and those who desire to know more about it may be referred to the account of the discussion between Friedenthal and Wasmann, where it would appear to be admitted that no relationship in the sense of community of origin is claimed to have been proved by this method.‡ But a suggestion is not a proof. There may be a score of ways of explaining the likeness between two things, all or at least nineteen

*Newman, *Sermons Bearing on Subjects of the Day*, 1869, Sermon viii., p. 101.

†In his article in *Darwin and Modern Science*, p. 129.

‡Wasmann, *Problem of Evolution*, pp. 67 and 139.

of which may be wholly illusory. Let us look at certain points of difficulty. In the first place it may be said—as will be gathered from a previous section—that the recapitulation or biogenetic theory has proved to be a broken reed, and that the arguments once adduced from it with regard to the descent of man can only be accepted with great caution and with many reservations. Then, in the next place, there is the question of the missing link or links. "There is not, as is often assumed, one 'missing link' to be discovered, but at least a score of such links, to fill adequately the gap between man and apes; and their non-discovery is now one of the strongest proofs of the imperfection of the geological record."* What an amazing *non-sequitur*! Surely it might be claimed, with at least equal justice, that the fact that the "missing links" have not turned up is some sort of proof that they do not exist, at least in any quantity. See the force of a *parti pris*! The venerable writer of the lines just quoted has in a paragraph almost immediately preceding stated that "all evolutionists are satisfied that the common ancestor of man and the anthropoid apes *must* (his italics) date back to the Miocene, if not to the Eocene, period." So that the line of argument is this: Although no one has ever seen any trace of him, man and the apes must have had a common ancestor at the time mentioned; nothing has ever been found of that ancestor; therefore the geological record is imperfect. It does not need any profound acquaintance with logic to see through that syllogism.

At any rate Wallace admits that there are a number of missing links, and Branco, who as Director of the Geological and Palaeontological Institute of the Berlin University, may be accepted as a competent authority, tells us that in the history of our planet man appears as a genuine *Homo novus*. It is possible, he says, to trace the ancestry of most of our present mammals among the fossils of the Tertiary period, but man appears suddenly in the Quaternary period, and has no Tertiary ancestors as far as we know. Human remains of the Tertiary period have not yet been discovered, and the traces of human activity, which have been referred to that period, are of a very doubtful nature, but Diluvial remains abound. Man of the Diluvial epoch, however, appears at once as a complete *Homo sapiens*.† And further to the question, "Who was the

*Wallace, *The World of Life*, 1911, p. 247.

†Wasmann, *Modern Biology*, p. 477. The address was given in 1901. Since then the "traces of human activity" in the Tertiary period have been practically abandoned by authorities. Cf. Sollas *Ancient Hunters*.

ancestor of man?" he replies, "Palaeontology tells us nothing of the subject—it knows no ancestors of man."

Let us glance for a moment at what is known at present with regard to the earliest remains of man. There are two anomalous and puzzling examples, and then something like a definite series. The first of the former group is the collection of bones found near Trinil, in Java, by Dubois, and sometimes alluded to as *Pithecanthropus erectus*. With regard to these it may be said that (1) there is some doubt as to whether the objects discovered, viz., the top of the skull, the tooth and the thigh-bone all belonged to the same individual, since they were found at some little distance from one another; (2) the careful explorations made by an expedition conducted by Mme. Selenka to the same place, which have just been made public,* have failed to reveal any further remains of a similar kind, or any evidence of implements or such traces of human activity; (3) there is the widest difference of opinion as to the kind of animal to which the top of the skull belonged, some holding it to have been an ape, others an ape-like man, others an individual half-way between the two. It must be obvious that at present it would be very dangerous to build up any theory on such a basis of sand, though to judge from what one sees in shallow manuals and pamphlets, we might know *Pithecanthropus* as well as we know the Gorilla or the Macaque.

The other case is that of the Heidelberg lower jaw. Of this curious and most interesting relic, all that can be said at present is that the bony part is more monkey-like than that of any human jaw so far examined, whilst, on the other hand, the teeth are less monkey-like than those of some undoubtedly human examples of the present day. Here again it is impossible to build a theory on a single lower jaw, and especially on one with such anomalous characteristics.

Passing away from these puzzling specimens, the significance of which may be cleared up some day, we come to the first race of man of whom we have something like definite information, those of Le Moustier, to which it would appear that the much-disputed Neanderthal skull belongs. And what do we know about them? In the first place, we know that they were men in every sense of the word, and big-brained men too, since the cubic capacity of their skulls is greater than that of the average European of the present day. And in the next place, we know that they believed in a soul and

a future life for that soul, for the very earliest interment known, that of the valley of the Chapelle aux Saints, is one with those "accompanying gifts" which all the world over have but one significance, namely, a belief in the after-life and a desire to provide the spirit of the dead person with objects useful to it in that life. No wonder that Professor Sollas should say that it gives one something like a shock to run up against this world-wide custom during the disappearance of the Great Ice Age.* It would appear then from the most recent discoveries that Wallace has very good reason for admitting the need of the missing links, and for acknowledging their present absence.

Lastly, so far as this imperfect sketch is concerned, there is the exceeding great difficulty of explaining how man came to be evolved, and how it was that he was not exterminated during the process. It is held by most Darwinians that it is by the slow accumulation of small variations that evolution works its way. One of the greatest difficulties, set in the way of Darwin's theories, was that which pointed out that for a time every such small variation, before it could get far enough to be of advantage to its possessor, would or might be a positive disadvantage as requiring greater strength to carry it, greater nutriment to provide for it, and the like. Now in the case of man it would seem that every step in the direction of evolution, and that perhaps for long ages, must have made him less able to contend with his environment, must in fact have placed him in a position in which nothing could have saved him from destruction. The late Professor Dwight, whose lamented death has deprived America of a distinguished man of science and the Church of a most loyal son, sums this argument up most pithily in his last work.† Speaking of man he says:

Not very strong of arm, not very swift of foot, without a well-developed hairy hide, or large teeth, or strong claws, he seems as a mere animal, an exceedingly unfortunate one, good neither for attack nor defence, in short, very unfit for the struggle for existence, in that imaginary period of half-fledgedness between brute and man. His instincts and his senses, that of touch perhaps excepted, though in the savage state undoubtedly greater than those of civilized man, are by no means remarkable. Take

*For a careful discussion of the matters just alluded to, see Sollas, *Ancient Hunters*, 1911. The Professor of Geology in Oxford is admittedly a first rate authority on these matters.

†*Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist*, 1911, p. 158.

him as a mere animal, what is he but an egregious failure? By what kind of evolution could such a creature rise who shows throughout his body only instances of the survival of the unfittest? Let us try to imagine him rising in the scale according to the dogmas of evolution. Let us watch the arboreal monkey well-fitted for his surroundings gradually losing all that fits him for them. We see his coat growing thinner, his arms shorter, so that he loses his "reach," his legs longer, so that climbing becomes harder, and at the same time his brain growing in some incomprehensible way, and for no good reason, excepting that it is necessary for the theory to believe that the brain-development went on so swimmingly that it compensated for the physical degeneration.

So far as I am aware there has been no successful attempt to get out of this dilemma, nor do I see any way out of it, except by assuming—under the Mutation theory—that a great and wonderful change was made, and made suddenly, by which the brute became corporeally man. This is scientifically tenable, and would avoid the difficulty raised by Professor Dwight, but it must candidly be admitted that there is no direct evidence for it, and indeed it is hard to see how there could be any evidence for such a thing. Meantime this question may be asked, still from the standpoint of science: Suppose such a great and sudden Mutation to have occurred, and suppose that this corporeally developed being became *man*, as we know him, by the inbreathing of an immortal soul; is there any great difference between that series of events and the special creation of man at which some scientific men look so much askance? But apart from this surmise, for it can be no more, looking fairly at all the facts, can it really be claimed that the origin of man is a question on which science, which, as Ruskin puts it, "does not speak until it knows," has said the last word or, indeed, has any right to express anything but the most guarded hypothesis? He would be a hardy man who claimed that the subject of the origin of man's corporeal part was *res judicata*. Yet we have this very theory of the evolution of man's body laid down as a proved fact time after time in the manuals and articles to which I have so often alluded. We have poor Darwin doubting his own competence to form any opinion, because he was so sure of that one opinion that his brain had come from that of an ape, and by his brain he meant his sentient part. Finally we have all sorts of theories of education, and what not else, built up on a foundation which surely is not

strong enough to carry the edifice which has been erected upon it. To what these lead we shall later on refer.

(b) *The Soul of Man*. Here I must be much more brief, for here we are in contact with a psychological argument which it is impossible for me to develop here, and here too we are in contact with a question which is a settled one for Catholics, namely, the existence of a soul and its attributes and origin.

All that I propose to do here is to set down a few observations by non-Catholics, which at least show that our Catholic view is not the hopelessly antiquated and discredited thing that many would like to make out. I will take four instances, and they shall all be recent ones.

(1) Dr. McDougall is Reader in Mental Philosophy in the University of Oxford. He has recently published a book, in the preface of which he says that "to many minds it must appear nothing short of a scandal that anyone occupying a position in an academy of learning, other than a Roman Catholic seminary, should in this twentieth century defend the old-world notion of the soul of man."* Scandal or no scandal, after a lengthy consideration of what is to be said on the other side and in spite, so it would appear, of some preliminary prejudice against the view, he does come to a conclusion not markedly different from that which we hold as to the existence of the soul of man.

(2) Driesch I have already quoted from, and will once more quote from him to show his opinion with respect to the fact that the difference mentally between man and apes is one of kind and not of degree.

Darwinism and phylogeny laid stress on man's affinity to animals, and with justice in respect to most details of his organization; that was all right so far, though there was always a difficulty with regard to the hemispheres of the brain. In agreement with this particular, the experiments of the last few years, carried out by English and American authors (Lloyd Morgan, Thorndike, Hobhouse, Kinnamann), have shown that as far as the *degree* of acting is the point of comparison, there is a difference between man and even the highest apes which is simply enormous; man after all remains the only "reasoning" organism, in spite of the theory of descent.†

(3) Wallace was the co-emitter of the theory with which

**Body and Mind*, 1911.

†*Op. cit.*, ii., p. 106.

Darwin's name came to be chiefly connected. In his last work, from which I have already quoted, he considers the question of man's position present and future, and says that the glory and distinction of man is

that he is continually and steadily advancing in the *knowledge* of the vastness and mystery of the universe in which he lives; and how any student of any part of that universe can declare, as so many do, that there is only a difference of *degree* between himself and the rest of the animal-world—that, in Haeckel's forcible words, "our own human nature sinks to the level of a placental mammal, which has no more value for the universe at large than the ant, the fly of a summer's day, the microscopic infusorium, or the smallest bacillus"—is altogether beyond my comprehension.*

(4) Professor Sedgwick, of the Royal College of Science, London, is the author of a well-known text-book of Zoology. The terminating words of the second volume shall be my last quotation under this heading.†

The mental qualities which are so characteristic of the genius *Homo* have led many naturalists to create a special family (*Anthropidae*) or even order (*Bimana*) for its reception. But in this work we are concerned with man from the standpoint of morphology, and in assigning him his position in the system we can only take into consideration the facts of his bodily structure, as we have done in the case of the other animals. If psychical characters were taken into account in Zoology, the whole of classification would be thrown into confusion, and in the case of man how should we define the position to be assigned to him? For

*What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason!
how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express
and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension
how like a god!*

and again:

*Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast
crowned him with glory and honor.*

**The World of Life*, p. 374.

†Sedgwick, *Text-book of Zoology*, vol. ii., p. 665.

SUMMARY OF THE ABOVE POINTS.

We are now at an end of this brief consideration of the points which we laid down, and may rapidly summarize the conclusions arrived at:

(1) Transformism, though widely accepted, is not proved to a demonstration. It is an excellent working hypothesis and, as such, need not disturb the mind of a Catholic in the smallest possible degree.

(2) Natural Selection is held by some and denied by others. In any case it is only a means to an end, and in no sense a cause.

(3) Sexual Selection is much less widely and definitely held than it once was. It also, if it exists, is only a means to an end.

(4) Pangenesis is more than doubtful, and is abandoned by most biologists.

(5) However indications may seem to point to the development of man's body from that of some lower form, there is at present no sufficient evidence to prove anything of the kind. All psychological evidence goes to prove that man's spiritual part differs in kind as well as in degree from that of the beast.

Is it putting it too high to conclude that there is an air of uncertainty about all these theories when they are dispassionately examined in the light of modern opinion? I admit that no trace of this uncertainty is allowed to appear in the little cock-sure manuals which I have so often alluded to, but the uncertainty is there all the same, and no one can carefully study the literature of science without becoming aware of it. Indeed no scientific man would hesitate to admit, at least as much as has been stated in these articles, as to the differences of opinion which exist amongst the exponents of evolution.

Yet it is on this uncertain and shifting sand that we are asked to build up an impregnable and unshakeable edifice of monism and morality. "We have now," says the late Professor Dwight, "the remarkable spectacle that just when many scientific men are of accord that there is no part of the Darwinian system that is of any very great influence, and that as a whole the theory is not only unproved but impossible, the ignorant half-educated masses have acquired the idea that it is to be accepted as a fundamental fact. Moreover, it is not to them an academic question of biology, but, as the matter has been presented to them, it is a system: to-wit, the monistic system of philosophy. Thus presented it undeniably is

fatal, not only to all religion, but to any system of morals founded on a supernatural basis."*

"Thus presented"—that is exactly the point. It is thus presented, because those who thus present it are either blinded by their own prejudices or deliberately desire to blind others so that they may not perceive the real bearings of these biological hypotheses and discussions upon religious and moral questions. It is not possible to discuss the questions of monism and morality here with any completeness, but it will be well to glance for a moment at the matter and see what is entailed by an acceptance of the views of a man like Haeckel. Haeckel's "monism" is something like the old and well-known doctrine of hylo-zoism, but, as the last edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says, "it is materialism dignified by a higher title." This theory implies that "matter," *i. e.*, the material universe is infinite, that so is the "ether," that they fill infinite space, and that both are "eternal," and both are "alive." So Wallace sums it up, and continues that "none of these things can possibly be *known*, yet he states them as positive *facts*." Further, that these assertions are "surely not *science*, and very bad philosophy."†

As has been already said, we cannot here discuss the question of whether the universe itself is eternal and alive, but it may just be mentioned that this alternative to their view was suggested by the learned authors of *The Unseen Universe* in the Preface to their Second Edition, where they seem to anticipate the very words of Haeckel: "To reduce matters to order, we may confidently assert that the only reasonable and defensible alternative to our hypothesis (or, at least, something similar to it) is the stupendous pair of assumptions that visible matter is *eternal*, and that IT IS ALIVE. If anyone can be found to uphold notions like these (from a scientific point of view) we shall be most happy to enter the lists with him." In this passage, the italics and capitals of which are those of the authors, it is clear that they consider that they have

**Op. cit.*, p. 6.

†*World of Life*, p. 7. This is not an article on Haeckel. If it were it would be easy to show how little count is taken of his opinions by men of science, yet how much he counts with the ignorant. Those who wish to pursue this matter further are recommended to consult Wallace's book as above, and to note that he says that whilst having sympathy with Haeckel's dislike of theological dogma he has "none with his unfounded dogmatism of combined negation and omniscience, and more especially when this assumption of superior knowledge seems to be put forward to conceal his real ignorance of the nature of life itself." See also: Lodge, *Life and Matter*; Gerard, *The Old Riddle and The Newest Answer*; Dwight, *ut supra*; Brass and Gemelli, *L'Origine dell 'Uomo e le Falsificazioni di E. Haeckel*, and Fr. Wasmann's two books already cited.

proved their view by a *reductio ad absurdum*, yet this *absurdum* is the theory which Haeckel and his followers would have us accept. The real fact is that Haeckel advances the theory that "Darwinism" is the main weapon in the fight for monism, because he means by "Darwinism" his own monistic paraphrase of that collection of hypotheses. From what has been said it is abundantly clear that Darwin's views and the views of his predecessors in teaching transformism do not *compel* the acceptance of a monistic philosophy of life. That it does compel such an acceptance is the Haeckelian statement, but it is absolutely and demonstrably false. It cannot be too frequently pointed out that Darwin and Darwinism—as expounded by Darwin and not as "glossed" by his followers—provide no explanation of the start of things, though they may—or may not—provide an explanation of how things went on once they had been started. Haeckel says that they never were started, but that they were always going and always alive, but that view is no part of the *depositum* of Darwinism as enunciated by Darwin: it is a Haeckelian gloss. It is unnecessary for us to explain here the Christian attitude towards the question, and it must be left to the candid reader to consider which view is intrinsically the more likely to be true, and whether the idea that all matter is alive and sentient is really one to commend itself to a sane consideration of things as they are.

MORALITY AND MORALS.

Meantime, before passing to the last section of this series of papers, it may be well to say a few words as to the bearing of this question on that of morality and morals. If Darwinism, as expounded by its wilder prophets, is to be a rule of life, a guide in education and a general gospel, we should at least take a look at the road along which it is likely to lead us. Now, as we have seen, of all the items included in the creed of Darwinism, that of Natural Selection is the most important. It was set in the fore-front of his theories by Darwin himself, and is extolled by his most faithful followers as being a process of the highest importance in connection with evolution. If Darwinism, then, is to be taken as a rule of life, it behooves us to assist and co-operate with the process of Natural Selection as it applies to our own species, which, we learn from the same teaching, differs only in degree and not in kind from other species in the animal kingdom. Very well; but Natural Selection implies the Survival of the Fittest, and, if we consider for one mo-

ment, that implies the Eradication of the Unfittest. If, therefore, we are to carry out our Darwinian principles to their logical end, we must ruthlessly condemn to the lethal chamber every weak and sickly member of our race; the consumptive and the feeble-minded must be exterminated as soon as their condition is conclusively determined; charity must come to an end, and rigid justice demand the abolition of all human beings who are not likely to conduce to the production of a strong, healthy, and, if possible, improved race of human beings. In a sense this is the view which underlies a certain amount of what is now called Eugenics, though it must at once be admitted that the professors of this doctrine have never suggested that such measures as those just outlined should be applied to humanity. However, once we accept a rule of life, we must have done with picking and choosing; we must follow that rule; and we see what a logical following of the Darwinian theory as a rule of life—a thing never contemplated by Darwin himself—would lead us to. The fact is that it is impossible to deduce a moral code from a purely materialistic philosophy of life. Listen to Driesch on this point: "How could I feel 'morally' towards other individuals if *I knew* that they were machines and nothing more? Machines, which some day *I myself* might be able to *construct* like a steam engine! To a convinced theoretical materialist, to whom his neighbor is a real mechanical system, morality is an absurdity."*

To quote another writer in continuation of this train of thought:

There is no such thing as "natural religion" or "natural ethics," if we understand by these terms a religion or an ethical code derived from "Nature." Nature is not a moral entity; there is no morality in Nature. And if we profess to derive an ethical law from Nature, we are deriving this law, not from Nature as she *is*, but from Nature *as we see her*, and this is an entirely different thing. When we set about to discover a foundation for the moral law which is to be purely rationalistic, and when we think to discover this foundation in Nature herself, we are crediting Nature with qualities she does not possess, we are reading into the book of Nature metaphysical conceptions of our own, whether we will it or not. As soon as an appeal is made to a moral law, appeal is made to something surpassing the individual, to something the validity of which we assume *quod semper, quod ubique, quod omnibus*.

**Op. cit.*, ii., 358.

Consequently, this "something" cannot be contained in the individual reason, the validity of which is purely personal; it must of necessity transcend individual reason; or, in other words, it must be supra-rational. Rational moralists, once they attempt to discover the categorical imperative, appeal to the supra-rational.*

We do not propose to discuss *hic et nunc* the question of what the world would do without a system of morality. But what we are advancing here is the theory that no such thing as a scheme of morality, which would be recognizable as such by ordinary decent-minded people, can be deduced from external nature, and that the scheme of life, morally and socially, which would follow upon a close copy of nature—of nature "red in tooth and claw"—as we see it around us, would be one which could not be contemplated without horror even by the most thoughtless and debauched human being. The choice then is placed before us: a materialistic world with no moral sanction or a world on principles taught by Christianity, and we may ask ourselves which picture best commends itself to all that is best in our natures? And before passing away from this part of our subject let us once more impress on our readers that "Darwinism," falsely so-called by many of its prophets of to-day, and Darwinism as propounded by Darwin, are two wholly different things; that Darwin never proposed to explain the origin of things or to establish a rule of life, and that whatever may be said of the truth of his theories, and it must be admitted that many of them crumble away more or less under criticism, they in no way warrant many of the conclusions which his followers have drawn from them. It may seem like vain repetition once more to enunciate this opinion, but it can scarcely be urged too often, at least so one has to conclude from the ignorance still shown on the point by so many writers and readers.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

*Chatterton-Hill, *Heredity and Selection in Sociology*, 1907, p. xxvi.

AT THE ABBEY OF THE WOODS.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

INTROIT.

The woods raise high a temple's amplitude,
Adown whose aisles the organ breeze
Sing with the birds' antiphonies,
A symbol service for the Crib and Rood.

I.

BLUEBIRDS.

As vergers at a temple door
Announce the Sacred Hours,
These bluebird voices come before
The Spring's expectant bowers,
And call the woodland blooms once more
To raise their voiceful flowers:—
"Arise, good folk, by hill and plain,
(*Benedicamus Domino*),
And to our Lord with glad refrain,
(*Cantemus magno gaudio*),
Sing canticles of praise again,
(*Et nunc et omni saeculo*)."

II.

THE CARDINAL BIRD.

Through all the purgatorial pains
Of winter wind and snow,
His voice is hushed and ne'er complains
Of long and lonely woe:
But when the blessed woods rejoice
With Spring and heavenly days,
Exultantly returns the voice
And heart renewed for praise.

III.

OWLS.

Beyond the farthest gates of day,
Lost souls they dwell in Stygian night,
And wail with endless ululay,
In hatred of the blessed light.

IV.

SPARROWS.

A farthing's price such common things
As sparrows are we say,
All songless in their traffickings
And useless to the day.
O, men are we of little worth,
Yet may we learn of these,—
"No sparrow falls unto the earth,
Without the Father sees."

OFFERTORY.

An altar is the eastern hill
Aglow at morning's hour,
The chancel dales with incense fill
From each adoring flower:
"All glory to His holy will,
And to His wondrous power."

V.

WRENS.

They sing of God at work or meat,
For all they have or need,
Their prayers of trustful song entreat
To bless each day and deed:
For this they know is godliness,
And well a Christian's part,—
In plenty's peace or want's duress,
To show a praiseful heart.

VI.

CROWS.

Ah woe! Far out from peace, black scoffers brood
With atheist hate: and when the call
Rings wild with anarchy, they fall
Down the dark vales for glut of carrion food.

VII.

WINTER BIRDS.

When barren lies the wintry moor,
And songless stands the air,
These birds in robes of gray endure
Like friars at work and prayer:
As if a Trappist brotherhood,
They take deserted dells,
And bless with orison the food
They reap by snow-walled cells.

VIII.

THE THRUSH.

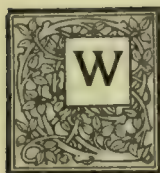
At priedieus in a topmost tree
He chants his prayer of ecstasy,
 (*O, will of God! O, blessed will,*)
And here above the lanes of care,
Aloof in meditative air,
 (*Be God's good will mine to fulfill,*)
Abides this brown contemplative,
With joys that here abundant live:
 (*Seek first for God with heart and mind,*)
As if his far-off sight could see
That little house in Bethany,
 (*All other things ye then shall find,*)
Where Martha busied all her days,
And Mary kept one thoughtful gaze:
 (*All thoughts but one are alien,*)
And Christ did say that Mary's heart
Chose for its love the better part,
 (*The loving thought of God. Amen!*)

POSTLUDE.

Adown the hills the morning runs
Unto the valleyed day,
One law goes westward with the suns,—
The praise of God alway.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH ON THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE PROPERTY.

BY CHARLES F. AIKEN, S.T.D.



WHAT view did the Fathers of the Church take in regard to the right of private property? What was their attitude towards riches? Did they, as we sometimes read in works dealing with economic questions, denounce every rich man as a robber, and condemn all individual ownership of property as an injustice? Or, on the other hand, was it the abuse rather than the possession of wealth that they made the object of their denunciation?

None of the Fathers attempt an economic discussion of the right of private property. They were, first and last, expounders of Holy Scripture and preachers of the moral law. They were Christian moralists, and it is from the point of view of practical morals that they speak of property ownership and its obligations as directly affecting the conduct of their fellow-Christians. They had in mind two distinct ends: first, the end incumbent on all of so conforming one's conduct to the will of God as to secure salvation, and secondly, that held out to nobler souls of imitating the spirit of self-renunciation exemplified in the life of Jesus, thus attaining to a higher grade of Christian perfection. For the former end, the Fathers call to mind what is of strict moral duty; for the latter, they gently urge, but do not enjoin, the counsels of perfection, one of which is voluntary poverty.

Again, in order to understand the severe tone in which the Fathers sometimes speak of riches and of its obligations, we must bear in mind that the social world in which they lived was greatly different from our own. The wonderful industrial developments that have taken place in modern times have led to an enormous production of wealth, the possession of which by private individuals rests on honorable titles. In the days of the Roman empire, the acquisition of wealth was but too frequently secured by the spoliation of conquered lands, by extortionate tax-collecting, by excessive usury, by the exploiting of defenseless widows and orphans, and by other dubious means. The result was that, in the popular mind, a certain stigma attached to the possession of great wealth. It was

a popular saying, the rich man is either an unjust man or the heir of one (*dives iniquus aut iniqui heres*).

There was then a proportionately larger number of unfortunate individuals, reduced to dire straits through illness and lack of industrial employment, who were dependent for the bare necessities of life on the charity of more favored persons, and on the ministrations of the clergy of the local churches, each of which maintained by voluntary contributions a treasury for the poor. There did not then flourish the great variety of asylums, hospitals, bureaus of assistance, which are the glorious flowering in mediæval and modern times of the spirit of Christian charity. And so, in earlier times, the duty of aiding the poor bore more directly and more urgently on the wealthy individual. And it was the obligations of the property owner, rather than his rights and privileges, that engaged the attention of the Fathers.

The Church Fathers were careful students of the New Testament and faithful exponents of its teachings; what they have to say on the moral aspect of the possession of wealth will always be in harmony with the teachings of Christ and His apostles.

Now, what is the New Testament teaching on this important matter? For here, too, advocates of communism have fancied they have found a justification of their system of economic reform. The New Testament teaches that the possession of great wealth is generally an obstacle to salvation, being very apt to lead to sensuality, pride, neglect of God, and indifference to the needs of those in distress. Hence the saying of Christ: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xix. 24.)* Our blessed Lord uses this figure to imply great difficulty, not absolute impossibility, for He supplements the statement with the words, "With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible." Our blessed Lord warns the rich to make friends of the mammon of iniquity (Luke xvi. 9), that is, to use wealth as stewards rather than absolute owners. In this way the rich man can become a worthy member of Christ's kingdom, though there is a still more perfect way, by imitating Christ's poverty and detachment from worldly pleasures. Thus to the rich young man, He said: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, . . . and come, follow me." (Matt. xix. 21.) But Christ did not demand

*Plato, in his *Laws*, V., 743, says: "I can never agree with them that the rich man will be really happy unless he is also good; but for one who is eminently good to be extremely rich is impossible."

renunciation of wealth as a requisite for salvation, provided that it was subordinated to the proper service of God and made to minister to good deeds. Salvation came to Zacheus, who, being touched by the love of Christ, restored four-fold what he had wrongly gained, and gave but half of his legitimate possessions to works of charity. Among the followers of Christ were numbered men of wealth like Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. To the wealthy class, too, belonged Mary and Martha and Lazarus, all of whom Jesus loved so dearly.

In like manner, in the Apostolic Church, we find that riches, when rightly used, were not viewed as an impediment to church membership. The church in Jerusalem, being largely made up of poor persons, who on account of their Christian faith had been cast out of the synagogue and thus deprived of their former source of help, had to provide a common fund for their relief. We read of the generosity of certain well-to-do Jewish converts who sold their possessions and gave the proceeds to the Apostles to form a treasury for the relief of the needy.* It would be a great mistake to infer from this that a communistic mode of life was laid on primitive Christians. In maintaining the common treasury for the poor at Jerusalem, each Christian who had means gave freely and in such measure as his generosity prompted. This is plainly shown by the story of Ananias and Saphira, who incurred divine punishment, not because they wished to retain possession of their goods, but because while keeping back a part, they made pretense of giving all, and thus lied to St. Peter and to the Holy Ghost. The story of St. Peter's release from prison indirectly shows that Mary the mother of John, surnamed Mark, lived in a house of considerable comfort. Cornelius, the converted centurion, distinguished for his liberality, was, and apparently remained, a man of means. In the Gentile churches, established by St. Paul and others, there is absolutely no trace of a communistic mode of life. Private ownership is implied both in the *Agape* or love-feast of the primitive Church of Corinth, and in the voluntary contributions collected in the churches of Asia Minor, Macedonia and Greece for the poor of Jerusalem. Among the devout converts of St. Paul were people of wealth, such as Crispus and Chloe of Corinth, Lydia, the seller of purple at Philippi, and Philemon of Colossae, whose runaway slave was the occasion of St. Paul's beautiful letter to his Christian master.

*Cf. Acts ii., 44-45; also iv., 34-37.

It was not the rich, but the covetous rich, that St. Paul excludes from the kingdom of heaven (1 Cor. v. 11). The right of private property, even in slaves, he does not call in question. But the holders of property in every form are reminded of their strict obligations so to possess wealth that it may redound to the spiritual and temporal welfare of others as well as of themselves. He encourages all to be content with little, and not to give their heart to the pursuit of wealth; in like manner he writes to Timothy (1 Tim. vi. 17-18).

Let us now turn to the writings of the Church Fathers, and see if what they have to say on the private ownership of property is in harmony or at variance with the teachings of Christ and His Apostles.

One of the great exponents of Christian ethics in the early Church is St. Clement of Alexandria. In his interesting treatise entitled, *What Rich Man may be Saved?* he shows that the possession of riches is not of itself wrong, and need not be an obstacle to salvation. Some rich men, he observes, not understanding the saying of Christ, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, despair of salvation and give themselves wholly to the pleasures of the world. This is a great mistake. When Christ, in the Gospel, tells the rich young man, "if thou wilt be perfect, go sell thy possessions," He does not, as some lightly think, bid him throw away all that he owned. He rather bids him banish from his soul the absorbing fondness and anxiety for wealth, through which true spiritual life is stifled. Poverty of itself does not save, for a man may be poor and still be a slave to passions; he may be greedy of wealth, though not having it in hand.

Riches, then, which benefit also our neighbors, are not to be thrown away. For they are possessions inasmuch as they are possessed, and goods inasmuch as they are useful and provided by God for the use of men; and they lie to our hand, and are put under our power as material and instruments which are for good use to those who know the instrument.

While thus justifying the possession of wealth by the Christian so long as he makes good use of it, St. Clement does not hesitate to enjoin its renunciation on those who find it an inevitable occasion of sin. "Do you see yourself overcome and overthrown by

it? Leave it, throw it away, hate, renounce, flee." But for the right-minded owner of riches, he has the following words of praise:

He who holds possessions and gold, and silver and houses as the gifts of God and ministers from them to God, who gives them for the salvation of men... is blessed by the Lord and called poor in spirit, a meet heir of the kingdom of heaven.*

In the writings of St. Cyprian, the illustrious Bishop of Carthage in the middle of the third century, the rights as well as the duties of private property find fitting recognition. When he renounced the errors of paganism to become a Christian, he sold the greater part of his landed estates, which he had inherited from his wealthy parents, and devoted the proceeds to the relief of the poor. The remainder of his property he kept in his own name, employing the income chiefly in works of charity, while he himself lived a life of great simplicity. In a letter written from his secret place of refuge to his church in Carthage, urging the priests and deacons to take good care of the needy, he tells them he has left with the priest rogation money of his own to be used to help indigent strangers, and that lest it might not be enough, he has sent them another sum by Naricus the acolyte.†

He was put under arrest on the eve of his martyrdom in his private gardens. So it is plain he saw nothing wrong in the private ownership of property, provided it was so used as to redound to the benefit of the needy. In the beautiful exhortation to almsgiving, which is among his extant writings, he teaches the rich that the wealth they possess is not for themselves alone, but must be made through liberal works of charity to minister to the common welfare. He reprehends not the ownership of wealth, but its miserly possession. The ideal use of property he finds in the manner of acting of the primitive Christians, who willingly sold their houses and lands to provide a common fund for the needy.‡

This praise of a general communication of goods, prompted by charity, is not to be confounded with compulsory communism wrongly thought to be demanded by justice. St. Cyprian has in mind a generous use of the right of private property. To abolish it as an evil is far from his thought.§

**Ante-Nicene Fathers*, New York: Scribner's, 1893, vol. ii., p. 595 and 598.

†*Ante-Nicene Fathers*, vol. v., Epist. 35.

‡*Ante-Nicene Fathers*, vol. v., p. 483.

§*Ibid.*, p. 478.

In his treatise *On the Dress of Virgins*, he says:

....Lend your estate to God; give food to Christ....Otherwise a large estate is a temptation unless the wealth minister to good uses, so that every man, in proportion to his wealth, ought by his patrimony rather to redeem his transgressions than to increase them.*

That St. Gregory Nazianzen recognized private ownership of material goods to be in harmony with the law of Christ is shown by His example as well as by His teaching. His parents, who are numbered among the Saints of the Church, had considerable property, and were distinguished for their liberality to the poor. They bestowed on their two sons, Gregory and Caesarius, respectable fortunes. Though St. Gregory, like his bosom friend St. Basil, cultivated a life of strict asceticism, he retained through life possession of property sufficient to maintain him and enable him to perform works of charity. Before his death he drew up a will, bequeathing the greater part of his property to the Church of Nazianzus for the benefit of the poor, setting free a few faithful slaves, and providing them and his kinsman, Gregory, with small legacies.

While St. Gregory condemned in severe language the class of rich Christians who lived for themselves alone, and took no thought of their needy brethren, he had only words of praise for those who in their abundance gave generous help to the poor and destitute.

In his thirty-sixth sermon, he warns the rich that their use of wealth must be made honorable by almsgiving and liberality. "You, who are aiming at wealth," he says, "give ear to what the prophet says: 'If riches abound, set not your heart on them.' Bear in mind that you are leaning on a frail support. Lighten the boat somewhat that it may sail the more easily."†

While St. Gregory thus plainly taught both by word and example that the possessor of wealth can at the same time be a good Christian, it is but fair to note that he viewed private property as little better than a concession to human weakness. His ideal, which he felt to be no longer feasible for fallen humanity, was the equality of condition that existed in the beginning, before men set their heart on calling things their own. In his sermon on the *Love of the Poor*, after urging his rich hearers to imitate the way of God in nature, who sends rain and sunshine on all alike, and allows beasts,

**Ibid.*, p. 433.

†*Orat.* 36, no. 12. Migne, vol. xxxvi., col. 279.

birds, and fishes common access to the fruits of land and sea, he reminds them that the custom of hoarding riches, often with cruel disregard of those in need, did not exist in the beginning. He would have them bear in mind that "the distinctions of want and riches, of freedom and slavery, like common diseases, were later experiences of the human race, being the accompaniments and the inventions of wickedness."* What St. Gregory has particularly in mind in this strong passage is the abuse of the right of property, resulting in the unjust accumulation of wealth and in slave ownership. Did he consider the right of property itself to be attained in its origin? It is possible, for, as we shall see, this was the opinion of St. Basil and St. Ambrose. But if he did, he certainly recognized that it had come in process of time to rest on a legitimate foundation, for not to speak again of his personal example and of his teaching elsewhere, he leads his hearers in this very sermon to the conclusion, not that property ownership must be abandoned as something wicked, but that it must be associated with works of charity.†

St. Basil, the life-long friend of St. Gregory, came also of a wealthy family. His parents owned property both in Pontus and in Cappadocia. A fair share of this property fell to St. Basil, who was one of ten children. He was still a young man when he adopted the ascetic life of a hermit. He sold the greater part of his patrimony and gave the proceeds to the poor. But that he might be assured a meagre income sufficient to meet his few daily wants, the family house, with the farm and a small number of slaves, was committed to the care of Dorotheus, his foster-brother, the son of his slave-nurse, on condition that he should pay St. Basil every year a fixed sum of money. Among the extant letters of the Saint are two that were written to an official of the province, asking him to see that this property of his foster-brother should not be exposed to excessive taxation.‡ In other letters, we find him interceding for friends that their property may be saved from impending loss.§

Thus St. Basil, who has more than once been set up as a patristic advocate of socialism, while seeking perfection in a life of voluntary poverty and asceticism, both respected and helped to defend the right of property honorably exercised by others. It would, then, be an extraordinary inconsistency if we were to find him denouncing in public what he approved in private. In his sermons, it is true, he deals severely with the question of riches, but it is

*Migne, vol. xxv., col. 890-891.

†*Letters* 36 and 37.

‡*Ibid.*, col. 891 ff.

§*Letters* 32, 35, 73, 83, 107.

the abuse of riches, not the right of property, that he holds up to condemnation.

While associating Christian perfection in its highest grade with voluntary poverty, he admits the lawfulness of private wealth when not excessive, and when used for the benefit of the needy as well as for personal enjoyment.*

While laying great stress on the duty of helping the poor, he advised against indiscriminate almsgiving. He speaks with contempt of professional beggars, who displayed their sores and maimed limbs for the purpose of gain.†

Wealth, then, when united with a generous exercise of charity towards the deserving poor, was pronounced by St. Basil to be in harmony with the law of Christ. But to have his full approval, the wealth of any individual should not be excessive. The Saint was no admirer of great fortunes.‡

In the sermons of St. Basil, there are a few passages which, taken by themselves, have a decided communistic ring, but which, when read in their context and in their historic setting, are seen to call for a different interpretation. They belong to sermons that were preached during one of the worst famines that ever afflicted the country about Caesarea. It was a time for the rich to give quick and generous help to their suffering brethren. Yet many held back. In his sermon on the death of St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazianzen relates that some of the wealthy dealers in corn and other food products even took advantage of the great scarcity to raise the prices, and thereby increase their infamous gain. Touched to the core by this spectacle of human misery on the one hand and of hardheartedness on the other, St. Basil delivered several powerful sermons in which he pleaded with vehement eloquence the cause of his starving people. In this common necessity, the superfluous goods of the wealthy belonged not so much to themselves as to the starving.

In his *Homily to the Rich*, he says: "The right-minded man ought to hold the view that wealth has been given, not to squander in pleasure, but to use in works of charity, and that even if their riches should give out, they should be glad of being rid of what belongs to others rather than grieve at losing what is their own."§

More striking still is the language he employs in his powerful

*Migne, *Pat. Graec.*, vol. xxix., col. 479-482.

†*Letter 150, Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers*, viii., p. 208.

‡Migne, *Pat. Graec.*, vol. xxxi., col. 282.

§Migne, *Pat. Graec.*, vol. xxxi., col. 287.

homily of the text of Luke xii. 18, "I will pull down my barns and build greater." After reminding the rich that they are the stewards of the wealth that God has committed to their care, he exhorts them not to put off their benefactions to another year. Meeting the common objection that the rich man may do what he likes with his own, St. Basil says:

The rich man argues, Whom am I wronging so long as I keep what is my own? Tell me, just what things are your own? Where did you get them to make them an inseparable feature of your life? . . . If every one were to take for himself simply what sufficed for his use, and left what was over and above to the man in want, there would be no distinction of rich and poor. Were you not born naked? Shall you not return naked to the earth? Whence, then, the goods you now possess? If you ascribe them to fate, you are godless, neither recognizing the Creator nor being grateful to the giver. But you acknowledge they are from God. Tell us then the reason why you received them. Is God unfair in the unequal distribution of the good things of life? Why is it that you are rich and that another is in need? Isn't it wholly that you may win the reward of kindness and of faithful stewardship, and that he may be honored with the great prize of patience? Now after seizing all things in your insatiable greed, and thus shutting out others, do you really think you are wronging no man? Who is the man of greed? He that is not content with a sufficiency. Who is the thief? He who seized everybody's goods. What are you but a greedy miser? What are you but a thief? The things you received to dispense to others, these you make your own. The man who steals a coat from another is called a thief. Is he who can clothe a naked man and will not, worthy of any other name? The bread which you keep in store is the hungry man's bread. The cloak which you guard in the chest belongs to the naked man. The sandals rotting in your house belong to him who goes barefoot. The silver you hide away belongs to the needy. Thus it is that you are wronging as many men as you might help if you chose.*

This is strong language, but it is the language of an impassioned orator pleading the cause of a starving people committed to his care. It is not the language of an economist calmly discussing the nature of the right of private property. While St. Basil seems to have held the view that private property was in the beginning a

*Migne, *Pat. Graec.*, vol. xxxi., col. 275.

selfish appropriation of what was meant to be used in common, and that the destitute, for this reason, had a certain claim of equity on the rich, he recognized the legitimacy of private property so long as it was combined with the charitable help of others. In the passage cited above, St. Basil's object was to move his rich hearers to a sense of compassion, and to persuade them not to renounce wealth ownership, which he felt and taught to be lawful, but to give freely of their abundance when the extreme necessity of others made that help a matter of justice as well as of charity.* That his purpose was attained, we know from the sermon preached on his death by his friend St. Gregory.

We now turn to a distinguished contemporary of St. Basil, St. Ambrose. St. Ambrose was an ardent admirer of St. Basil, and a diligent reader of his works. St. Ambrose has given proof both by word and example that he saw in the possession of property, even of great wealth, no obstacle to Christian piety. After his elevation to the episcopacy, he was moved by the spirit of Christian charity to donate what silver and gold he possessed to the Church to swell the treasury of the poor. But the extensive estates which belonged to the family he continued to own conjointly with his sister, Marcellina, a consecrated virgin, and his brother, Satyrus. After the death of his brother, he kept much of this property in his own name for his own support and for that of his sister. In the touching treatise he wrote in memory of his deceased brother, he mentions with approbation the care with which Satyrus maintained his property rights, and the spirit of poverty which he observed in the midst of riches.†

Nor do we find a different view of private property expressed in other parts of his writings, where he assumes the office of bishop teaching in the name of Christ. In Letter 63 to the Church of Vercellae, then without a bishop, after insisting that greater deference is not to be shown to any person on the mere ground of riches, he commends poverty of spirit to the rich, and declares that wealth and virtue can go hand in hand.‡

In his treatise *On the Duties of the Clergy* (book 1, ch. 149 ff), he gives advice as to the proper use of riches and the proper exercise of liberality. Among other things he says:

Blessed indeed is he who forsakes all and follows Him, but

**Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers*, vol. vii., p. 407.

†*Cf. On the Decease of Satyrus*, B. L., ch. 55-56; also ch. 59.

‡*Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers*, vol. x., p. 470.

blessed also is he who does what he can to the best of his powers with what he has.*

In his *Treatise Concerning Widows* (ch. 12), he plainly teaches that the renunciation of wealth is not demanded as a means of salvation, but, like voluntary chastity, is recommended as a step to higher perfection.†

In his *Exposition of the Gospel of St. Luke*, xix. 2, he assures the rich that by a proper use of wealth they can become worthy members of the Church. Let them learn, he says, to associate blame, not with riches, but with the wrong use of riches.

For while wealth is a stumbling block to the evil-minded, in the good it is an aid to virtue. Zacheus, who was called by Christ, was surely a rich man. But by giving half of his wealth to the poor, and restoring four-fold what he had acquired unjustly, he received a reward that surpassed the benefits he conferred.‡

While the teaching of St. Ambrose on the lawfulness of private property is thus plain beyond doubt, there are a very few passages in his writings where, like St. Basil, he seems to view the right of private property as the outcome, in the first instance, of selfishness and greed, as an encroachment on the original right of humanity to the common use of the goods of the earth. This original flaw in the title of private ownership was not, however, of a kind to make it invalid. He did not, as we have seen, judge private property to be immoral. He rather saw in it an aid to virtue and an instrument of good, so long as it was rightly used. But he seems to have held that a certain equity urges the wealthy to give alms, on the ground that what is thus given is not altogether their own. Thus while private property need not be renounced, liberal almsgiving is deemed by him necessary to make the private ownership of wealth equitable.

Thus in his treatise *On the Duties of the Clergy*, book 1, ch. 28, he says of the distinction of ownership into public or common, and private:

This is not indeed according to nature, for nature has poured out all things for the common use of all. For God caused all things to be produced in such a way that there might be food

**Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers*, vol. x., p. 25-26.

†*Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers*, vol. x., p. 403.

‡Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, vol. xv., col. 1791.

common to all, and that the earth might serve as a kind of common possession for all. Nature, then, ushered in the right to things in common, usurpation created the right of private property.

Usurpatio jus fecit privatum. Thus, in the opinion of St. Ambrose, the right of private property originated in acts of usurpation, in disregard of the plan of nature which favored common use and common ownership. To avoid this interpretation, it has been suggested by some that the word *usurpatio* is to be taken here rather in the sense of use, of legitimate appropriation. But a similar statement found elsewhere in his writings excludes this meaning. In his *Exposition of Psalm 118*, he declares almsgiving to the poor to be a form of justice, and in proof cites the verse of the eleventh Psalm, "He hath distributed, he hath given to the poor, his justice remaineth for ever and ever."*

This notion that almsgiving is to some extent a debt of justice which the rich owe to the poor by way of compensation for their loss of the original right to the common use of nature's bounties, is strongly emphasized in his treatise on *Naboth the Jezrahelite*, ch. 12. Referring to Proverbs iii. 28, he addresses the uncharitable rich man in these words:

God says, "Do not say, To-morrow I will give." If He forbids you to say, To-morrow I will give, do you think He permits you to say, I will not give? You are not bestowing on the poor anything of your own, you are giving back something that belongs to him. For what has been granted for the common use of all, you usurp for yourself alone. The earth belongs to all, not simply to the rich. You are, then, not conferring a gratuitous alms, you are restoring what is due.†

If it be said that St. Ambrose in these passages argues like a communist, it is to be observed that he makes the argument lead to a wholly different conclusion. Like St. Basil and other Fathers, he teaches that the right of private property is legitimate, but only when wealth is so used as to give help to the poor man and thus universalize the benefits of nature, which were originally destined for common use.

St. Jerome is the great exponent of Christian asceticism in the Western Church, as St. Basil is in the Eastern. Like St. Basil

*Cf. Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, vol. xv., col. 1303.

†Migne, vol. xiv., col. 747.

he inherited landed estates from his parents, and, while devoting himself as a monk to a life of extreme simplicity, he retained for many years possession of some of this inherited property. In his letter (66) to Pammachius, he tells him that he is building a monastery and hospice, and finding the expense greater than he had anticipated, "he has sent his brother Paulinian to Italy to sell some neglected villas which have escaped the hands of the barbarians, and other property inherited from their parents."*

This example would of itself suffice to show that St. Jerome, whose ethical views inclined to the side of rigor and severity, saw nothing unworthy of a Christian in the possession of property, so long as it was made subservient to charity and religion. The same conclusion forces itself upon us from his attitude towards some of his friends and acquaintances who belonged to wealthy families, and who knew how to combine the use of riches with a life of Christian virtue. For these he had great esteem and words of praise. Such, for example, was the distinguished Roman matron, Fabiola, the founder of a hospital at Portus, of whom he has left a touching eulogy in his letter (77) to Oceanus. Such was Laeta, the high-born daughter-in-law of Paula (letter 107). Such was Lucinius, the wealthy Spaniard, whom he praises for his liberality and right use of riches (letter 71). Such was the Prince Nebridius, whose generous use of wealth in charitable deeds St. Jerome eulogizes in his letter (79) to the widow Salvina.†

Again in his letter (123) to a noble widow of wealth, Ageruchia, in which he advises strongly against a second marriage, St. Jerome, far from insisting that she renounce her wealth, shows how it can be managed without the aid of a husband.‡

That the renunciation of wealth is a condition, not of salvation but of perfection, and hence, like a life of chastity, is something to be commended, not imposed as a duty, is clearly stated in St. Jerome's letter (66) to Pammachius, a noble Roman who had given up the badge of the proconsul for the garb of the monk.

"If thou wilt be perfect [the Lord says] "go and sell what thou hast and give to the poor." . . . Great enterprises are always left to the free choice of those who hear of them. Thus the apostle refrains from making virginity a positive duty, because the Lord, in speaking of eunuchs who had made themselves such

*Cf. *Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers*, vol. vi., p. 140.

†*Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers*, vol. vi., p. 164-165.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 235.

for the kingdom of heaven's sake, finally says: "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it."....If thou wilt be perfect. There is no compulsion laid upon you....If therefore you will to be perfect and desire to be as the prophets, as the Apostles, as Christ Himself, sell, not a part of your substance,...but all that you have. And when you have sold all, give the proceeds, not to the wealthy or to the high-minded, but to the poor. Give each man enough for his immediate need, but do not give money to swell what a man has already...It is, moreover, a kind of sacrilege to give what belongs to the poor to those who are not poor.*

Such being the view of St. Jerome regarding the lawfulness of private property, we can readily see how unwarranted it is to detach from his writings one or two sentences, which removed from their context seem condemnatory of wealth ownership, and to set them up as proof that he denounced the possession of wealth as iniquitous.

Thus in his *Commentary on Isaías*, xxxiii. 13 ff., he says: "It is only through the loss and injury of some one that wealth is heaped up for another."†

Again, in his letter (120) to Hediba, he says: "All riches come from iniquity, and unless the one loses, the other cannot gain. And so the common saying seems to me to be well put: The rich man is either an unjust man or the heir of one."

Now these statements, as used by St. Jerome, cannot in fairness be interpreted as condemnations of the right of private property. For in that case they would be in flat contradiction to his iterated teaching that the ownership of wealth is lawful. The Saint here has in mind not the right of private property, but the abuse of that right in the unjust accumulation of wealth through unscrupulous means, a thing but too common in his day. How far he is from the intention of reprobating the ownership of wealth, in the text just cited from the letter to Hedibia, is plainly shown from what he says immediately afterwards. In answer to her question what a wealthy widow like herself with children should do to acquire Christian perfection, he says:

If a widow has children, and more still, is of noble family, she should not expose them to want. Let her give, not all her wealth, but a part to her children, and making Christ a fellow-

**Ibid.*, p. 137.

†Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, vol. xxiv., col. 367.

heir with them, reserve a portion for charity. You may say, This is hard, it is against nature. But Christ says, "He who can take let him take it." It is a condition of perfection. He does not lay it on you as a yoke of necessity, but He makes it a matter of your own free choice. . . . Suppose you do not wish to be perfect, but to hold the second rank of virtue. Give what you possess to your children and relatives. No one finds fault with you if you follow the lower order, provided you recognize your inferiority to the one who may choose the higher. . . . If you have more than suffices for food and clothing, give it away in charity. Ananias and Saphira merited the judgment of the apostle because they held back their own in fear. Is he to be punished, then, who will not give away what he possesses? By no means. They were punished for lying to the Holy Ghost, and for seeking the name of having completely renounced the world, while they kept back things needful for their mode of life. Otherwise one is free to give or not give.*

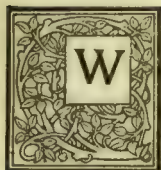
We might prolong the study of this interesting topic by an examination of the writings of St. Augustine, St. John Chrysostom, and other Fathers. But the result would add nothing to what we have already seen to be the common teaching on the right of private property. We may sum up that teaching as follows: While voluntary poverty was encouraged as a counsel of perfection, the individual possession of wealth was deemed lawful provided that it was associated with deeds of charity. A selfish use of riches with disregard of the sufferings of the poor was absolutely condemned as un-Christian. A few Fathers based the obligation of almsgiving attached to wealth ownership not only on charity and the precept of Christ, but also on equity, for they held that private property originated in a selfish appropriation of what was intended for common use, and hence carried with it the duty of helping the poor and destitute by way of compensation. But so long as the benefits of nature were communicated to all through the charitable use of riches, they recognized private property to rest on a legitimate basis, and to be quite in harmony with the law of Christ.

*Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, vol. xxii., col. 985.

ST. CLARE OF ASSISI.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

III.



WITH the death of St. Francis, Clare's life entered on a new phase, and she was now cast more upon her own individual strength of character and her own judgment. Whilst St. Francis lived her personality had thriven in her willing dependence upon him. It was indeed the dependence of a mind and heart having in itself a singular reserve of clear judgment and the power to act, but confessing in another the possession of the truth to which itself aspired. In her humility she was only conscious of what she received from St. Francis in the way of spiritual enlightenment and encouragement, and during the fourteen years from the time she had put herself under his guidance until his death, her chief thought had been to learn from his words and deeds the wisdom of the life he had opened out to her. He was her "mirror of perfection," and she was happily content to spend herself in worship of the divine perfection which was revealed to her through him. At times she had indeed to bring her own clear intuitions to the aid of his troubled vision; at other times her buoyant faith in his mission had to uplift him when he was suffering and despondent: but he was always the anchor at which she rode in conscious security. After his death, when she stood as it were to be the witness to his mind and intentions against many who did not rightly understand him, or were deliberately resolved to alter his work, a new factor came into the flow of her life, calling for a greater individual initiative and activity. But she, who in her eighteenth year could take her destiny into her hands with calm decision and fearless courage, was not one to quail before the responsibility which now devolved upon her. Besides her loyalty to St. Francis, she had her own unmeasured faith in the wisdom of his teaching to sustain her. That faith was to her no dark mystery, but a clear light in which all her being had found its sanctification and leading to God. With her, as with St. Francis, evangelical poverty had become in very truth the form of her soul; no mere discipline of inordinate desire but a vision and joy of life, deepening and expanding as the days went by; and to it her soul

held fast from the time she found her vocation, with the tenacity of a woman clinging to a cherished conviction and of a saint clinging to the possession of God.

Moreover, as it was to St. Francis, so also to St. Clare, the life of evangelical poverty was embraced not merely as a personal joy, but as a cause to be made known and established in the Church. The loyalty it demanded from them was not merely the loyalty which binds one to one's own friend or family or individual possession, but it was the loyalty which sweeps across the world with its vision, and hungers for an acknowledged sovereignty for the object of its worship: in a word the loyalty of the apostle. It was because she possessed this larger loyalty that Clare is rightly styled by the *Speculum Perfectionis* "the chiefest rival of St. Francis in the observance of evangelical perfection"*—the phrase "evangelical perfection" always signifying in the early Franciscan writers the perfection of the gospel-life as taught by St. Francis. For the same reason the author of her *Legend* places her beside "the leaders of the march, the masters of life" who brought about that "they who walked in darkness might see the light."†

Immediately, and of direct purpose, Clare's apostolate was to open to women the high road of that religious life which she worshipped in St. Francis and his Friars. No sooner indeed had she taken her vows than she set her heart upon sharing her own privilege with others of her own sex. And first she prayed God to inspire her favorite sister Agnes with the desire for holy poverty. At the end of a fortnight Agnes joined her, though not without trouble from her family.‡ Three years later we find Clare at the head of a religious community recognized by the ecclesiastical authorities, and she herself forced by obedience to accept the office and title of abbess. It is one of the disappointments of Franciscan history that we have but the most meagre records of the development of the community at San Damiano—the little church and convent which in 1213 or 1214 became St. Clare's dwelling-place. By 1216 several established convents of nuns had followed Clare's example and adopted her rule of poverty. Jacques de Vitry, who wrote a letter that same year setting forth his observations of the Franciscan movement, says: "The women live in divers hospices; they receive nothing, but live by the labor of their hands;" the prob-

*Cf. *Spec. Perfect.*, cap. 108.

†*Leg. S. Claree*, prologus.

‡The pathetic story of Agnes' flight from her home, and of the cruel endeavor of her relatives to bring her back, is told in the *Legend*. See also *Analecta Franciscana*, iii., p. 173 et seq.

able meaning of which is that they refused revenues and the sort of gifts usually accepted by religious for the maintenance of their convents. It cannot mean that they did not receive alms; for the receiving of alms was an integral element in the rule of St. Francis from the very beginning: only the alms to be received was such as would merely provide for immediate necessity. Jacques de Vitry, however, makes it clear that the Poor Clares worked with their hands, and thus at least partly supported themselves;* and that was quite in keeping with the rule of the Friars.

That St. Clare and her community did observe Franciscan poverty is certain, since about the time her community was legally constituted, she obtained from Pope Innocent III. the "Privilege of Poverty," which was a formal permission, endorsed by the Pontiff's own hand, to live without property or revenues. We are left to mere conjecture as to how far St. Clare aspired to fashion her external life upon that of the Friars. The office of preaching was certainly closed to her; we are not so certain that in the first days she did not minister to the sick-poor. In later days St. Francis sent the sick and suffering to her, but then it was for spiritual comfort and for the assistance of her prayers. Yet it is not improbable that even then San Damiano did not regularly share with the outside poor such alms as the community received. We know that this was the custom at another convent of Poor Clares over which Blessed Agnes of Prague presided; and she was a fervent imitator of the life lived at San Damiano.† But whether or no Clare did in the beginning exercise offices of pity outside her own convent, it is certain that she did not consider such external activity as essential to her vocation, else would she never have come to relinquish it, but in that persistent way which finally secured for all her followers the rule of poverty, she would have gained for them also this liberty.

This does not mean that Clare regarded the Franciscan vocation as essentially contemplative in the ecclesiastical sense of the word. She herself urged St. Francis to go out and preach to the people at a moment when he was in doubt; and given other circumstances than those of her own time, it is possible she would have sent the Sisters to take part in the missionary enterprises‡ of the Friars. But her special concern was to maintain pure and intact the fundamental liberty of "poverty with Christ." This under all

*Cf. *The Life and Legend of the Lady St. Clare*, Introduction, pp. 13-14.

†See *Vita B. Agnetis Bohem.* In *Acta SS.*, Martii, tom. vii., p. 519 *et seq.*

‡Wadding (*Annales ad an.*, 1220) says that St. Clare on hearing of the martyrdom of the first martyrs in Morocco asked leave to join the mission to the infidels.

circumstances she held to be the one essential thing; and it may be that when the rule of enclosure was imposed upon her community she accepted it the more willingly since, in their exclusion from active life in the world, their thought and desire would be concentrated more securely upon this essential good, and so they might guard more jealously the sacred fire whence the preaching and missionary activity of the Friars must draw its ardor and power to subdue. In this way the Sisters would contribute to the external apostolate of the Order, even as, in the words of St. Francis, the prayers of a lay brother in a hermitage would convert the hearts of those listening to a preacher in the market-place. For Clare never regarded the Friars and the Sisters but as co-partners in the Franciscan apostolate. Together they formed, in her mind, one spiritual family or people, co-operating in the maintenance and spread of the kingdom of evangelical poverty. And so when the legislation of Cardinal Ugolino and the attitude of some of the Friars tended to bring about the separation of the Sisters into an Order altogether distinct from the Order of the Friars, she strenuously contended against the separation as injurious to the Franciscan ideal.

The story of her long contention for the liberty of Franciscan poverty and unity with the Order of Friars Minor, is an inspiring page in the history of Catholic womanhood;* and it is the more pathetic because St. Francis either did not altogether enter into her own large view, or under pressure either of circumstance or sickness felt himself unable to contend with her. So far as she herself and her community at San Damiano were concerned, he supported her manfully and loyally in preserving the privilege of poverty and their dependence upon the Friars; but so far as the evidence goes, he seems to have consented to the other communities of Poor Clares falling under another rule and another jurisdiction. But there was a difficulty in regard to most, if not all, of these communities. With the exception of San Damiano, the earlier Poor Clare convents had originally been communities of the Benedictine Order, which under the influence of Franciscan teaching had adopted a stricter rule of poverty, or they were foundations made by Cardinal Ugolino with a view to a reform based on his own constitutions.†

**Cf. The Life and Legend of the Lady Saint Clare*, Introduction, pp. 11-31.

†*Ibid.* The Constitutions of Cardinal Ugolino were published in 1219 and, it would seem, after St. Francis had gone to the East. But it is not unlikely that the Cardinal had already informed the Saint of his intentions. Wadding (*Annales ad an.*, 1219) says St. Francis before setting out for the East had renounced all jurisdiction over the Poor Clares, except those of San Damiano. Wadding is, however, frequently inaccurate, especially in his dates. The probability is that the

The Cardinal drew upon San Damiano for Sisters to initiate his reform; but St. Francis may have felt that he and the Friars were not primarily responsible for such communities, and where he did not feel that the responsibility was put upon him by God, he would never take responsibility of his own will. But the spirit of Clare was never reconciled to the closing of the Franciscan life against those communities which desired to follow the Franciscan rule.

During St. Francis' lifetime she seems to have submitted her own judgment to his ruling, and to have acquiesced in his renunciation of jurisdiction of these communities. But after his death, when the duty of defending the liberty of her sisters fell more directly upon her, she met the situation in a more militant spirit. Undoubtedly she felt that she was interpreting rightly the true mind of St. Francis, and that she was loyal to his own prudence or humility in the past in now asserting more boldly the right of her Sisters in the spirit to inclusion in the Franciscan family; and we may trust her judgment in this matter, since no other knew him so well as she, nor was more loyal to his memory. Always to the end of her days her final argument would be: "such was the teaching of our Father Saint Francis;" or "so our Father Saint Francis would have us do." And she was certainly true to his spirit, in that no trace of rebellious defiance ever entered into her relations with the ecclesiastical authorities. She gained her purpose by the same weapon as St. Francis won the liberty to preach from the Bishop of Imola, namely, by a persistence of faith in humility. The incident here referred to is related in Thomas of Celano's second *Legend of St. Francis*. Francis had come to the city of Imola, and, according to his custom, presented himself before the bishop and asked his permission to preach. The bishop replied that he himself could do all the preaching his people required. The Saint

bowed his head and humbly went out, but after a short time came back again. The bishop said: "What dost thou want, brother? What art thou seeking now?" And blessed Francis replied: "My lord, when a father has driven a son out by one door he must come in again by another." The bishop won by this humility, with a pleasant countenance embraced him, say-

Cardinal claimed jurisdiction in virtue of a faculty granted him by Honorius III. in 1218, and confirmed in 1219, empowering him to reform and establish convents, and that he recognized the jurisdiction of St. Francis over San Damiano only as a special concession. Cf. bulls *Litterae tuae* of Aug. 7, 1218, and *Sacrosancta Romana Ecclesia* of December 9, 1219 (Sbaralea, *Bull Franc. i.*, pp. 1, 3-5); also bull *Angelis Gaudium* of May 11, 1238 (*ibid.*, p. 242).

ing: "Thou and all thy brethren may for the future take my general permission to preach in my diocese, for this thy holy humility has earned the privilege."*

In the same spirit did Clare persist in her request that her Sisters should be allowed to live in poverty and under the direction of the Friars; and gradually, though with wearisome delays, the permission was won, and was granted by the Popes as, we may say, "with a pleasant countenance." Her argument with Gregory IX. (he who had been Cardinal Ugolino) in 1228 is typical in its character and result. The Pope had come to Assisi to canonize St. Francis, and in visiting St. Clare he again broached the question of poverty. It seemed to him too great a hardship that women, especially those of gentle birth and delicate up-bringing in the world, should have to rely upon precarious alms, and sometimes be short of the very necessities of life, as indeed happened at times to the Sisters at San Damiano. It was not that he disvalued the heroism of their poverty, which touched him at once with admiration and pity, but in his pity for their hard life he wished to make some small but stable provision for them, and offered himself to give them an endowment. And lest Clare might be scrupulous on account of her vow, he declared himself ready to dispense her from it so far as to allow her to accept his gift. Clare replied: "Holy Father, never shall I be willing to be absolved from following Jesus Christ." What further took place in the interview we can only learn from a letter the Pope addressed to her and her community two months later, in which he formally confirmed unto them the "Privilege of Poverty" previously granted by Pope Innocent III.† In this letter, after deducing the Gospel arguments for evangelical poverty, which in all likelihood he had listened to from the lips of Clare herself—so true are they to the voice which speaks in her own letters—the Pontiff concludes: "As you have besought, we confirm by our apostolic favour your vow of most high poverty, and by the authority of these presents, grant that by nobody can you be compelled to receive possessions." Still this was only a concession to the community of San Damiano; yet it was a notable point gained; like the securing of the capital in an invaded country. Not long afterwards the same concession was made by the Pope to the Poor Clares of Montecelli near Florence, of which community Clare's sister, Agnes, was the

*II. Celano, 147.

†This letter is preserved in the convent of San Chiara at Assisi. Cf. Sbaralea, *Bull. Franc. i.*, p. 771.

abbess.* But Gregory IX. insisted upon the observance of his Constitutions, which imposed the holding of property, so far as other communities were concerned.† Meanwhile, however, under the guiding influence of St. Clare, the Franciscan spirit and character were fostered, with more or less intensity, in the communities which looked to San Damiano as their mother-house. One link there was with the Friars Minor, in that the Visitor of the Sisters, and generally speaking the chaplains, were Franciscan Friars. In the beginning Cardinal Ugolino had appointed a Cistercian monk as Visitor, being moved to this probably by the fact that his constitutions were in some measure inspired by the constitutions of the Cistercians: but in a very short while a Franciscan Visitor, Brother Philip, was substituted, and from that time the Visitors seem to have been invariably Franciscans. It is not a daring proposition to assume that Clare's influence had something to do with the change. St. Francis himself was at the time absent in the East. In 1230, when Pope Gregory IX. forbade the Friars to visit the Poor Clares for the purpose of preaching to them or conversing with them, Clare made an effectual protest, which resulted in the practical withdrawal of the decree.‡ The fact is that the Friars themselves were not altogether in favor of maintaining their direction of the Sisters; and one party in the Order, and that the more dominant, repeatedly endeavored to set aside the declarations which the Poor Clares obtained from the Holy See, charging the Friars with services for the Sisters: and this explains much of the difficulty St. Clare had to contend with in this matter.§ It also explains the insistence with which later on she dwells in her own Rule, upon the dependence of the Sisters upon the superiors of the Friars.|| In view of the attitude taken up by some of these superiors, there is a certain wist-

*This is evident from the letter of Agnes given in *Chronica XXIV. Generalium, Anal. Franc. iii.*, p. 176.

†Cf. Sbaralea, *Bull Franc. i.*, pp. 47, 73, 124, 125, 127, 207, 242. The obligation to accept revenues was implied in the express statement that the Sisters were under the Rule of St. Benedict. When later on Innocent IV. modified the constitutions by deleting this statement, he then expressly inserted a provision that the Sisters should accept property. Cf. bull *Cum omnis* of August 5, 1247. (Sbaralea, *Bull Franc. i.*, p. 476.)

‡In 1227 Gregory IX. had definitely placed the Poor Clares under the direction of the Friars Minor (Cf. bull *Quoties cordis* of November 14, 1227—Sbaralea, *Bull Franc. i.*, p. 36). The bull of 1230 forbidding the friars to visit the houses of the Poor Clares, was the famous bull *Quo elongati*. (Cf. Sbaralea, *op. cit.*, p. 317.)

§Cf. *Regula S. Claræ*, capp. i., iii., iv., vi., xii.

||In 1245 the Minister General Crescentius unsuccessfully petitioned the Holy See to relieve the Friars from the obligation of serving the Poor Clares. In 1252 and 1254 the Friars however were more successful. (Cf. Sbaralea, *op. cit.*, i., pp. 367, 387, 538, 619.)

ful pleading in Clare's appeal in the sixth chapter of this Rule to the promise of St. Francis. She writes:

Seeing that we feared no poverty, toil, sorrow, humiliation or contempt from the world, nay rather that we held them in great delight, the Blessed Father wrote us a form of life as follows: "Since by Divine inspiration you have made yourselves daughters and handmaids of the most High Sovereign King, the Heavenly Father, and have espoused yourselves to the Holy Ghost, electing to live according to the perfection of the holy Gospel, I will and I promise for myself and my Friars always to have for you as for them a special solicitude." This promise [Clare adds not without point] he faithfully kept so long as he lived, and he wished it always to be kept by the Friars.*

Amongst the Sisters themselves Clare took every opportunity of fostering this sentiment of union with the superiors of the Friars. Writing about 1235 to Blessed Agnes of Prague, she says: "I urge you to follow the counsels of our most Reverend Father, Brother Elias, Minister General of *the whole Order*, and put them before all other counsels given you to follow and value them as more precious than any other gift."†

In another letter she does not hesitate to interpret the Ugolino constitution regarding fasting by a regulation made for San Damiano by St. Francis.‡ The reward of her courage came to her when her own Rule, based upon that of the Friars Minor, was solemnly approved by the Holy See on the eve of her death; and the right of all Poor Clares to live in Franciscan poverty, and to be united with the Friars under the same higher superiors, was definitely recognized and proclaimed.

It would be difficult to overestimate the influence of that long struggle of thirty-four years upon the character and history of the whole Franciscan order. During all that time there was a strong tendency at work to change the original conception of the Order, to "denationalize" its character, if the word might be used in an ecclesiastical sense. A large section of the Friars had fallen under the glamor of the older monastic institutes, or were attracted to the Dominican ideal of an Order of Preachers; and so far they were out of sympathy with the primitive Franciscan ideal. In two principal directions did this tendency operate to the changing of the original

*Fr. Paschal Robinson's translation: *The Life of Saint Clare*, Appendix i., p. 110.

†Cf. *Epistola II., ad B. Agnetem*, in *Acta SS.*, Martii, tom. i., p. 505; Mrs. Balfour, *The Life and Legend*, p. 144.

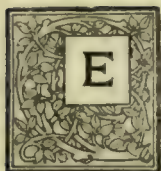
‡*Epistola III., Acta SS.*, loc. cit., p. 506; Mrs. Balfour, *op. cit.*, p. 149.

character of the Order: in regard to poverty and in regard to the interdependence of the three Franciscan orders of friars, nuns and tertiaries. In the first Franciscan days the sense of the unity of their vocation and of the fraternal relationship created by it had been a strong link binding this three-fold family together. All Franciscans of whatever degree were one family or people set apart from all others, but united amongst themselves in the following of the poor and humble life of our Lord upon earth; and their dependence upon the higher superiors of the Friars was the outward symbol and safeguard of this spiritual unity. When one considers how the Poor Clares and the Tertiaries* and also the Friars, who clung to the primitive life and poverty of the fraternity, cherished this unity of the Franciscan family, and how the endeavor to cast off the direction of the Poor Clares and the tertiaries who came from those Friars who in other ways departed from the simplicity of the primitive observance of poverty, the feeling grows that there must have been some fundamental link between the sense of fraternal kinship and the simple poverty of the early Franciscans; and that the two ideas were intimately woven together in the pure Franciscan ideal. The truth of the matter is that the original purpose of the Franciscan movement was to gather together all sorts and conditions of Catholic people in the faith and worship of evangelical poverty. Some would be called "to leave all things and follow Christ;" others living in the world would yet be not of the world. But for all the Franciscan vocation meant the gazing upon the vision of Jesus Christ in His earthly poverty, and the endeavor to conform themselves to the vision they held. It was a vocation marked at once by simplicity and universality; no proper condition of earthly circumstance need keep one from it; it required only the call of faith in its teaching. The tendency which made against both the original poverty and union of this world-wide fraternity was a narrowing tendency. It had its eye at once upon the seclusion of the monastic cloister and the exclusion of the camp: it would make of the Friars monk-soldiers of the militant Church rather than the leaders in a more civic revival of Catholic life. That this tendency did not altogether succeed to the complete subversion of the true Franciscan ideal is due in large measure to St. Clare.

*On the efforts made to separate the Tertiaries from the jurisdiction of the Friars, *vide* P. Mandonnet, O.P., *Les Regeles et le gouvernement de l'Ordo de Poenitentia*, p. 196 and p. 222. Eventually the Tertiaries were finally placed under Franciscan Visitors by Nicholas IV., in 1290. (Bull *Unigenitus*, in Sbaralea, *Bull Franc.*, iv., p. 167.)

THE INTRUDER.

BY E. M. DINNIS.



EVERYBODY who visits the obscure valley of the Frent, in the west of England, does so for the purpose of viewing the ruins of the old Priory Church or, rather, this was the case up to within the last few years. Now-a-days scientific agriculturists, social reformers, and persons of like ilk, find their way to Frent to inspect the very matter-of-fact model farm which the Brothers of the Poor have erected under the very shadow of the Priory. Again, to be more exact, the Priory stands under the shadow of the commodious "Hostel for Wayfarers," in which the Brothers house the casual traveler who does not possess the price of a night's lodging.

Until the monks made their appearance, attracted by the agricultural conditions which made Frent famous of yore, the valley had been a veritable place of dreams, the picturesque ruin, known as Frent Priory, nestling alone among the hills, in a magnificent solitude of green, fertile, meadow-land. It was the most poetic spot in England, people said, and the gem of her monastic relics. Thousands of tourists came annually to Frent. Poets, mystics, and occultists—when the latter came into fashion—and romantically-inclined persons of all sorts, were drawn to the little, out-lying vale by the poetry of its associations. Here in the church, now roofless, though otherwise in a good state of preservation, St. Willibert, its founder, beheld the famous vision, the story of which is familiar to every visitor. Many other legends of strange sights and signs connected with the Priory are extant. With the revival of mysticism, Frent came in for a good deal of attention, and authenticated modern legends sprung up of "psychic experiences," enjoyed by persons who kept vigil on the scene of Willibert's meditations.

The old founders of the Priory had been famous for their sanctity and for their charity to the poor. Expert agriculturalists, they had got the whole valley under cultivation at the time of their violent expulsion. Since that day, a dark one for the poor folk of Frent Valley, the country-side had lain silent, and replete with the peaceful pathos of a story told. But with the advent of

the Brothers the valley lost much of its charm. It became a less comfortable place to dream in. The sturdy and matter-of-fact community erected their "Hostel for Wayfarers," modeled a farm, and swept the slumberous valley of its mystery by the introduction of the latest appliances for cultivating the land, and the importation of laborers belonging to that uninspired and uninspiring class known as the "unemployed."

The Hostel itself was not of malice made hideous, but it had been built primarily with a view to convenience. The farm and its out-buildings were new, bricky, and bald. Corrugated iron had been used to roof the latter, and, as though to crown the banality of the invasion, social economists approved of the methods employed by the Brotherhood!

All right-minded persons deplored the desecration of the sacred valley, and to this class eminently belonged the little group of travelers who found themselves stranded at the hostelry of a small village some miles from Frent. Here the leisurely branch train, which conveys tourists to the Priory by a cautious and disingenuous route, had deposited them, owing to a break down on the line. The journey could not be resumed before next morning, and the little party of five prepared to make themselves comfortable at the "Railway Inn" rather than tramp the intervening miles to Frent. Three of the men were young fellows—theological students at Ely—one possessing a pronounced taste for mysticism. The fourth, for all his holiday tweeds, was probably already in Anglican orders. These all formed one party, and an odd man, middle-aged, friendly, though not over talkative, completed the number.

Naturally Frent Priory formed the topic of conversation during the meal, which was partaken of in the Inn parlor by the hungry travelers. Two of the students had been there on a previous occasion, and loudly lamented the intrusion of the philanthropic venture, passing some severe comments on the anonymous donor of the necessary funds who, rumor said, was an American millionaire. The odd man had also visited Frent before—in the old days when the valley lay dreaming of her past sanctities, unfretted by the sacriligious problems of to-day.

"I wonder," the mystical Clerk of Ely remarked, "that you care to revisit the place and spoil your first impression. Frent with no casual ward looming near to mar the illusion must have been a place to dream in!"

The other smiled. "There was some talk then," he said, "of a 'Popish Brotherhood' buying the land, at that time for sale, and as I happened to be possessed of some means, I was within an ace of buying it 'over the community's head' in order to preserve it."

"But, my dear sir!" the Clerk-in-Orders chimed in, "what ever made you think worse of so beneficent an idea?"

The odd man smiled again—rather oddly. "There were circumstances that led to my giving up the notion," he said; and as he volunteered no more, the others naturally did not press him.

After their repast, the little party closed round the fire, and sitting in the subdued light of the single oil lamp, their conversation assumed a more or less intimate character. The four friends soon discovered that the odd man was fully *en rapport* with them. A certain interest which he had displayed in methods of dealing with the submerged masses had not obscured his psychic parts, and the vision of the old-time Saint, as well as visions in general, was discussed in the dim-lit circle, together with various personal experiences, which in other circumstances would scarcely have been presented before a stranger.

The odd man was obviously interested in the views set forth by the young man on whom mysticism had laid its hold. The latter felt that he had known the fifth man all his life. It was when the conversation veered round to the doleful topic of the intrusion of the "Wayfarer's Hostel" within the very pale of the haunted ruin, that the odd man prepared to contribute his share to the discussion.

He leaned suddenly forward, as though he had made up his mind in a hurry: "Would you care to hear," he said, "how I came to give up the idea of frustrating the Hostel scheme? It's a strange story, but you will hear some of it, at least, verified at Frent, if you care to inquire of anyone who remembers the night of the great storm."

There was a general expression of eagerness to hear the story. Who does not love a story labelled "strange," told over the fire when the mind is attuned to mystery? A hush seemed to fall on the company as the odd man began his narrative.

"You will forgive me," he said, "if my story is a bit personal. I will justify that later on, if you will bear with me for a while. Well—to make a beginning—ten years ago, picture me a young man possessed of very considerable means, a profound taste for psychology, and a good will to serve Almighty God, could I but make a

Reality of the Divine Being. I pursued the path which, I presume, most men follow who seek the Faith. I read, and I pondered, and I came to a conclusion—academically. In fact I approved the standpoint of the Catholic Church; but my conclusion lacked the breath of life. My emotions could clothe the dry bones with flesh, but the flesh and bones had yet to live. Periods of total disbelief overtook me, alternating with seasons when I seemed to see a light shining through gates set ajar. I sat in my arm-chair and thought it out. (The odd man was smiling in a peculiar way.) I took long country walks, leaving my motor to pick me up—motoring had just begun to come into vogue, and I had a sufficiency to indulge in any new fancy that took hold of me—and thought the thing out, aching for some sign or sensible assurance of the Truth. I should have told you that I was living in the United States of America, but even American journals were full of Frent Priory, which at that time had come under the notice of occultists. I became possessed of a conviction that if I visited Frent some kind of vision would be granted me—a torch applied to the touchwood, as it were. The idea obscured me. I would make a pilgrimage to Frent Priory, where Willibert had his vision, and keep vigil there, and pray Almighty God to vouchsafe me a light to guide me in the way I should walk, for I had a sincere desire to serve Him and His Church.”

“Well,” the narrator went on, “to Frent I went; shipped my motor, booked a first-class return ticket, and figured myself a very pilgrim.” He paused, that silence might give point to the smile that spread itself sardonically over his always pleasing, though plain, countenance.

“At Frent, however, I found obstacles that money could not surmount. The Priory, as you know, is the property of the Earl of Lees. There is a care-taker to whom an entrance fee of sixpence is paid by visitors. By squaring this individual I had hoped to gain admittance to the Priory at night and keep vigil in Willibert’s chapel, still standing intact, and known as ‘the Chapel of the Vision.’ The old fellow, however, had received orders to allow no one into the Priory ruin after the stipulated hours, and told me this, eyeing sadly the coin in my hand. It was, of course, a question of offering the old man a sufficiently handsome bribe to tempt him to disobey instructions, but just as I was about to negotiate with him—fifty dollars would have been nothing to me—I suddenly ran up against a dead wall. Here was I proposing to purchase

a divine manifestation at the price of corrupting a fellow-creature! It was grotesquely obvious that there could be no vision for me under those conditions. I repocketed my impotent coins, finding, I think for the first time in my life, something that I coveted beyond my means. There was nothing for it but to get permission from the Earl himself, and the Earl, it seemed, was away on the Continent, and would not be back for a fortnight. Accordingly, I waited at Frent, having a sufficiently enjoyable time motoring round the neighborhood, and spending some hours in the Priory. It was during this period that I heard about the Brotherhood, which was negotiating for the purchase of some land near the Priory in order to build a hostel for the housing of vagrants, and I made up my mind at once to buy the land myself and so preserve the valley from this mundane inundation!

"I succeeded at last in getting my introduction to the noble owner of Frent Priory, but not before I had received an urgent summons to return home by the next steamer to attend to the only bit of important business that, I believe, had ever fallen on me in my easy, irresponsible existence! This left me with exactly one night in which to avail myself of my permission to occupy the Priory during the small hours. In an ordinary way I should have anathematized the business and indulged in a fit of ill-humor, but again the nature of my project intruded itself, and I felt constrained to possess my soul in patience, which does not come easy to a man who has hitherto done the thing he wished at the moment he desired to do it. There is practically no end to what money can do, except when visions are in question, then the coinage of the world ceases to be legal tender. (Again the narrator smiled.) It was strange how this idea of a heavenly 'vision' being granted me, if I could but watch a while in the haunted aisles of Willibert's Priory, kept its hold on me. It had become a conviction. I was possessed of the certainty that this night I should somehow pass through the closed gates, and I had a feeling that they might clang behind me. It was a presumptuous feeling, you will say, and I quite agree; yet there was good-will, and some faith"—the speaker seemed to be regarding impersonally the portrait before him, and there was a softness in his eyes, as he spoke of the young man of ten years ago.

"Seeing my frame of mind," he continued, "you can imagine how eagerly I awaited that night-vigil. The last fortnight had been a period of discipline for me, quite foreign to my experience, spoiled child of Fortune that I was, but it served to give zest

to my pleasure when the time at last arrived—my one and only chance of sharing solitude with the Chapel of the Vision. The day was an unpleasant one. It thundered at intervals, and some rain fell. The thunder cleared the air, and the sultry calm of mid-day—it was June—was replaced by a cold, almost bleak, wind, which blew down the valley and made the night distinctly chilly. I took a good supper, and wrapping myself up cosily in my motor coat, I set out for the Priory. It was a little before midnight when I reached the ruin. It was then much as it is now. The walls were practically intact. The South Chapel, 'The Chapel of the Vision,' as it is called, was still roofed over and sheltered. The soft green sward that paved the nave, open to the stars overhead, was damp and sodden with the recent rainfall. An immense, overwhelming silence brooded over the place. I felt the solitude—realized it with a thrill of joy. Even the eye of the old care-taker had been enough to make meditation impossible for me, self-conscious as I was, and possessed of the Anglo-Saxon's objection to be 'caught praying.' But now I was free! My own master! I thought of the old monk and his vision, 'like unto the Son of Man'—of the old-time vigils, of midnight matins, and of many things. The moon went out and it became dark. I began to feel as dim and unreal as the shadow-walls and spectral pillars in the ruined aisle. The black window gaps looked out at the still lands beyond. A thrill went through me. I would save this place from the hideous proximity of the modern world. The excellent brothers should house their unemployables elsewhere, and plough unconsecrated meadows. The up-to-date tramp should not divert his course to find a lodging at the expense of the sanctity of this holy spot! I vowed, tucked up cosily in my motor coat, that I would out-bid the Goth and Vandal. This I could promise in this place of visions—ere the vision came! I knelt on the grass, my face towards the spot where Willibert had seen his vision, and prepared to pray, the self-conscious feeling still there, albeit that I was certainly strung to a high nervous pitch. Then the feeling that I was being observed took hold of me. I peered uneasily into the darkness. The figure of a man appeared, coming from the direction of the door by which I had entered. He moved slowly, with the gait of one tired out. As far as I could make out, for it was the dimmest outline of a figure, he was hatless and wore a long overcoat. His face I could not distinguish. I sprang from my knees guiltily. Could anything be more vexatious? Here was one

of the very tramps from whom I was seeking to save the valley! Evidently he had found the door open—how could I have been so careless?—and slipped in to find shelter from the wind and rain. I stood surveying the dim shadow of the Intruder. Swiftly I told myself I must send him off. The building was in my custody, and it was my duty not to allow it to be turned into a hostel for wayfaring men! I walked towards the figure, a feeling of outrage—an angry jealousy of my rights—surging in my breast. I would make short work of this tramp, this outcast, and then return to my vigil. To my vigil! The hot blood surged into my face. Here was I proposing to turn from his place of shelter a fellow-creature, obviously homeless, and then hoping to enjoy a vision from the God of compassion! True, I might give him money, but where, even with money, could he find a shelter at this hour? Moreover, the wind had risen and was howling round the skeleton walls. It had become a most appalling night.

“I peered in front of me for a sight of the intruder. He seemed to have disappeared, but I dimly outlined him at last, seated on the base of a broken pillar. He had his back to me, and his attitude was that of complete weariness and dejection. His head sunk forward on his breast. I approached him. ‘You will be cold sitting there,’ I said; ‘here’s my rug. Wrap it round you and lie down somewhere.’ I threw the rug across his knees. It was pitch dark, and I didn’t even try to see what his face was like, neither did I explain my presence. My voice sounded strange, as when one speaks aloud in an empty room. The other made no reply, nor did I wait for him to do so but walked off, intending to go straight back to my hotel. This last frustrating of my scheme seemed to have fairly dazed me. When I got to the door, however, I thought better of this. Perhaps, after all, if my vagrant curled himself up in some corner and slept, I still might keep my vigil undisturbed in the little south chapel. My little act of charity in giving the intruder my rug had warmed my heart, and the prospect of getting in touch with Heaven seemed increased. I retraced my steps. I could see no signs of my companion. He must have moved off with some rapidity. I made my way to the south chapel. Here the floor was still paved, and very rough. I knelt down, facing the place where the altar had stood, and closed my eyes for some minutes. When I opened them I became conscious that again I had been frustrated. The dark outline of the wayfarer was visible, stretched across the little chapel, the head resting on the

stone which marked the Gospel side of the vanished altar. He was sound asleep, and never had I seen utter weariness and exhaustion so vividly depicted as in the dim, scarcely visible, form before me. An enormous, an overwhelming, compassion seized hold of me. Taking off my overcoat, I laid it gently over the sleeping form, for the night was chilly, and the rain had started to pour heavily. I would hurry back to the hotel, I thought, and get into bed. The wetting would do me no harm if I walked quickly and got out of my damp clothing at once.

"But my vigil was not destined to be thus cut short. No sooner had I reached the door, for the second time, than it suddenly occurred to me that I, the custodian of the place, was now proposing to leave it at the mercy of a stranger with no references! I had completely overlooked this aspect of the case. I was at a loss what to do. Must I go and wake up my man and insist on his leaving the ruin with me? It seemed the only course, for I could not leave him in possession, even if I locked him in. He might prove to be a lunatic, or a malicious person, and inflict irreparable damage on the ancient walls. There seemed nothing else for it. I made my way back to the chapel and approached the figure of the sleeping vagrant. I stooped over him, and at that moment a pang seemed to pierce my very being. I felt that, whatever happened, I could not disturb his slumber. His face was turned from me. I sat down on a coping-stone and prepared to keep guard till the sleeper should wake. It was a different vigil, indeed, from the one I had anticipated. It was distinctly chilly without my overcoat. Soon I had to get up and walk about to keep myself warm. The rain was falling in torrents, and the wind howled, mingling in a most unusual way with the sulky growl of distant thunder. It was a most amazing night. I began to shiver. It would be no use to go in search of my rug, which the sleeper had apparently ignored and left behind in the nave, for it would be saturated with rain. Thoughts of a vision were far from me now. I remembered that there was a flask of brandy in the pocket of my overcoat, but, even if I could have got at it, I somehow felt that I should be taking it from one whose need was greater than mine, for there was only sufficient for one in the flask, and the other was plainly in a state of exhaustion. I sat there, my eyes fixed on the dim outline of the intruder, and as I shivered, I thought of those others of his class who slept under railway arches, not only on June nights, but in the depths of winter. A tremendous thrill of pity—of horror—seemed to trans-

fix me. Suddenly I seemed to realize the sufferings of the multitude whom I had hitherto looked upon with utter callousness as 'undesirables.' All the stories I had heard of destitution, both in my own adopted country and here in England, crowded back into my brain. With preternatural clearness of thought I reviewed the whole problem of the submerged. An immense feeling of compunction for my past indifference, amounting almost to terror, overtook me. I felt in my stiffened body all the miseries of starvation. I was horribly, hideously, hungry, and yet I had supped well but a few hours before! It was mid-summer, yet I felt in my aching bones the horrors of frost-nip; and, above all, an awful feeling of mental dejection took hold of me."

The narrator paused. "It was the most terrible episode of my life," he said, "but I cannot explain it to you. It stood somewhere outside the range of normal experience. A sweat burst out on my brow, and the sleeper stirred. I thought he was about to awake, but, with a sigh, he settled again to sleep. After that I began to feel a little more normal. The sense of fear, at any rate, had left me. I kept watch for perhaps another hour, and then I was aroused by a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a clap of thunder that shook the very earth. A large piece of masonry fell on the ground at my feet. I sprang up, realizing the danger. The roof itself might fall in at any moment. I looked across at the altar-place. The figure lay there still motionless and undisturbed by the noise. I darted across and seized my coat, 'Wake up!' I cried, 'we must get out of this or we shall be killed.' He stirred, raised himself, apparently, on his elbow, and turned his face towards me. Then there came a second bright flash of lightning, and by its light I saw the sleeper's face."

The listeners bent forward, for the odd man's voice had become scarcely audible. "It was a wonderful face," he said, "and the eyes looked at me with a kind of pitiful reproach. The lips moved; I seemed to hear words of some kind, and then I remembered no more. I had fallen back unconscious before the last thunder clap of that great storm. They found me next morning lying, still unconscious, within a few inches of a huge hole in the earth, where a thunderbolt had buried itself on the very spot where the altar had stood, and where Willibert had seen the Vision. Over this hole they had found my motor-coat untouched by so much as the smell of fire. They concluded that I had fainted away after placing my coat, for some reason,

over the fissure, for they had seen no trace of a second man. My story of the Priory's other night-occupant was received with obvious, though polite disbelief. The door had been found locked—they had been obliged to break it open—and it would have been impossible, they assured me, for anyone to escape unnoticed. They had found my rug draped over the base of a broken pillar in the nave. I didn't press the matter. (The speaker made a long pause here.) I somehow felt they might have been right, for I—I remembered the face as I had seen it for that one second, and the sense of the words spoken came back to me: It was as though one had said, 'Peace, be still!'

The narrator resumed his ordinary tone: "Well, I relinquished my idea of preserving Frent from desecration, but I purchased the land and presented it to the Brotherhood, together with a sum sufficient to enable them to carry out their full scheme—the Wayfarer's Hostel—in fact. So you see, gentlemen, my story justifies itself, for I have been somewhat severely criticized, and this is my apology."

The man-in-tweeds leaned forward and shook the speaker by the hand. "You have paid handsomely for your night-vigil," he said.

The other smiled. "Not yet," he answered, "but I hope to do so. To-morrow I go to join the Noviate of the Order. I hope then to pay the price of the vision—"

The clerk of Ely filled in the pause:

"In the currency of the Realm," he said.

THE SOCIAL APOSTOLATE IN FRANCE.

BY MAX TURMANN, LL.D.

II.

A MODEL MILL.

I.



It is our purpose, in this series of papers on the Social Apostolate in France, to lay before the readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* some examples of social activity among Catholics in France to-day.

First, let me repeat what I have already said in my previous article, that, contrary to the generally accepted opinion abroad, anti-clericalism, or, to speak more correctly, anti-Catholicism, is decidedly on the wane in France. We are, indeed, passing through a species of religious renaissance, which shows itself in many ways. As M. l'abbé Thellier de Poncheville, an indefatigable apostle, said recently :

Anti-clericalism is now out of fashion in many places. Numberless occurrences, big and little, verify this assertion; the sight of a soutane evokes fewer insults; more cordiality is shown to priests in public; a more open, at times even a sympathetic greeting, is given them in the congested districts of the large cities, and in third-class carriages on workmen's trains, and even when entering on military service. Speakers at public meetings testify that the popular audiences of to-day are more amenable than they were ten years ago. A friend of mine, a missionary, who left France just after the Dreyfus affair, and has but just returned, declared to me that he was impressed with the sense of religious revival upon again coming in contact with the masses in France.

This reviving confidence of the people in the future of the Faith is both a symptom and a force.

Various causes explain this revival, still in its infancy. I am profoundly convinced that, among them, prominent place should be given to the activity of Catholic social works. My first article

on this subject showed what has been done in this line by the young agriculturists of the diocese of Dijon. We now turn from rural life to examine a French textile mill, whose owner for the past thirty years has lived up to the doctrines of Catholic sociologists and the teachings of Leo XIII., for I know of no better object lesson than the mill of Val-des-Bois, founded and managed by the Harmel family.

II.

In a conference which he gave some time since in Rome, M. Léon Harmel outlined the organization of his mill near Rheims. This work, undertaken with so much generosity and intelligence, has received, on several occasions, the public approbation of the Holy Father.

The "Mill Council" is, undoubtedly, the most characteristic institution of Val-des-Bois. It fulfills the essential function of establishing a point of contact between employee and employer. This contact is always the most difficult thing to effect. On both sides there exists an instinctive suspicion which militates against good-will. Just so long as this attitude of mutual suspicion continues between poor and rich, employee and employer, the middle class and the proletariat, very little good can be accomplished. It is impossible, therefore, to commend too strongly all that tends to promote intimate and cordial relations, such as the associations of youth, where the children of the poor and the children of the rich mingle in fraternal union, or the "Mill Council," where employee and employer are associated in loyal collaboration.

Too often in large factories there does not exist between the manufacturer and his work-people any sort of communication, much less any of a sympathetic or appreciative nature. The owner does not even know the names on his pay-roll, still less any details of their lives. The working people only see in the owner an individual favored by the chance of birth, whose interests are usually opposed to theirs, or, to say the least, at variance with them. How is it possible under these circumstances for any real, active understanding to spring up between elements so foreign?

Furthermore, between these two elements—separating them—there are superintendents who frequently act as agents of disruption: foremen who arrogate to themselves excessive authority over the world of workers, engaging, discharging, protecting or criticising, according to their fancy or their passion. For all of these acts of

authority, done in his name, although often without his authorization, the owner is ultimately held responsible.

I do not say that this state of affairs exists in all factories, but after personal investigation, I find it to be such in many large industrial establishments.

But there is one factory, at least, where the relations between employee and employer are totally different—the dyeing and weaving mill of Val-des-Bois. This we assert not on hearsay, but from personal observation. Among the members of this industrial family there really exists a friendly understanding, brought about and kept up chiefly by the organization known as the “Mill Council,” of which we will now speak.

III.

This Council was organized in 1889. Since that time the workmen in every department select representatives from their number (exclusive of the foremen) to meet every fortnight with the owner. Together they form the “Mill Council.” Apart from this council of workmen, a council of workwomen was also organized, a most just provision, as large numbers of women are employed in the mill at Warmériville.

The excellent results derived from the men’s council [said M. Léon Harmel in his conference in Rome] determined us to organize one among the workwomen, called the “Workroom Council.” The members are chosen by their companions, and fulfill the same functions for the women’s workrooms as the “Mill Council” does for the men’s. They have, moreover, special duties, such as seeing to the entire separation of the sexes in the workrooms, and in their coming to and going from work. We employ as few married women as possible (only 42 out of 218 workwomen). Those who have housework to do leave the mill a half-hour before noon; on Saturday they all quit work two hours sooner than the others, without loss of salary. In our opinion [continued M. Harmel] the “Workroom Council” is a most effective means of preventing abuses which are but too frequent, alas! even in establishments run by excellent men. The superintendent or workman who forgets himself by a coarse word or a familiarity is quickly called to account. Their meetings, at which some lady of the Harmel family presides, are held every fortnight in one of our homes; sometimes I am present, and never fail to admire the fearless

way in which the counsellors defend their companions' interests without saying a harmful word or showing any bad spirit.

What is done at the meetings of the "Mill Council?" Let M. Léon Harmel tell us:

In our interviews we go over the events of the fortnight past and make provision for the fortnight to come. An affectionate confidence prevails, which puts everyone at ease. When the men have any grievances, they tell them plainly, thus preventing the ferments of discontent which might intensify and increase, if not looked out for. The mill-hands know that they have representatives, and, if necessary, advocates of their cause.

But, it may be objected, the authority of the foreman must be considerably affected by such an organization? M. Harmel does not think so.

Unlimited authority [he declares] strikes the workmen as tyrannical and arouses hatred and animosity.... We believe that freedom of recourse to superior authority is a protection due the working-man. As a matter of fact, this authority alone can exercise kindness, where a secondary authority, restricted by regulations and absence of responsibility, must confine itself within the strict limits of justice. This right of appeal to the owner is, therefore, energetically maintained by the mill counsellors, who urge their comrades to overcome timidity and act confidently. No fine can be exacted without the signature of the managing-owner; the foreman cannot discharge; and when a discharge has been decided upon, the eight days notice cannot be given until the following Thursday, so that everyone may have time to make other arrangements.

The small amount of the fines incurred and imposed tells its own tale. The total amount of fines varies from ten to fifteen francs a year on a matter of five hundred salaries. One might almost say there are no fines.

The following incident, narrated by the manager of Val-des-Bois, shows how fully conscious his workmen are of their dignity and their liberty:

A strange foreman, a newcomer, threatened to discharge a man under him, whom he was scolding very angrily. The man

folded his arms and, looking his chief in the eye, said: "Sir, I am quite willing to be corrected by you if I have done wrong, but don't talk of discharging me, for neither you, nor anyone else, has the right to put me out; I am at home here and, so long as I do my duty, I may remain." The foreman, indignant at this reply, complained to the owner, who informed him that he did wrong to threaten a penalty he had not the authority to execute, and that the workman showed a good will in looking upon the mill as his home.

This anecdote explains the great popularity of the Harmel family with their co-operative workers. I may add that they have, also, a sincere appreciation of the professional ability of their employers, based on a custom peculiar to Val-des-Bois. All the young men of the Harmel family serve their apprenticeship in the mill. In speaking of this M. Léon Harmel said:

We are determined that none of our family shall assume the position of employer until he has worked his way up as workman and foreman in every department. When his apprenticeship in one department is completed, he fills first the place of a workman, then that of a foreman. He must serve two weeks as a workman and a month as foreman to prove his ability to fill these positions in case of need. These tests are overseen by the mill counsellors, and attested to by diplomas signed by them and formally delivered in the presence of the senior owners of the mill. Our young men are proud of these testimonials, and preserve them religiously in their homes. This system of professional education creates a tie of mutual esteem and confidence between the youthful owner and his workmen. They obey cheerfully the orders of a chief who has worked with them, of whose competence they are assured. Moreover, they look to him as to one, who, knowing by experience the labor of hard work, will regard them with an understanding and feeling heart.

I am convinced that this apprenticeship of the owners contributes in large measure to cement those cordial relations between the members of the great industrial family of Val-des-Bois so patent to the observer.

IV.

After settling matters of discipline, the "Mill Council" takes up accidents, questions of hygiene, apprenticeship, work and wages.

In all these various matters the assistance of the counsellors is frequently of inestimable value to the owner. Many improvements have been brought about, so M. Léon Harmel told me, by their suggestions, which voiced the experience of their fellow-workmen.

The sanitary conditions at the weaving mill of Val-des-Bois are excellent. The rooms are large, well-aired, ventilated by a system which carries off ten thousand cubic meters of air an hour. No night work is allowed.

The result of this happy state of things is shown at the time of military service. Whereas statistics show that twenty per cent. of the population of France is refused as unfit for military service, only seven or eight per cent. of the manufacturing population of Val-des-Bois is refused.

The longevity of the workmen is also great. Out of two hundred and ninety-five men employed in the mill, eighty are veterans, that is to say, they have worked in the weaving mill for at least twenty-five years, some for more than fifty years. Four of the pensioners are from eighty to eighty-four years of age. Thirteen of the workmen, nine of whom are still at work, range from seventy-one to eighty; twelve, from sixty-three to sixty-nine years of age, still perform their daily tasks with ease.

The families are large, some numbering ten children. On visiting Val-des-Bois we remarked, as have other visitors also, the wide-awake faces of all these little children and the happy peaceful expression of their good parents, living in their little separate houses, clean and bright, each with its little garden. One is conscious of an atmosphere of honest ease where black misery is unknown. The reason for this will be apparent when we come to speak of wages; also why the arrival of a new baby is not regarded as an affliction by the parents.

One of the most important duties of the "Mill Council" regards accidents. Rules and recommendations to prevent accidents are posted in all the workrooms. The findings of the engineer of the Manufacturing Society and of the factory inspectors are reported to the "Mill Council," to whom is entrusted the enforcement of measures for protection against accident. When, in spite of every precaution, an accident occurs, the counsellors make immediate investigation into the cause, and take steps to prevent a recurrence of the catastrophe. It is also the duty of the Council to assist the victim of the accident. Under French law the owner cannot render material assistance to a wounded employee without

forfeiting his claim against the insurance companies. Therefore this duty devolves upon the "Mill Council" at Val-des-Bois. One of the council, or some competent person chosen by it, takes up the case of the wounded man and helps him to obtain redress. Furthermore, in order not to prejudice the workman's claim against the insurance companies, on the charge of having received damages for the accident, his salary is not paid to him during the period of his disability, but the accrued sum is held for him until a definite settlement is concluded with the insurance companies.

v.

Special attention is given to the apprentices at Val-des-Bois. The material future—frequently the moral future—of a workman depends largely upon his professional training: one man will always be in demand because he was trained by a skillful, experienced, active master; another never rises above mediocrity, because he has had the misfortune to be badly taught.

For this reason the boys are put under the best workers in the Harmel mill, and reports of the training and progress of the apprentices are given at the Council's meetings. Every quarter a competition is held to stimulate their industry. These last for a month; twice a week the owner receives a report of each competitor from his foreman, the counsellor of his department, and the boss-workman. In the presence of the assembled "Mill Council" prizes of money are awarded to the four leaders in the competition; the result is posted and the order of promotion determined by it.

These few details serve to show how interested the management at Val-des-Bois is in the professional education of its apprentices. It has in view, not financial profits solely, but rather, and above all, the fulfillment of a social duty. This higher concern is even more clearly demonstrated by a fact told by M. Léon Harmel with much frankness and simplicity:

In our mill [he said] we make certain specialties, like "novelty weaves," which are not made in the other mills of the country; the young fellows, who are put to work on these specialties early in life, run the risk of being unfitted for work in other mills, should they leave ours. To prevent this misfortune, the apprentices who work on these looms have to pass an examination at fifteen; if they are then found incapable of earning a living on the ordinary looms that run two hundred picks plain weave,

they are put to work on the ordinary looms, and not allowed to return to their specialty until they can do a standard day's work on the ordinary looms.

It is easy to see the wisdom of this regulation, and the advantage to the workman of being thus protected, in spite of himself, against possible loss of work. A simple plan, surely, but to conceive it, it was necessary to see in the worker something more than a mere human machine. It is due to that larger view which regards all the wage-earners, young and old, sons and fathers, as members of one's own household, a big industrial family.

VI.

The regulation of work is of next importance; and here comes in the big question of the length of the working day. The management at Val-des-Bois is in favor of short hours without reduction of wages.

But do you really mean without reduction of wages? Certainly, I mean just what I say, without reduction of wages. But if a man works one-sixth less time, in all justice his salary should be one-sixth less? Not if in both cases the output is the same. Now that is just what happens at Val-des-Bois, as well as in many mills elsewhere. Hear what M. Harmel, a successful manufacturer accustomed to dealing in figures, says on the subject:

In March, 1902, when the law fixing ten hours and a half as the maximum working day went into effect, after consulting with the "Mill Council," we posted a statement that wages would remain the same as for the eleven-hour and formerly the twelve-hour day. We were convinced that the loss in time would be compensated for by increased efficiency, and that the output would not diminish. The event fulfilled our expectation.

This is the declared experience of the head of an establishment where five hundred men and women are employed. This Catholic firm cannot be accused of having two theories, one for the platform and the other for business.

VII.

The "Mill Council" of Val-des-Bois exercises a particularly careful supervision over the rating and payment of wages. By an

agreement between the employers and the employees, the wage is not fixed finally until after a certain period of trial. The owner binds himself not to reduce wages without giving a hearing to the representatives of those concerned.

An interesting feature of the Harmel mill is the collective payments. A tally shows the amount earned by each member of a family and the total amount due them; this is paid to the father or mother, preferably the mother, for obvious reasons, on Thursday, market day, of each week when they come to work. By this means the baneful temptations of pay-day are avoided. The system also facilitates saving. The women are allowed to leave in the office the sum they wish to put aside, and experience proves that it is comparatively easier for them to save a few francs out of an aggregate salary than out of several rather small ones.

Great respect is paid to the aged workers at Val-des-Bois. The management and the "Mill Council" combine to use their knowledge as long as possible in employments, not arduous, where professional experience is valuable.

We know [M. Léon Harmel says] that we render them a service in postponing their exile from the workroom, which the habit of years has taught them to look upon as a second home. Life becomes a burden when they have nothing to do; besides their modest earnings enable them to end their days of labor honorably among their children and grandchildren without being a charge on anyone.

When, finally, they ask to leave the mill the "veterans" draw a pension of three hundred francs, paid by the owner out of his own income without taxing his employees.

The "Family Fund" is, probably, the most laudable of all the institutions in the Harmel establishment, for, as far as the thing is possible in this age of intense industrial competition, it assures to each family a certain minimum wage.

To quote M. Léon Harmel:

No matter what the rate of wages may be, it is impossible to protect families from the possibility of, at least, temporary want without some institution which enables them to overcome what might be called a dead center in life. You know what is meant by the dead center of a steam engine. It is the recurrent point, at each end of the stroke, when the reciprocating move-

ment of the piston momentarily ceases, and hence its momentum. The energy necessary to move the piston from the dead center is supplied by the driving wheel, which may be considered, at this point, as a reservoir of energy, designed especially to furnish the momentum necessary to carry the piston forward at the beginning of each return stroke. With the same spirit of foresight our forefathers held certain properties for the common good, communal lands out of which the poor of the community could gain a living. We, less wise in our generation, have done away with these reservations, and the poverty, formerly unknown in the country districts, has no longer any preventive. The critical moments for the working classes are, first, when the children are numerous and are under working age. Debts are almost inevitable then; they are a drag on the future and lead to hopeless discouragement; another critical moment occurs when the death of the father of a family leaves the wife and children victims of want, or when a lack of earning capacity, temporary or permanent, renders it impossible to earn an adequate salary.

In his Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, Leo XIII. expressly declared that "the wage should not be insufficient for the subsistence of a sober, honest workman." Immediately after the promulgation of the Encyclical, the Harmels, always obedient to the pontifical teaching, established the "Family Fund." The object of this fund, supplied from the income of the mill owners, is to supplement the insufficient wages earned by certain families. It is administered by a committee of the "Mill Council" that has the right to examine the pay-roll and ascertain the income of every family. A minimum living-wage has been fixed upon by common consent. They estimate that, with a low rent, a garden and potato patch and cheap country markets (for Val-des-Bois is quite in the country), the minimum wage is sixty centimes a day per capita, or four francs—twenty centimes a week per capita—about eighty-five cents. In a city, the minimum would be a per capita allowance of ninety centimes, or one franc a day. Consequently the manager of the mill at Val-des-Bois computed that every family should draw weekly as many times four francs twenty centimes as it contained members, little or big, able-bodied or sick.

Every week the council meets and fixes the amount of the supplementary sum to be allowed each family by this computation, the owner never interfering with the decision. His part is to pay the sum agreed upon by the committee of workmen.

To cite a few examples. The B—— family numbers twelve children, making fourteen in all with the father and mother. At four francs twenty centimes a person, their weekly income should be fifty-eight francs eighty centimes. Now the father earns four francs fifty centimes a day, and two of the children earn two francs apiece, making a total for the week of fifty-one francs. Their weekly allowance, paid out of the owners' fund, would be seven francs eighty centimes.

Or, take the case of the widow D——, who has six children, two of whom work. One earns two francs fifty centimes, and the other, younger, earns one franc sixty centimes a day, a weekly total of twenty-four francs sixty centimes. The fund allows her four francs eighty centimes each week to bring her income up to the minimum of twenty-nine francs forty centimes.

It is easy to see that at Val-des-Bois they were not content to proclaim verbally the Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, as the charter of the laboring world, but actually vitalized their business organization with its spirit.

To praise the clear-sighted timeliness of the teachings of the Holy Father is certainly excellent, but to demonstrate in practice the social efficacy of the Pontiff's words is far more excellent.

This method was adopted long since by M. Léon Harmel and his collaborators. Let us hope their example may beget a wider and wider imitation.

New Books.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By Johannes Jorgensen. Translated from the Danish by T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.00 net.

There can never be too many books about St. Francis, provided they are written in the Catholic spirit, that incommunicable sympathy that those outside the Fold somehow miss, be they ever so kindly and well-intentioned. It is like some immortal aria of which we never tire. Each great singer gives a personal interpretation, but the song itself is so instinct with genius that it charms even when rendered by the untutored voice of one who has heard it in passing and remembered.

This new life is a valuable addition to Franciscan literature, all the more that it has been translated with much skill and feeling. More than this: it interprets St. Francis to the modern mind. Many long years of study and familiarity with Italy are necessary to make the true meaning of the "Fioretti" understandable to men and women of the present day. They love the simplicity, the quaintness; they may laugh at Brother Juniper, but they miss the great lesson, the stark poverty, the wonderful spirituality, the soul of St. Francis' teaching. Mr. Sloane's translation performs a great service to those who desire to familiarize themselves with the realities of early Franciscan life, and the scholar and critic will find in the notes and references copious authority for each important statement.

The book is packed with quotations from the Saint, and they are deftly welded to the running narrative, so that there is no break or cessation of interest. Finally, the volume is excellently printed and easy to read. Books like this do much for the Kingdom of God and devotion to His Saints.

THE CREDIBILITY OF THE GOSPEL. By Mgr. Pierre Batiffol. Translated by Rev. G. C. H. Pollen, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50 net.

We are grateful to Father Pollen for his accurate and readable translation of the Versailles lectures of Mgr. Batiffol on the historicity of Christ and the Gospels. We reviewed this book in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, October, 1910, when it first appeared under the title *Orpheus et l'Evangile*. It is a dignified and scholarly

answer to the attacks of modern rationalistic critics on the much-debated questions of Christian origins. Mgr. Batiffol, while answering on every page the shallow inaccuracies of Reinach, is objective in his treatment. As he himself says: "I have taken as the ground-plan of my work the chapter of *Orpheus* on Christian origins, and I have re-written it, correcting and bringing out clearly accepted facts.....I have pointed out in footnotes the errors he has committed, and the facts of which his knowledge is insufficient. Finally, I was obliged to quote examples, in order to show the childishness of some of his analogical methods."*

The various chapters treat in turn the extra-gospel references to Christ, the Catholic Canon, the witness of St. Paul, the authorship of the Acts, the origin of the Gospels, and the authenticity of the life and teachings of Jesus.

Mgr. Batiffol proves conclusively the utter falsity of the thesis of Reinach, borrowed from the discredited Tübingen school, and popularized to-day by Drews and Jensen, that St. Paul knew nothing of the historic Christ. He praises Harnack's "superior erudition and brilliant generalizations," and then makes him serve the Christian cause by defending St. Luke's authorship of the Acts of the Apostles. He quotes Harnack to good effect: "The most ancient literature of the Church is, on all chief points, and in the majority of details, veracious and worthy of belief from the point of view of literary history.....In our criticism of the most ancient sources of Christianity we are, without any doubt, in course of returning to tradition."†

The last chapter deals with three hypotheses whereby the critics question the authenticity of the Gospel records: 1st. That the incident recorded has been suggested by the Old Testament. 2nd. That the miracles mentioned, when they cannot be explained by natural means, are moral tales which have been taken as history or metaphors, which a very primitive simplicity understood literally. 3rd. That "the method of comparative religions" will prove the syncretic character of Christianity, and its utter lack of originality. Worthy of notice is the brief, but very able, refutation of Reinach's fanciful myth of the passion of Christ, borrowed from the Sacaia of Babylon.

We sincerely hope that everyone, whose mind has been disturbed by the sophistry of modern rationalistic denial, will read carefully this able defense of the Christian position. May they,

*Preface, p. xvi.

†Harnack, *Chronologie*, vol. i., p. vii.-x.

as the author says in closing his lectures, "find in this inquiry the reason for belief which have hitherto been wanting to them."

AN EIRENIC ITINERARY. By Silas McBee. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00.

Mr. McBee says in his preface: "The tour through Europe and the Near East, the impressions of which are the occasion and form the larger part of this volume. . . . was one in a long series of efforts covering many years, to know the mind and genius, as well as to understand and to feel the spirit, of the dismembered sections of Christendom."

His book is a record of kindly interviews with churchmen the world over—England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Egypt, Turkey, Palestine and Syria. He is ever insisting on the evil of divisions among Christians, and yet with all his talk about "unity in the Family of God," he has no higher ideal than "a unity in variety," or a Christendom which would ignore differences of belief, and agree in the love of Christ.

Although our author traveled the world over to guide souls to unity, he professes openly to have no idea of how it is to be brought about. "I have nowhere advocated a scheme of unity. I know of none that would be or could be made adequate."

We fail to see any evidence of agreement with his vague ideas in the courtesies shown him as a well-recommended tourist by Russian Archbishop, Coptic Patriarch, or the Pope. With usual Episcopalian logic, he fails to grasp the Pope's mind.

His Holiness had suggested that Rome would always be ready in the interest of Unity—to yield anything except essential dogma. When it was intimated that the crux of the whole question would be, What is essential dogma? the Pope's reply showed (*sic*) that it would depend upon the attitude of those seeking unity. If the attitude was one of controversy, of conflict, of war, then every defense, every outpost intended to protect dogma must be regarded as essential, but if the attitude was one of friendliness, if the spirit of unity prevailed, then the fundamental mysteries of the Faith would be found to be simple and free.

We can imagine the horror of Pius X. at such a travesty of his words, if perchance they ever should be repeated to him. We know that he would speak more like the procurator of the Holy

Synod: "It was necessary to be orthodox; they were orthodox, and there was nothing for them to do unless others became orthodox." Substitute Catholic for orthodox, and you have an accurate version of the Pope's words.

We do not think that Mr. McBee appreciated the joke in the hearty laugh of Cardinal Merry del Val, when he heard the Patriarch of Antioch's words, "There is no fundamental justification for the divisions of Christians; the Latins do give us a lot of trouble, *but not enough to justify division.*" But, of course, if our author had a saving sense of humor, this book would not have been written.

THE EVE OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION (1803-1829). By Monsignor Bernard Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. In three volumes. Vols. 1 and 2. \$6.00 net.

The work is aptly named. Vicars Apostolic, French refugees, native ecclesiastics, prominent laymen, friends and enemies, move through it as wayfarers in a London fog. This is an excellence, not a defect. The author did not amplify his sources with guess-work, imagination or gossip. He followed his documents. This makes for the enduring value of the book. Mgr. Ward wrote of the eve, not the mid-day; and his perspective is right. If one misses clear-cut portraits and ample statistics, he may well reflect on the scope of the narrative and the archives on which it is constructed.

One figure looms large in the account; a man of tireless activity, imperturbable belief in himself, and a faculty of fighting things out along his own lines, Bishop Milner of the Midland District. He is the stormy petrel of the book; now in Winchester; anon in London before Parliament; in Ireland in conference with Dr. Cullen; now in Rome carrying things before him by the intensity of his personality. He never doubted the justice of a cause he espoused or the expediency of the means he chose. His pastorals, his manifestoes, his letters, rained on England. The other Vicars Apostolic, quiet men accustomed to conservative methods, never quite trusted or understood him, and he was too busy and confident to spend any time at all studying them. He was by far the strongest Catholic figure in the England of his day, but he smashed a great deal of china that was needed later on.

It is melancholy reading; the squabblings, protests and recriminations of good men working for the same cause. A practical man sighs: Why could not these excellent clerics bury their animosities

and work together for the Catholics of England who were placed in their charge?

The book brings home to the thoughtful reader the mysterious ways in which the Holy Spirit works for the Kingdom of God through the blindness and weakness of men. It was a difficult time for ecclesiastical superiors. The French refugees were undependable and in a strange land, the native clergy undisciplined, and powerful laymen were afflicted with the Protestant itch for interference in church matters. The Roman Curia, somewhat mystified at the tangle, waited and said little, and in the result things worked themselves out.

A truthful and just narrative of a period like the one in question is a severe test of a historian. Mgr. Ward has performed a difficult, and one feels at times an unwelcome, task in a manner worthy of all praise. We shall look for the third volume with great interest. One wishes that the three might have been published together, for impressions once formed change slowly when the parts are fitted together, as they were from the beginning in the author's plan. No student who wishes to understand the England of Wiseman, Newman and Manning, and especially the under-current of Old Catholicism (the Catholic element that bore the brunt of the Penal Days), can afford to neglect these two scholarly and masterly volumes.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN LINGARD. By Martin Haile and Edward Bonney. London: Herbert and Daniel. \$3.75.

One who writes a great history or poem or play, writes his own autobiography. He reveals the height of his nobility, the wealth of his sympathy, the measure of his justice. John Lingard's memory needed not this book to endear his name to all who use the English tongue, and love truth for its own sake. Yet it is a singularly attractive and encouraging story that the collaborators have woven from the uneventful yet overflowing days of the Vicar of Hornby. It was the idyllic scholar's life, undisturbed by the clamor of the world or insistent calls for action in which the man would not do his best. A few friends, a few visits to the Continent, a brushing on the fringe of throbbing English life of the period; but what will linger longest in the mind of the reader of this charming book is the vision of the historian in his Patmos among his dearly beloved books.

Surely if ever a man was to be fashioned to write truthfully,

yet kindly, the troubled record of English history, it was this calm and kindly priest, whose ideal of earthly happiness was his cottage among the flowers, his little flock, his manuscripts, all in their way ministering to the great work that will stand like the Arch of Titus in the Forum, when lesser, careless and untruthful histories are carted to the rubbish heap.

The reader will close this book with a new and lovable picture of Lingard, the man. It will, unless we are much mistaken, send him back to those ten magnificent volumes of the truest and best English history yet written. Place this biography on your library shelf just before Volume I. of the History, and many, who otherwise would be affrighted at their bulk, will read every page of them with delight.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL READERS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 60 cents.

The Cambridge Historical Readers, published by the Cambridge University Press, and in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, include five books, viz., the Introductory, Primary, Intermediate, Junior and Senior. The price is forty cents each, for the two first-named books, and sixty cents each for the last three.

In the absence of any preface or explanation of plan and intention in the series, one must draw one's own conclusions as to the purpose of the publication. Owing to the exclusive nature of the topics dealt with—four, out of the five books, contain only lessons on English History, or such events in other countries, as influence English affairs—their usefulness as a series in the schools of the United States will be somewhat limited. However, as each book treats of events, in a very general way, from the early Britons to the present day, each may be considered as complete in itself, and, one being chosen, might well be used as a Supplementary Reader, at whatever point in the school course it could be most conveniently introduced.

The Introductory Book differs from the others in this, that it relates in very simple language stories of the heroes of Greece and Rome. One hears so much nowadays of the teaching of ethics and morality that it seems a pity not to begin as early as possible to impress such teaching upon the minds of young readers. Since the lesson of devotion to country, even to the extent of heroic self-sacrifice is insisted on, why not also the lesson of fortitude in the vicissitudes of life? Several of these heroes are recorded as having

committed suicide, and there is no word of blame for the act. Yet suicide, aside from the commandments, is cowardice.

In looking over the contents of each volume, we very naturally turned to such points as the difficulties between Church and State in the reigns of the Plantagenets, the Reformation, the Suppression of the Monasteries, etc. Often one is surprised at the fair-mindedness shown. Monks and monasteries, and all the works thereof, come in for a quite unusual amount of appreciation. St. Columba, St. Aidan, Venerable Bede, St. Gregory the Great and the missionaries whom he sent—the lessons on all of these are fair, and even sympathetic. Though, to be sure, St. Columba and “his friends” are more like a company of amiable, Anglican clergymen than the strenuous enthusiastic monk, the warlike book-lover, the voluntary yet heart-broken exile, who, with his earnest devoted band of religious, glorified Iona, and planted the Cross of Christ amid the wilds of Caledonia.

The services of the monks in these early days to Christianity, to agriculture, to literature, and the arts, are duly acknowledged.

From the treatment accorded to St. Thomas of Canterbury, we judge, the books have been compiled or written by different people. In the Junior Reader, under the heading “The Martyr of Canterbury,” a not unfavorable account of his life is given; while in the Intermediate and Senior books a much more Erastian view is taken of the quarrel between King and Archbishop. There is all the difference between the two views that lies between a Ritualist, with his ideas of Church independence, and a Broad Churchman, to whom Convocation is less than King and Parliament.

The Junior reader uses the term “Romish,” page 154, which term is very properly resented by Catholics. The Reformation and Suppression of religious houses are but lightly touched upon. An impartial and true account of the Gunpowder Plot is given, while Titus Oates is treated with the contempt he so richly deserves.

But in spite of a few blemishes, it is a great thing for the younger generation to have history so well-written for them, such well-considered views, so temperately expressed; for children have too often been the victims of bigoted views or of partisan zeal. We have in mind a history of our youthful days, in which St. Thomas was branded as “foolish and filthy,” and likened to the Pharisees of old. Poor St. Thomas! he seems a stumbling-block to more than one historian.

The topics chosen are various and most interesting, and much

information regarding customs, laws, dress, arms, etc., of the different periods make them more lifelike and impressive.

The illustrations are well chosen, varied, and in many cases extremely interesting. One almost envies the children of the present generation the numerous pictures that make pleasant the paths of learning. Many of England's beautiful cathedrals, ancient castles, noble abbeys, fine monuments and quiet country places, are pictured here, and we confess they have been to us no small enjoyment. Finally, as we should expect of books emanating from a University Press, the language is clear, dignified and simple; suitable not only to impart information, but what is too often lost sight of in these bustling days, to aid in the task of teaching composition. And this will be no small recommendation to a hard-worked teacher. The typography is very good and clear, and the whole make-up of each volume worthy of praise.

THE WIT AND HUMOR OF COLONIAL DAYS. By Carl Holliday. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net.

Carl Holliday, Professor of English at Vanderbilt University, known as the author of several volumes on Southern literature, and of a very fine study of *The Cavalier Poets*, has written an interesting and valuable book on *The Wit and Humor of Colonial Days*. The account begins with the first settlement, for, we are told, "the colonists had scarcely landed in Virginia before witty letters telling of ludicrous sights and mishaps in the raw settlement began to go back to England," and ends only with the opening of the nineteenth century. It divides itself into three parts: early colonial humor, humor of the revolution, and humor of the republic. In the first we read of the very earliest humorists, Nathaniel Ward, hater of the Irish; William Byrd; Mather Byles and Joseph Green, and, of course, Benjamin Franklin, who is quoted at great length.

Much more amusing, however, is the account of revolutionary humor. Powder and shot were not the only hostile activity of our forefathers; they did not neglect the weapon mightier than the sword. We are told of the battle of wits between Tories and patriots, and the parodies, sarcasms, and invectives on both sides are quoted for our enjoyment. Newspapers of the two parties splashed ink briskly on their opponents, and kept up a furious warfare. Arnold, of course, was the target of much satire, among which we note this:

"Quoth Satan to Arnold: 'My worthy good fellow,
I love you much better than ever I did;
You live like a prince, with Hal* may get mellow;
But mind that you both do just what I bid.'

"Quoth Arnold to Satan: 'My friend, do not doubt me!
I will strictly adhere to all your great views;
To you I'm devoted, with all things about me—
You'll permit me, I hope, to die in my shoes.'"

The patriotic satirist, Freneau, is written up at especial length, and we have extracts from his fiery, vitriolic pen, among them the following prophecy, written in 1782:

"When a certain great King, whose initial is G,
Shall force stamps upon paper, and folks to drink tea;
When these folks burn his tea and stamp't paper like stubble,
You may guess that this King is then coming to trouble.
But when a petition he treads under his feet,
And sends over the ocean an army and fleet;
When that army, half starved and frantic with rage,
Shall be cooped up with a leader whose name rhymes with cage;
When that leader goes home, dejected and sad,
You may then be assured the king's prospects are bad.
But when B and C with their armies are taken,
The king will do well if he saves his own bacon.
In the year seventeen hundred and eighty and two
A stroke he shall get that will make him look blue;
In the years eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five
You hardly shall know that the king is alive;
In the year eighty-six the affair will be over,
And he shall eat turnips that grow in Hanover.
The face of the Lion shall then become pale,
He shall yield fifteen teeth and be sheared of his tail.
O king, my dear king, you shall be very sore;
The Stars and the Lily shall run you on shore,
And your Lion shall growl—but never bite more!"

The chapters on the humor of the republic concern themselves chiefly with the Hartford Wits, especially John Trumbell, Joel Barlow, still remembered for his *Hasting Pudding*; Theodore Dwight, and Lemuel Hopkins, author of *The Victim of the Cancer Quack*, and of a satire on General Ethan Allen's infidelity, from which is quoted:

*Hal: Sir Henry Clinton.

"Lo, Allen, 'scaped from British jails,
 His tushes broke by biting nails,
 Appears in Hyperborean skies,
 To tell the world the Bible lies.
 See him on green hills north afar
 Glow like a self-enkindled star—

* * *

Behold inspired from Vermont dens
 The seer of Antichrist descends,
 To feed new mobs with Hell-born manna
 In Gentile lands of Susquehanna;
 And teach the Pennsylvania Quaker
 High blasphemies against his Maker.
 All front he seems like wall of brass,
 And brays tremendous as an ass;
 One hand is clench'd to batter noses,
 While t'other scrawls 'gainst Paul and Moses."

The volume concludes with a brief study of the humor of the Colonial stage, but this is not made particularly interesting. On the whole, however, Professor Holliday has done a fine bit of work in collecting his material, and in presenting it with just enough criticism and comment to be satisfactory.

HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. THE CIVILIZATION OF CHINA. By H. A. Giles. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.

HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH LAW. By W. M. Geldart. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.

The scholar may sigh at the multiplication of manuals, but it is a condition and not a theory that confronts us. Unless the people have good manuals to read they will go their way ignorant. But the making of a good manual is a gigantic work. One great fallacy under which the Occidental labors is that the Oriental is somehow not human, at least not to our way of thinking. A vast deal of nonsense has been written about the unfathomable mystery of the Oriental mind. Professor Giles' little book shows us the Chinaman as a very human being, the outcome of an ancient civilization, and age-old customs that are to us exceedingly strange. If it did no more than this it would have deserved well of Western readers. But it gives beside a comprehensive and intelligible view of Chinese history and literature. It displays a strong and consistent under-

current of sympathy with the people, without which no book about a foreign people can have real value as a manual for general reading. Especially in this country, where the nations jostle each other, and a basis of common humanity is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," a book like this is excellent for young people, who may see through older and wiser eyes the virtues and excellencies of a race that they are only too apt ignorantly to despise.

Everyone ought to know something about the elements of law, if only to avoid lawsuits. The average layman who reads a solid law book through will ordinarily conceive a respect and fear of its pitfalls that will be of assistance to him all his life. For it is the man who can see only one side of a question, his side, who goes to law and beggars himself.

This book deals mainly with English Law, and the terms and references will sound strange to Americans, but fundamentally the principles are the same here as in England. It is a plain and not too technical exposition of legal matters not generally understood. It is worthy of note that wherever ecclesiastical matters are treated of, there is an absence of anti-Catholic animus.

LOURDES. By Jean de Beaucorps. Paris: Bloud et Cie. 3 frs.

This interesting volume relates the history of the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin to the child Bernadette Soubirous at Lourdes in 1858. The author quotes largely from Cros' *Notre Dame de Lourdes*, and Estrade's *Les Apparitions de Lourdes*, but he adds to their testimony his own personal interviews in 1909 with the surviving witnesses of the wonders of the Grotto.

He describes vividly, and at length, the eighteen visions in the hollow of the rock at Massabielle, and shows how this ignorant peasant girl won belief in our Lady's presence despite the general unbelief of the people, the determined opposition of the civil authorities, and the utter scepticism of both bishop and clergy of the diocese.

A brief sketch of Bernadette's life follows. It is a most ordinary and uninteresting life from the world's standpoint, and yet remarkable for its simplicity, truthfulness, humility and absolute disinterestedness. Neither she nor her parents would ever accept any money or presents offered by the thousands of pilgrims that soon began to frequent the shrine.

A final chapter deals with the many hypotheses that have been

invented to deny the reality of the apparitions, viz., suggestion, illusion, and hallucination. Here our author quotes and borrows largely from Imbert-Goubeyre's *La Stigmatisation*, Bertrin's *Notre Dame de Lourdes*, and Father Bonniot's *Le Miracle et les Sciences Médicales*.

No shrine in the world's history has ever attracted so many pilgrims; no shrine has wrought so many marvellous cures. Unbelief may shrug its shoulders, and speak sneeringly of the credulity and superstition of Catholics, but it can assign no natural cause to account for the many thousand miracles wrought by God in answer to the prayers of His Mother's devout clients.

BACK TO THE WORLD. By M. Champol. New York: Benziger Bros. \$1.35 net.

The chaotic condition of France, the eviction of religious from convents and monasteries, the seizure of ecclesiastical property, the general spirit of unrest that has settled upon the "eldest daughter of the Church," are themes too alluring for the novelist to resist.

That this allurements was not resisted by the able novelist, M. Champol, is a cause for delight to the readers of *Back to the World*, for this story of temperaments, this narration about the lives of three laicized nuns after the dispersion of their order, will make a mental, a physical, a psychical appeal.

Careful character delineation, coherent relating, and good English form the mental; the affliction of the hero's child the physical; the moral struggles of the three nuns the psychical appeal. Temptation tests the vocation of each, and is resisted in turn by Mother St. Helene, who is governess to the children of irreligious parents; by Sister St. Louis who takes up her abode in the home of wrangling relatives, who have become contaminated with the spirit of modernism; by Sister St. Gabriel, whose temptations are the strongest of all—the hardest to combat. Returning to the home of her indulgent mother, she is lavished with wealth and the attentions of Jean de Vernière, in whom she was formerly interested. His motherless children, particularly the afflicted one, touch her sympathies, but it is God who touches her heart, and she responds to the real call.

Popular opinion and the spirit of romance induce the author to attribute her earlier vocation to disappointment in love, but with the development of the story disappears the only blemish that might be noted in an otherwise faultless story.

KNIGHT OF THE GREEN SHIELD. By Louise Stacpoole-Kenny. New York: Benziger Bros. \$1.50 net.

To a reading public, who desire a mixture of chivalrous romance with picturesque history, tales of chivalry appeal more or less according to the skillfulness with which the theme is treated.

The *Knight of the Green Shield* will appeal less than other stories of this class, for the element of cleverness which one expects from an English author is decidedly lacking in this story of Mrs. Stackpoole-Kenny's, which proves of mild interest only.

Pledged by an oath taken when invested as a Knight of the Green Shield, Raoul de Chatillon is unable to join the crusade headed by Louis, the Saint King. Despite the taunts of Brunhilde de St. Etoile, to whom he has sworn his fealty, he remains true to his pledge until the king sends for him, when he places Yolande, the child whom he has rescued from kidnappers, under the care of the sisters during his absence.

When taken captive during the battle of Mansorah, he calls for his horse Saladin. The Saracens' misinterpretation of this call secures for him kind treatment and, eventually, release. Upon his return there is strife for place in his affection between Yolande and Brunhilde, who is now widowed. The strife ends in solving the mystery regarding the disappearance of Brunhilde's lost child, and in much happiness to those most concerned.

Teachers of mediaeval history may well recommend this story for collateral reading, for in the foreword the author states, "For the purposes of my story I have antedated the founding of the Order of the White Lady of the Green Shield. In the other historical events mentioned I have given correct dates and versions according to the Chronicles of Jehan de Joinville and various histories of France."

The map appended to the story helps the reader to follow accurately the movements of the Crusaders, but accuracy is sometimes purchased at the expense of interest.

A PERSONAL RECORD. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25 net.

The Polish seaman and writer, Joseph Conrad, to whose work *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* recently called attention, has just published a volume of reminiscences of his very full and extraordinary life. It is a frank, casual, informal autobiography, its chief fault being its brevity, for there are many paragraphs which

might easily, and pleasantly for us, be expanded into chapters. The writer aims, as he tells us, "to give the record of personal memories by presenting faithfully the feelings and sensations, connected with the writing of my first book, and with my first contact with the sea." This first book, *Almayer's Folly*, was begun in a time of idleness, and continued in a desultory fashion at odd moments, yet there was never any question of abandoning it.

Till I began to write that novel [the author observes], I had written nothing but letters, and not very many of these. I never made a note of a fact, of an impression, or of an anecdote in my life. The conception of a planned book was entirely outside of my mental range when I sat down to write; the ambition of being an author had never turned up among those gracious imaginary existences one creates fondly for oneself at times in the stillness and immobility of a day-dream: yet it stands clear as the sun at noon-day that from the moment I had done blackening over the first manuscript page of *Almayer's Folly* (it contained about two hundred words, and this proportion of words to a page has remained with me through the fifteen years of my writing life), from the moment I had, in the simplicity of my heart and the amazing ignorance of my mind, written that page, the die was cast. Never had Rubicon been more blindly forded without invocation to the gods, without fear of men.

So in telling of the slow and delayed accomplishment of this book, the author incidentally gives us an account of his surroundings and activities of that time, of his voyage into queer corners of the globe, and even, parenthetically, some very interesting recollections of his boyhood and of his father, a Polish patriot and exile. And we get, of course, a clear view of his own pleasant personality, and an informal, half apologetic, summary of his opinions, literary and philosophical.

A gentleman, who has managed to preserve absolute silence in the face of friendly and hostile critics for fifteen years, might well be expected to fire some telling shots with ammunition so carefully saved. But Joseph Conrad does not wax acrimonious on the subject of literary criticism. It may be of interest to quote:

As was fitting for a man to whom we owe the memorable saying, "The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces," M. Anatole France maintained that there were no rules and no principles. And that may be

very true. Rules, principles, and standards die and vanish every day. Perhaps they are all dead and vanished by this time. These, if ever, are the brave, free days of destroyed landmarks, while the ingenious minds are busy inventing the forms of the new beacons which, it is consoling to think, will be set up presently in the old places. (Surely we cannot grudge Mr. Conrad this quiet little bit!) But what is interesting to a writer is the possession of an inward certitude that literary criticism will never die, for man (so variously defined) is, before everything else, a critical animal. And as long as distinguished minds are ready to treat it in the spirit of high adventure, literary criticism shall appeal to us with all the charm and wisdom of a well-told tale of personal experience.

Most of us feel the craving—Philistine, perhaps, but undeniable—for information as to an author's creative activity. Mr. Arnold Bennett, to be sure, has recently instructed us as to the correct make of pencils and erasers, and the correct size of foolscap for constructing "best-sellers;" Mr. Chesterton waxes brilliant during lunch, scribbles paradoxes on old envelopes or menu-cards, and leaves them strewn around restaurants in Soho; let us see how genius burns for Mr. Conrad. First, he tells us that creation means work for him—that the writing of novels is not all beer and skittles. Later, he speaks particularly of his work on the novel *Nostromo*, saying:

All I know is that for twenty months, neglecting the common joys of life, I had, like the prophet of old, "wrestled with the Lord" for my creation, for the headlands of the coast, for the darkness of the placid gulf, the light on the snows, the clouds in the sky, and for the breath of life that had to be blown into the shapes of men and women, of Latin and Saxon, of Jew and Gentile. These are, perhaps, strong words, but it is difficult to characterize otherwise the intimacy and the strain of a creative effort in which mind and will and conscience are engaged to the full, hour after hour, day after day, away from the world, and to the exclusion of all that makes life really lovable and gentle.

Space fails us for further comment on Mr. Conrad's recollections and opinions, but except for a couple of pages of vague, perhaps fortunately vague, philosophy, we can safely predict that our readers will find the *Personal Record* delightful.

**THE FIGHTING RACE—(KELLY AND BURKE AND SHEA);
AND OTHER POEMS AND BALLADS.** By Joseph I. C.
Clarke. New York: American News Co. \$1.00 net.

Our modern—our carefully modern—poets offer us plenty of neurotic sonnets, plenty of odes with the hot breath of p-p-passion, and plenty of epics with half-baked theories for rebuilding the universe nearer to the heart's desire. Some of the better ones even offer us clever verse. But real, genuine, home-made poetry they somehow do not find time to produce. After their calcium and acetylene gas it is a joy to find poetry through which gleams the light that never was on land or sea—such poetry as makes up this little book by Joseph I. C. Clarke. Now appearing in its third edition, the book takes its title from the first and best-known poem, *The Fighting Race (Kelly and Burke and Shea)*. This, of course, calls neither for introduction nor for praise, but irresistibly for a bit of quotation:

“ ‘Wherever there’s Kelly there’s trouble,’ said Burke.

‘Wherever fighting’s the game,

Or a spice of danger in grown man’s work,’

Said Kelly, ‘you’ll find my name.’

‘And do we fall short?’ said Burke, getting mad,

‘When it’s touch and go for life?’

Said Shea, ‘It’s thirty odd years, bedad,

Since I charged to drum and fife

Up Mary’s Heights, and my old canteen

Stopped a rebel ball on its way.

There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green—

Kelly and Burke and Shea—

And the dead didn’t brag. ‘Well, here’s to the flag!’

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

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‘Oh, the fighting races don’t die out,

If they seldom die in bed,

For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,’

Said Burke; then Kelly said:

‘When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,

The angel with the sword,

And the battle-dead from a hundred lands

Are ranged in one big horde,

Our line, that for Gabriel’s trumpet waits,

Will stretch three deep that day,

From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates—

Kelly and Burke and Shea.'

'Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!'

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea."

THE CRUX OF PASTORAL MEDICINE. (New York: Frederick Pustet & Co. \$1.25 net.) Father Andrew Klarmann has in this fourth edition of his *Pastoral Medicine* made a very interesting handbook on the subjects that create most difficulties for confessors as regards the moral principles that have to be applied in medical practice. Many of the problems are still under discussion among theologians, some of them have been definitely settled by Church decision, with regard to many of them medical information is as yet not complete, for the sciences related to medicine are only in process of development. At each new stage of information, however, the clergyman and physician who have practical questions to solve wish to know what present-day thought has to offer, and that is presented here succinctly and thoroughly. There is still room for disagreement with the author in many questions, and undoubtedly many well-informed theologians, whose knowledge of medical science in these subjects gives them the right to an opinion, would probably not be quite so rigorous in decision, but if there is any fault in this matter it is in the right direction, since there is such a tendency to laxity of morals in many of these questions in our generation.

TRACTATUS DE EXTREMA UNCTIONE, by J. Kern, S.J. (New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet. \$1.50.) A strong desire to re-establish the Middle-Age doctrine that the proximate purpose of Extreme Unction is to give those who are physically ill perfect spiritual health, and to fit them for immediate entrance into heaven, had much to do with the writing of this book. It is an able, thorough study of the subject, written in clear, easy Latin. The topical division followed is the one usually found in dogmatic treatises on the Sacraments. The most noteworthy and valuable feature of this book is the unusual attention paid to historical evidence. All sources are made to contribute. Popes, Fathers and Doctors of the Church from both East and West, provincial as well as general councils, obscure as well as famous theologians, and writers belonging to schismatical bodies, are called to testify. Their opinions are not summarized by others, but are given in their own

words. Besides, the quotations made are not mere fragments, but are extensive enough to create the happy feeling that the author on the witness stand is not cut short, but receives ample opportunity to speak his mind.

A very interesting point is raised by the author's thesis, that there are grave reasons for the opinion that Extreme Unction may be given validly more than once "*in eadem infirmitate etiam manente eodem mortis periculo.*"

IN CHATEAU LAND, by Annie Hollingsworth Wharton. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00.) This is a story, in letter-form, of a trip taken by a small party of Americans from Lake Como through Central France. Dijon, Paris, Tours, Blois, and other well-known places, are the centers from which excursions are taken into the neighboring country. Like most travel and description books that are poured forth by the press nowadays, this book is quite attractive. Were one concerned only with its external characteristics—press-work, illustrations, style and the like—one could hardly find fault. Its intrinsic worth, however, is not great. It is largely made up of gossip about the great, though rarely good, men and women who visited, or lived in, or were in some way connected with, the towns, or chateaux included in the itinerary.

AMONG THE BLESSED; LOVING THOUGHTS ABOUT FAVORITE SAINTS, by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. (New York, Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.) Father Russell labors on untiringly. In addition to editing the *Irish Monthly* for the past thirty-eight years, he has written twenty or more volumes, spiritual books for the most part, both in prose and verse. *Among the Blessed* is a worthy addition to these. These "loving thoughts about favorite Saints" are expressed in both prose and verse, and a great deal of the verse is from Father Russell's own pen. Following the preface, and "An exhortation to Read the Lives of the Saints," is a splendid poem from the pen of Lionel Johnson, entitled, "To the Saints." We are sure the volume will have many readers, and that it will enkindle in many hearts a deeper love for the Saints of God.

ST. ANSELM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Notre Dame Series. (St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.25.) This volume is another valuable addition to the Notre Dame Series, and the story

is told with directness and accuracy. Trained in silent cloisters, and called from obscurity to greatness in a foreign land, St. Anselm stands out a striking figure in the struggle between expediency and principle in the early part of the twelfth century. His was the great spirited work that endures when kingdoms and cathedrals crumble into dust.

THE CULTURE OF THE SOUL, by Rev. P. Ryan. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 95 cents.) This treatise on the counsels of perfection is excellent in its completeness and simplicity, and may be a help to many who would be repelled by the great standard works, which are more profound, but also more diffuse and more technical.

PIONEER CATHOLIC HISTORY OF OREGON, by Edwin V. O'Hara. (Portland: Edwin V. O'Hara. \$1.00.) This concise and admirable history of our heroic missionaries, in the early days in Oregon, deserves a place in every household. The part taken by Catholic priests in the beginnings of this country are too little known, and this readable volume should go far in diffusing knowledge of men, the plain story of whose lives is, in itself, an eulogy.

APPEAL FOR UNITY IN THE FAITH, by Rev. John Phelan. (Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Co. \$1.00.) This *appeal* is not one of consecutive argument, but a collection of authorities to prove the Four Notes of the Catholic Church. There are, also, a number of quotations from valuable papers on the necessity for unity by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland and others.

ONE of the novels by the well-known Spanish writer, Luis Coloma, S.J., has been translated into English, and appears under the title, *John Poverty*. The story itself is a simple one, of love and hate and tragedy, told with dignity and strength, but the especial reason why it should command a wide and careful attention is that it affords a graphic picture of present conditions in Spain. The methods of the revolutionist agitators, and their effect upon the lower classes, are made very clear. The book is valuable as a study of Spanish character and customs, and an analysis of the present social unrest of the nation. (H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. \$1.25.)

THE new book by Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert) is called *Agatha's Hard Saying*. (Benziger Brothers. \$1.25.) As usual the author writes earnestly and capably, but in this instance has overshadowed her story with gloom. The "hard saying" of the heroine is that her sisters and she can never marry, because of the alcohol curse which they inherit from their mother. The story is able and sincere, but crowded with tragedy.

AMONG the new novels published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, are *The Dominant Chord*, by Edward Kimball; *Rayton*, by Theodore Goodridge Roberts, and *Naomi of the Island*, by Lucy Thurston Abbott. *The Dominant Chord* is a ten, twenty, thirty thriller of the frankest kind. The very determined young hero kidnaps the very wealthy young heroine in an electrically equipped yacht, and adventure, love, and pseudo-science wind each other into a serenely impossible plot. *Rayton, A Backwoods Mystery*, is, like all Mr. Robert's stories, brisk and masculine; its setting is the backwoods of New Brunswick, and its mystery proves more comedy than tragedy. *Naomi of the Island* is a rather tiresome tale of a noble, immorally self-sacrificing young lady, with advanced (*sic.*) theories of "world religions." Each, \$1.25 net.

BIBLE ET PROTESTANTISME, by V. Franque (Paris: Bloud et Cie.), consists of a number of letters written to a Protestant friend, answering objections to Catholic doctrine. The Bible was the only authority admitted in the discussion. The various topics treated are: The Church, the Papacy, the Blessed Eucharist, the Sacrament of Penance, Purgatory, the Virginity of Mary, and the Veneration of the Saints.

There is nothing strikingly original in the volume, nor is its style peculiarly attractive. Still we trust its very simplicity and Catholic spirit will convert the soul this ardent Knight of St. Gregory yearned for.

THE EVIDENCE FOR THE SUPERNATURAL, A CRITICAL STUDY MADE WITH UNCOMMON SENSE, by Ivor LL. Tuckett, M.A., M.D. (London: Kegan Paul. \$2.00.) Mr. Tuckett has gathered together in this volume, in brief compass, an immense amount of material very valuable for those who are interested in such subjects as spiritualism, occultism, telepathy and clairvoyance, and the other manifestations of real or supposed

psychic force, with regard to which so much has been written during the past half-century. The literature of the subject, indeed, is so large that few, except special students, can hope to read it with any satisfying completeness. Mr. Tuckett's selections seem to be made with care and fairness, though his attitude of utter incredulity will meet with little sympathy from those who have persuaded themselves, or been persuaded, of the reality of these phenomena. 'His references to the exposures of mediums is especially valuable. Since 1850 nearly one hundred persons supposed to have mediumistic powers have been detected in frauds. Among the exposed are the names of many mediums whose phenomena were accepted by distinguished men of science as surely requiring some power beyond the physical. Here one finds references to the exposures of Monk, the Fox Sisters, Mrs. Fay, Dr. Slade, Florence Cook, Hudson, Madame Blavatsky and Eusapio Palladino.

Unfortunately Mr. Tuckett denies absolutely the value of prayer, and the evidence for all miracles, including even the miracles of Christ. In this prejudice carries him into statements that ignore well-known facts, and show the author's ignorance with regard to the subjects of his criticism to be unpardonable.

SORROW FOR SIN: MUST IT BE SUPREME? by Rev. T. Nagle, S.T.L. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Sons. 50 cents.) This book is a study of attrition in its sovereignty, and the aim of the author is to prove that it cannot be conceived from fear of eternal fire. He unfolds the tattered flags of bygone theological battlefields, and devotes some pages to the refutation of Faber's view of the requisites for absolution.

Foreign Periodicals.

Contradictions Among Modern Evolution-Theorists. By K. Frank, S.J. Darwinism has run its course. Few of the leading minds of the present day still claim with Haeckel that Darwin has for once and all solved the important question, "the origin of men." It is now universally granted that the theory of Natural Selection had little or nothing to do with the question of "Origin," and dealt only with the difference of species. Such men as Plate, Wolff, Claus, Hertwig and others fail to see where Darwin gave to the Transmutation theory anything like a "firmer basis." Unfortunately the science of biology has been revolutionized by Darwin, not to better but to worse. Long before Darwin, a Cuvier and Barrande had done great things along these lines, and it is now evident that too much weight was given to the influence of Darwin.—*Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, Heft 3.

Universal Postage. By J. G. Hagen, S.J. In government circles, as well as elsewhere, where international interests are at stake, the question of a universal postage system is widely debated. A book which recently appeared, *Weltporto-Reform*, by Arved Jürgersohn, has caused considerable stir, and has led up to the hope that in the next Congress, which will meet at Madrid, 1913, the question will be settled. But before any definite conclusion can be reached two things are necessary: 1st. Postage be reckoned according to an international monetary system; 2nd. That the engraving be done at one place only, and with the greatest skill. Some objections against this system are: the impossibility of distributing the income of the sale; speculation; and increase in clerical expense. In spite of this there are many good reasons for the change.—*Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, Heft 3.

The Care of Catholic Girls in France. By Mgr. Beaudrillart. Mgr. d'Hulst, about four months before his death, conceived the plan of supplying instruction for young women, covering the years between graduation from school and marriage. His plan embraced Christian doctrine, church history, political economy, sociology, etc. Such a course was started in 1897, and has been successfully continued to the present time, and has provided admirably for those

who attend Catholic academies and schools. But it does not meet the demands of those who are attending co-educational and non-Catholic schools in France, and who are studying in order to fit themselves for positions in the business world. The dangers that they will have to meet are many and great. To instruct these girls associations have been formed by zealous Catholic women, who have planned and carried out opportune courses of lectures on moral, physical and intellectual subjects.—*Le Correspondant*, March 25.

Newman. By P. Thureau Danguin. Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Newman* has attracted the attention not only of English-speaking countries, but even those of other tongues. This article is the first of several articles in review of this much-discussed book. M. Danguin's review is favorable to Mr. Ward. Many have criticised the work because it passes too hastily over the Anglican days of Newman, giving them very little prominence. The author of the present article explains away this difficulty by saying that enough had been written on this subject in the Cardinal's opinion by his own work entitled *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, and the two volumes of his letters compiled by Miss Mozley. Then follow detailed descriptions of the various periods in the Cardinal's life. A detailed description of Newman's writings in the *Rambler*, and other periodicals is given.—*Le Correspondant*, March 25.

Newman's Ideals and Irish Realities, by Rev. T. Corcoran, S.J., is a commentary upon the life of Newman recently published by Wilfrid Ward. The biographer of the great Cardinal, and many others, hold the view that the one and only success achieved by Newman in the "Irish period" of his life was the volume of *Discourses on the Scope and Nature of University Education*. Fr. Corcoran disagrees. He takes note of Newman's own comments on the University work, but regards them as largely "transient subjectivities" and "despondencies." He believes that "there is a nobler Newman in the considered dignity of his representative works, an abler Newman to be found in the records of his Irish achievements." Newman rendered great help to Celtic studies; he started "Atlantis," and helped greatly towards the success of education among the young men of Dublin through the establishment of night classes. "Newman's best work in Ireland was done by putting aside the Oxford ideal, by setting hand to practicable work, by forming yet more adequate ideals, and yet sounder judgments

in view of the needs of the masses of our Catholic people."—*Studies*, March.

The Trans-African Railway, by J. Berge, describes the railroad planned to extend from the Mediterranean shore of Africa near the Strait of Gibraltar, across the Sahara, to the most southern extremity of Africa. He tells of what advantage it will be to such European powers as France and Germany.—*Le Correspondant*, March 25.

A Commentator on Chateaubriand, by Francis Rousseau, includes private documents taken from the archives of M. le duc d'Audiffret Pasquier of a diary kept almost daily during the years 1820-1821 of the movements, ambitions, etc., of the Count de Chateaubriand.—*Le Correspondant*, March 25.

Gregorian Chant. Under the title *Impressions Gregoriennes*, Dom J. Simon, O.S.B., gives a brief history of Gregorian music, describing its place in the ceremonies of the Church, and the work being accomplished at Solesmes and the various monasteries of Europe to perfect it.—*Le Correspondant*, March 25.

The Blessed Trinity and Creatures. All the works of God, which, so to speak, are outside of Himself, are common to the Three Divine Persons of the Blessed Trinity. Thus the creation of all things, of all beings, whether of the physical or spiritual order, the redemption of man, etc., are works common alike to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Long ago did the Church declare her definite faith on this matter as is evident from the records of various local synods, and above all from pronouncements of the General Councils of the Fourth Lateran and of Florence. Some writers have endeavored to line up the Greek Fathers as opponents of the Fathers of the West, but a careful examination of the writers of the former prove that they are in thorough harmony with the latter. The teaching of the Church is definite and clear, and she argues that a unity of nature implies a unity of operation. The practical and personal application of this seemingly purely theoretical question is most important, and it is that the soul of every just man is not only a temple of the Holy Ghost, but also the actual dwelling place of the Three Divine Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.—*Revue Thomiste*, Jan.-Feb.

Catholicism in the United States. G. Planque, in *The Religious Movement in the English Speaking Countries*, writes briefly of the recent progress of Catholicism in our own country. He notes the marvelous growth of the Church from the small flock of 15,000, which it numbered under Bishop Carroll, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, to the 14,618,761 in 1910. He comments also on the statement that out of so many millions of immigrant Catholics and their descendants, *i. e.*, nearly 40,000,000, the present number should be so comparatively small. Then follows an account of the efforts of Father Kelley to remedy matters, so far as concerns the immigrant and other Catholics in isolated districts. After treating of the inauguration of special missions to non-Catholics, he describes the work of the Apostolic Mission House and the activities centered around it, the endeavor to extend, by means of diocesan mission bands, the non-Catholic mission work to parts less accessible to other missionaries.—*Revue du Clergé Français*, March 15.

Changes in Literary Criticism. By Louis Laurand. Wolf in 1795 denied that the Iliad and the Odyssey were the work of only one author; he gave up the *Pro Marcello* of Cicero and one of the Catilinian orations as unauthentic. His conclusions were for a time extremely popular. But later critics have exposed contradictions between confessedly genuine books of many classical authors and great changes in style even in the same book; they date modern French compositions from minute details of phraseology. To them variety of style does not prove variety of authorship, but only a deeper grasp of one's subject, wider experience, different mental attitude. Wolf's theory is therefore being abandoned.—*Études*, March 5.

A New Irish Review—"Studies." The progress of scholarship in Ireland is finely evidenced in the new quarterly that has just reached us, *Studies*. This review is to contain the work of university professors and graduates in the fields of philosophy, letters, history and science. If we are to judge by the editor's foreword, a distinctly Nationalist tone is to characterize the review; for it is planned to be a magazine "in which the results of research and original thought can find expression in harmony with the religious and national characteristics of the country." The initial number of *Studies* measures up fully to the editor's plan; it contains excellent articles on subjects of present interest, for example, *The*

Meaning of Evolution, The Electrical Theory of Matter, Newman's Ideals and Irish Realities. We hope that this beginning is a sure indication of good work in the future along the lines mapped out, and that a permanent success may be in store for *Studies*. The editorship is in the hands of Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J.

Études (March 5): Paul Geny laments the disappearance of scholastic disputations from our schools. He considers them invaluable in procuring precision of thought and expression.—Pierre Soury Lavergne describes the rise to power of a primitive Charlemagne, ruler of northern Imerina in Madagascar, from 1787 to 1810.—Joseph Boubée thinks that German Catholics did not really lose much in the recent elections; they alone remain united, calm, and sure of what they desire. Unfortunate dissensions have occurred among leaders, and anti-Catholic papers are trying to stir up feeling against the Holy See. But the masses remain loyal religiously and politically.

Revue de Clergé Français (March 1): Ch. Calippe discusses *The Morality of Professional and Economic Co-operation*. After considering briefly the relation of this co-operation or "Solidarity" to liberty, Christian charity, and social justice, and outlining the forms of it, he gives a word on the necessity of legal and corporative regulation of its duties. "The commencement, the point of departure, the first step in this organization or rather re-organization, adapted to actual necessities, are professional syndicates, that is syndicalism; and far from being, in itself, an abnormal, anarchic and revolutionary institution, as men still sometimes insinuate... the syndicate is a legitimate and opportune institution, and a commencement of legal expression of the natural bonds of solidarity which unite one to another the members of the same profession."—Dom Fernand Cabrol, on the question of *The Feast of Easter and the Reform of the Gregorian Calendar*, suggests a number of possibilities for the better regulation of the date, of which he considers the best is to fix the Sunday after the 25th of March as the time for the Easter Celebration.—J. Rivière contributes a *Chronicle of the Theological Movement*, in which he reviews several recent works on faith and symbols of faith, the Incarnation, and other topics.—E. Vacandard presents a *Chronicle of Ecclesiastical History*.—*Concerning the Press* is an appeal by Cardinal Amette,

Archbishop of Paris, towards a reform in the direction of the suppression of the corrupt press and the substitution of a clean one.

(March 15): P. Cruveilhier gives a study of the relation between *The Code of Hammourabi and the Civil Legislation of the Hebrews*. "The resemblances of the two codes prove the authenticity of the epoch of the code of the covenant." The author of the latter has depended on the former in a fashion restrained and perhaps indirect; from the material and temporal point of view, the Hebrew Code is inferior, but from a moral and spiritual point of view is much superior to the other.—T. Desers gives a *Chronicle of Pastoral Theology*; E. Lenoble a *Chronicle of Philosophy*. The latter reviews two works of Henri Bergson, *Philosophical Intuition* and *Reveiw of Metaphysics and Morals*.

(April 1): In this issue L. Venard reviews at length a number of works on Biblical topics. He considers first *The Odes of Solomon* in the light of a new test published a few years ago by Mr. Rendel Harris. Another work to which he devotes some attention is *The Origins of the Churches of the Apostolic Age* by E. de Faye.—H. Tesêtre writes of *Truth and Charity*. "To conduct themselves as brothers towards one another, is, for Catholics, to furnish to the world the most appropriate proof of the mission and the divinity of Jesus Christ. Charity thus opens the way to truth."—M. Témozin contributes a sketch of *French Socialism in 1911*.

Recent Events.

France. The agreement made with Germany as a final settlement, it is to be hoped, of the question about Morocco, which for so long

has disturbed the whole of Europe, and has twice brought France and Germany to the verge of war, has at last been signed and ratified. With the Sultan of Morocco a Treaty has been signed, giving to France the long-sought Protectorate over that country. The details, however, have still to be arranged, or, at least, have not been published. With Spain negotiations are still proceeding for the purpose of regulating the management of the respective shares of Spain and France in Morocco, and for defining the extent of these shares. France claims from Spain various cessions of the territory granted to the latter country by the agreement of 1904. These cessions, or some of them, Spain is reluctant to make. The negotiations have not been at all times smooth, and more than once seemed on the point of breaking down. The feeling of the Spanish people against France has been very strong, if the Press may be considered to be the true expression of that feeling. Hope is still entertained, however, that a satisfactory solution will be found.

The French Senate did not give its consent to the ratification of the Treaty with Germany, until a very long debate had taken place, in which much dissatisfaction was expressed at many of its provisions, and doubts were manifested as to the results to be expected. Leading men, like M. Clemenceau, and M. Pichon, could not bring themselves to give their votes in its favor. But from entering into the question of the conduct of M. Caillaux in the course of the negotiations with Germany, the Senate wisely refrained. It is felt, however, that the country was on the verge of being betrayed by the late Prime Minister, who was acting in the interests of the money power, which is seeking a *rapprochement* with Germany, and which desires to alter the whole basis of French foreign policy. This effort has proved unsuccessful, and it is felt to be for the best interests of the country that the steps taken by M. Caillaux and some of his colleagues should be left to oblivion. The

question about Morocco having been settled, and there being no great internal question such as the post office or railway strikes, the Chamber was left at liberty to proceed with the discussion of Electoral Reform. It was with this special object in view that the last election took place—the substitution of *scrutin de liste* for *scrutin d'arrondissement*, in combination with some method of proportional representation. An unexpected opposition, however, has been offered to the latter proposal by the strongest party in the Assembly—the Radicals. It is, therefore, doubtful whether it will be adopted.

A measure of Social Reform sent down from the Senate has been adopted by the Chamber. This is a Bill extending to all categories of miners and slate quarrymen the benefits of a law of 1905 instituting an eight-hour day for certain classes of underground workers. On one point, however, there is a difference between the two houses; this no doubt will be settled when the Parliament meets again in May.

So alarming has become the increase of violent crimes, many of which have been perpetrated in broad daylight, and yet with perfect impunity, that widespread anxiety and alarm are being felt by the general public. Paris, country towns, railway trains, the open country, have been scenes of repeated outrages, and violent robberies. Firearms have been used and volleys fired in the open streets. The climax was reached by the violent seizure of a motor car not very far from Paris, the driver of which was shot dead. The car was then made use of for the robbery of a bank some thirty or forty miles away; the deed was done in business hours, and the robbers escaped, and have not yet been arrested, although something like one hundred and fifty specially trained detectives have been employed in the endeavor to make their arrest. So much anxiety was aroused by this attempt that special meetings of the Cabinet were held, with M. Fallières presiding, to devise measures for the control of the evil. The police force is to be increased and a special motor corps of policemen established. Secular education has not yet shown its expected fruit of good works.

Modern science is to be represented in the army by an aviation corps. Aviation has now become so important as to be called the fifth branch of the service. The corps will consist of aeroplanes, although the use of dirigibles will not be neglected. By the end of the year twenty-seven field and five garrison squad-

rillas, each consisting of eight aeroplanes capable of carrying passengers, together with motor cars and other mechanical contrivances, are to be organized for the military service with a regular staff of officers and trained assistants. An aeronautical regiment with seven companies will be constituted. The War Estimates devote about two millions and a half to this purpose. France is in advance of every country in this respect.

The workingmen in France have not been unaffected by the strike in England, and signs have been shown of the chronic restlessness which exists beneath the surface. A few strikes have taken place and some little anxiety exists. On the whole, however, no great disturbance of the ordinary course of life has taken place.

Germany.

What are called by the Germans the Defense Bills, but which would be called by some other nations the Offense Bills, have been published. They have formed the chief subject of discussion, both before and after their publication, for a long time, and are now being discussed by the Reichstag. Two new Prussian Army Corps are to be formed, two new general commands, and two new divisional staffs are to be created. There will be the new third battalions and other additions, the precise details of which it is unnecessary to give. This will involve additional expense for the year 1912 to 1914 of something like eighty millions. Of the Navy the increase is not so great, and does not satisfy the German Navy League. It is proposed to commence one battleship in 1913 and another in 1916. A third Active Squadron of the Navy is, however, to be formed. The increase of cost will amount to about sixty millions. How this further expenditure is to be met has led to something like a crisis in the government. The Minister for Finance declared that it was necessary to raise the money by new taxation. This meant the imposition of death duties. In the attempt to impose these, Prince Bulow was defeated two or three years ago by the Conservatives and the Centre. To the possible renewal of the attempt the same parties offered the same decided opposition. The Minister for Finance thereupon resigned, and the money is to be raised in some other way. One of the noticeable features of the struggle which has been taking place, is the leading part that has been taken by Bavaria, of which Baron von Hertling has recently become Prime Minister. Baron von Hertling was formerly the

leader of the Centre Party. This party, although diminished in numbers by the recent elections, does not seem to have lost its influence. In fact, its action was decisive in the recent struggle. It is a thing to be regretted that it should have used its influence in favor of the privileged classes. It is generally thought that the defeat of Prince Bulow's attempt to impose the Death Duties led to the remarkable increase in the Socialist vote at the recent election. In fact, Baron von Hertling has expressed his willingness to help to impose these duties, but would not do so because it would gratify the Socialists, and be a triumph for them. This does not seem to be a very far-sighted policy.

For the fact that Germany is hated by many—a thing recognized by not a few Germans—a good reason is to be found in a book recently published by a distinguished general, and one of the most influential writers on current strategical and tactical questions. How far he may be considered an authoritative exponent of the opinions, aspirations and aims of the German people it cannot be estimated; but so far as he is such an authority, a solution is given for the distrust of Germany that is so widely felt. General Bernhardt, in his book *Deutschland und der nächste Krieg*, gives candid expression to the view that Germany must fight her way to predominance regardless of the rights and interests of other people. He pronounces a panegyric on war in general, and advocates deliberate preparation not only for war, but of war, holding that France will have to be annihilated, and England attacked and beaten, in order that Germany may realize herself and fulfill the destinies of Providence. The influence of war he declares to be edifying and purifying on public life and character. The spirit of the German people is essentially warlike, although that spirit may for the time being be dormant. The peace movement is poisonous. It is by the sword alone that the duties and tasks of the German people can be fulfilled. The right of conquest is essential to the development of the Empire. Might is right, he declares, and right is decided by war. The attempt to abolish war is not only stupid, but immoral and unworthy of humanity. The maintenance of peace cannot and must never be the goal of policy. Wars must be produced by deliberate intent. It is lawful to conceal such intent from their possible victims. This is justified on the ground that even in peace there is often a suppressed state of war, and the mendacities allowed in war are allowable in these circumstances. Belgium is mentioned as a coun-

try which cannot be left to remain permanently neutral, while England is declared to be the enemy that will have to be beaten at sea. With her will be the first war which will have to be fought out, in order that Germany may obtain not only a place in the sun, but a full share in the mastery of the world. This looks as if deliberate deception might be practised beforehand. If so it would be foolish to attach importance to that manifestation of better feeling towards England which has resulted from Lord Haldane's recent visit. Most people, however, will be unwilling to consider General Bernhardt a reliable exponent of the purposes of the real governing class of Germany. Of some Germans, however, he is a representative. The existence of such a class renders it necessary for all the possible victims to be on their guard, and explains the necessity which is felt for the maintenance of armaments. Forewarned is forearmed.

In the final election of Officers of the Reichstag, the Socialist Vice-President was displaced. The coalition with the Radicals was dissolved, the National Liberals helping the Centre Party and the Conservatives to exclude the Socialist. The result of many manoeuvres is that the President and Second Vice-President are Radicals, while a National Liberal is First Vice-President. The permutations and combinations which take place of the numerous parties, render the course of politics in Germany, as elsewhere, so uncertain, that no basis can be formed for reasonable anticipation of what the future will bring forth, even after an election has taken place. In a recent division on a point which seems to be of no great importance, the government was defeated by a coalition of the Centre Party with the Poles and Socialists.

A strike of miners in Westphalia, involving something like 200,000 men, with the probability that it might become general, caused considerable anxiety throughout the Empire. How far it was connected with the English strike is a matter of dispute, as also is the reason for its comparative failure. The trade unions are divided into two groups, of which the Christian trade unions form the one, and the Socialist and allied unions the other. The strike, it would appear, was advocated and carried out by the Socialist group, while the Christian unions opposed it, and have thereby incurred the condemnation of the rest of the miners. Bitter recriminations have taken place, but there is good reason to think that the Christian unions were justified in the course which they took.

Austria-Hungary.

For several weeks, Hungary has been in the throes of a Ministerial crisis, so serious that the Emperor Francis Joseph, with all the experience which his many years have given him, has not been able to find a solution, and has in consequence gone so far as to threaten, for the first time in many years, to abdicate the throne. The question at issue is between the military authorities of the dual Monarchy and the Parliament of Hungary. The latter, according to the former, is claiming powers which will conflict with the efficiency of the army, and which infringe the prerogatives of the crown. This led to the resignation of Count Khuen Hedervary, who had for nearly two years been Premier of Hungary, during which time the affairs of the country had been carried on with almost unexampled smoothness. The crisis was brought about by the obstruction practised for a long time by a group in the Chamber, which refused to pass the Army Bills unless the long promised Universal Franchise Bill should be brought in and passed. A sub-group of these opponents were won over to the side of the government by its acceptance of a Resolution, the precise terms of which have not been published, dealing with the army and the calling out of the Reserves. This is the resolution which was unacceptable to the Emperor, and in fact to the Austrian authorities, and which has caused all the trouble. After the resignation of the Premier, the situation was so complicated that no Ministry could be formed. No one was willing to undertake the task. The Count seemed the only possible choice, and he found it even beyond his power. Then came the Emperor's threat. In consequence the Hedervary Cabinet will continue in office, and the Prime Minister will endeavor to restore good feeling between the two countries. The resolution to which so much opposition has been offered, as an infringement of the rights of the sovereign, is to be dropped. The personal appeal which was made to the nation not to curtail these rights, and the fear of the consequences of the Emperor's abdication, have had the effect of at least postponing a decision. The opposition, however, still maintains that the resolution involved no infringement of the sovereign's rights. The Cabinet has a majority on its side. The question, however, still remains unsettled, as to the way of overcoming the obstruction, which has now again become a feature of the proceedings of the Hungarian Parliament. The abandoned resolution was the price offered and accepted: whether any other consideration will be ac-

cepted remains to be seen. As the opposition threatens to continue its resistance to the Army Bills, the prospect is very dark. It is possible that the Dual Monarchy is on the verge of a grave constitutional struggle.

The launch of the second Dreadnought at Trieste serves as a reminder that Austria, as well as Germany, is aiming at becoming a naval Power. The first Dreadnought was launched in June of last year. The third and the fourth, which complete the present programme, were begun last January. The sphere of operations of the new Austrian Fleet, and the aim it has in view, is to secure, along with the Fleet of Italy, domination over the Mediterranean. The sympathy shown for Italy by the government of Austria, although not by the military element, or by a large part of the press, ever since the beginning of the War in Tripoli, has brought the two governments closer than ever together. The recent visit of the German Emperor to Vienna has had the effect too, it is said, of reinvigorating the Triple Alliance on that side—although it was not needed as far as Austria and Germany are concerned. Italy is said to have become somewhat cool towards France and Great Britain. They have ventured to criticise her proceedings. Hence there is being mooted a development of the Triple Alliance by the extension of its scope to the Mediterranean. Italy's interests in that sea are to fall within its safeguard. To this project neither France or Great Britain can be indifferent, and an increase of their navies must follow. The outstanding fact seems to be that the Triple Alliance remains the steadfast basis of Austrian foreign policy, notwithstanding the recent efforts of the military to bring about a war with Italy.

Italy.

The attempt made upon the life of the King of Italy by an anarchist gave an opportunity for the people to demonstrate in a most remarkable way their devotion to the reigning house. Dense crowds of every class saluted the King with expressions of loyalty of a most enthusiastic description. All parties in Parliament, from the Constitutional opposition to the Extreme Left, gave utterance to their feelings of loyal homage to the throne. All day long processions of vast multitudes appeared before the King's residence to testify their joy at his escape. At Venice the Cardinal Patriarch caused a *Te Deum* to be sung, at which he himself was present.

King Victor Emmanuel III. is looked upon by his subjects as having fulfilled the duties of a monarch with great simplicity and personal unselfishness, and with complete devotion to what he considers the public interest. The Royal pair, moreover, are considered to be setting a perfect example of pure family life.

The war with Turkey still drags along its slow length. Several fierce encounters have taken place, in which, strange to say, the Turks and Arabs took the offensive. No advance has as yet been made into the interior, nor do any steps appear to have been taken for such an advance. Napoleon is said to have looked upon the desert as a better protection against an enemy, than either the ocean or a mountain range. If this is the case penetration into the interior of Tripoli will be the most formidable of tasks. The Italian government is beginning to realize its gravity, and to manifest a certain willingness to mitigate the harshness of the conditions upon which peace may be made, and to be even desirous of mediation. While refusing to discuss the sovereignty proclaimed over Tripoli and the Cyrenaica, it will not ask for its explicit recognition by Turkey, provided the new state of things is implicitly accepted. In this way it is hoped to save Turkey's face. But Turkey is as determined as ever to make no concession. The Powers, on the initiative of Russia, are understood to have taken steps to bring about an agreement. Grave fear is felt that it will not be possible, unless the war is brought to a speedy conclusion, to prevent an uprising in the Balkans. By manifestoes widely dispersed throughout Tripoli, the Italians are seeking to seduce the Arabs from the Turkish side. In these circulars the Arabs are told that it is not against them that Italy's forces have come: on the contrary it is in order to free them from a retrograde rule, and to bring to the country progress, prosperity and tranquility. Their religion will be respected, and its privileges increased, and all native customs respected. Unfortunately the breach of faith on the part of the Italians, which was involved in the wholesale disarmament forced upon the Arabs in Tripoli at the beginning of the war, prevents the tribes from putting confidence in the good faith of the Italians.

China.

The organization of the Grand Republic of China is proceeding slowly. At present the state of things is provisional. The definite settlement will be by means of a National Assembly, which has not as

yet been elected, nor is even the date of its meeting fixed. The provisional President, whose powers have been derived in a way which ought to satisfy even the most extreme of legitimists, by the voluntary cession of the late Emperor, has been installed with impressive ceremonies in the presence of the high Lamas, the Mongol Princes, the high civil and military officials, and a number of foreign guests. He took an oath to develop the Republic, to sweep away the disadvantages of absolute Monarchism, to observe the Constitutional laws, to increase the welfare of the country, and to cement together a strong nation embracing all the five races. When the National Assembly appoints a permanent president he will retire. A new flag has been adopted; the Dragon has been displaced.

The first trial by jury has been held. A loan has been negotiated. This, however, has raised a protest from four of the great Powers, who thought they had secured for themselves the privilege of rendering this service to China. The need of money is just at present the most urgent of the many under which China is suffering. The atrocities which were committed by the soldiers in Peking, and which have been repeated in many other parts of China, arose not from devotion to the Manchus—for not a soul was devoted to them—but from the fact that the army had not been paid, and there was no money wherewith to satisfy its demands. In the present stage of the world's development money seems to be the basis of law and order, or at least their necessary safeguard.

The next step towards organization was the formation of a Cabinet. This the President entrusted to Tang Shao-yi, whom he chose to be Premier, although there were those who thought that he ought to have himself made the choice of the Ministers. Within three weeks of the President's installation, the Premier presented his list for the approbation of the Assembly at Nanking. This list, including the Premier himself, comprises eleven persons, one of whom is a graduate of Yale, and yet another has studied in this country, while a third has had a course of five or six years in Germany. The rest, with the exception of one who studied in Japan, do not seem to have had any foreign education. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, however, has held a diplomatic appointment at St. Petersburg. The Assembly gave its approval to all with the exception of one. So China is now possessed of a President, a Cabinet, and trial by jury. The Revolutionary President Sun Yat-sen and the Provisional Gov-

ernment, with great magnanimity and self-sacrifice, laid down office immediately after the approval of the Cabinet by the Assembly. Sun Yat-sen retires widely respected, and intends to devote his time to traveling in China in order to enlighten the people on the principles of Republican government—a much-needed work, for there is every reason to think that the people as a body have had very little to do with the recent change. They form an inert, amorphous mass, having suffered for so long under a corrupt and corrupting despotism, that they have come to care for nothing but mere physical existence.

The first work of the new *régime*, and an arduous one, is to restore the reign of law and order throughout the country, and to repress the excesses of the soldiers by making the payments due to them. For this end money is required; and so the raising of a loan became of supreme importance. Negotiations are being carried on with certain of the Powers, all of whom are eager to oblige the Republic—for a consideration. In fact they are quarrelling among themselves over the matter. This country especially is exciting a certain degree of opposition on account of its disinterested action in favor of China, and the promulgation of a Monroe Doctrine to apply to Asia against the United States has been mentioned, although there is no reason to think that it is a serious proposal.

It is too early to investigate the causes of the stupendous change which has taken place. Among the various events, however, which have led up to the expulsion of the Manchu dynasty, one especially was very influential. In order to pay the Indemnity to Foreign Powers which was incurred by the suppression of the Boxer rebellion, the central government had to put unwanted pressure on the Provinces of which the Empire is made up. This attempt at centralization was vehemently resisted, and led to the desire for a Federated Republic, in which greater, not less, control of local affairs would be given to each Province. The change is largely due to resistance to what was looked upon as unduly centralized power.

If the views of General Li Huan-hung, who was a candidate for the Presidency, are shared by the authorities of the new Republic, a wide field will be opened in China for the missionary efforts of the Church. "We need," the General said in a letter to the Missionary Apostolic in the province of Hupeh, "the missionaries to help us regenerate China, and they will be protected in every

possible way; and we want the greatest possible harmony to reign between us and them with God's aid, and the prayers of your Holy Father the Pope; which desire I beg you will utter for me in the presence of His Holiness."

On April 11th Mr. Asquith presented **The Home Rule Bill**, the new Home Rule Bill to the House of Commons. Officially it is called "The Government of Ireland Bill." The scene in the House vividly recalled the two previous attempts made by Mr. Gladstone in 1886 and 1893 to secure Home Rule for Ireland. The new bill has the hearty approval of the Irish Parliamentary Party, under their leader Mr. John Redmond, who has sent a message to the American people expressing his confidence that the bill "will inaugurate an era of contentment and prosperity in Ireland under self-government." The Nationalist Convention to be held in Dublin on April 23rd is to consider and debate the Bill. The new measure is generally considered as better for Ireland in its financial provisions and otherwise than either of the measures introduced by Mr. Gladstone. It provides for the establishment in Dublin of two houses—the Senate and the Lower Chamber or House of Representatives. The Senate will be composed of forty members, who will be nominated by the Imperial Government, and who will hold office for a term of eight years. One-fourth of these will retire every second year, and the vacancies will be filled by nominations made by the Irish Government. The House of Representatives will have one hundred and sixty-four members. They will be elected by the present Irish constituencies. Ulster has fifty-nine members. At the end of three years the Irish Parliament will have the power to change the electorate and the constituencies. The Irish membership in the House of Commons will be reduced from one hundred and three members to forty-two.

To the control of the Imperial Government are reserved matters that concern the army and navy; the Irish land purchase; the Old Age Pensions and National Insurance Acts, the Irish constabulary, post office savings banks, and public loans and the customs. After six years Ireland will have control over the tariff, but will retain free trade with England. The Irish constabulary also is automatically to be transferred to the Irish Government after six years, and the power is to be given to the Irish Parliament to demand the transfer to its control of the Old Age Pensions and Insurance

Acts after having given one year's notice to the Imperial Government.

Religious liberty is guaranteed by the provision that the Irish Parliament cannot make laws, directly or indirectly, or establish or endow any religion, or to prohibit the free exercise thereof, or to give a preference or privilege to any religion, or to make any religious ceremony a condition of the validity of marriage.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland will be the head of the Irish executive, and will have the power to veto or suspend any bill on the instruction of the Imperial executive. Any question regarding the interpretation of the Home Rule bill is to be settled by appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

The collection of all taxes is to remain in the imperial service, and they will be paid into the imperial exchequer, which is to pay over to the Irish executive an amount equivalent to the expenditure on Irish services at the time of the passing of the act. An additional sum of \$2,500,000 is to be paid to Ireland the first year, and this will diminish by \$250,000 yearly until it is reduced to \$1,000,000. The postal services are to be handed over to Ireland.

The Irish Parliament is to have power to reduce or to discontinue the imperial taxes, excepting the income tax and the stamp and estate duties. It will also have power to alter the excise duties; but, except in the case of beer and spirits, it is debarred from adding to the customs duties anything which will give a greater increase than ten per cent.

As we have said, the Bill meets with the approval of the Nationalist Party, and every reasonable man must admit that it is a very fair measure of self-government which should have been granted to Ireland long ago.

With Our Readers.

THE TITANIC.

*Night has shrouded the earth,
And sin the soul of man:
But light gives the day rebirth
And love can lift the ban.*

*Out of the night sprang light,
Born of the horror came peace;
For man was man; and weakness, might;
And sacrifice, increase.*

*Born of the Cross a ray
Glanced on the tragic sea.
It pierced the night: it showed the way
To the glory that shall be.*

J. H. R.

TWO years ago the prediction was made in these pages that the Socialist administration which had just been chosen in Milwaukee, would probably give the city a clean and efficient government. Now that the recent municipal campaign no longer obscures our vision, we are able to see that that forecast has been substantially realized. The Socialist officeholders in Milwaukee have provided an administration that compares very favorably, both in honesty and efficiency, with any preceding administration of that city, and with the average administration in any American city. The mistakes that the Milwaukee Socialists have made are by no means conspicuous or exceptional. They have disregarded the civil service rules in order to put their own members in office, but this is an old offense in our municipalities. They refused to submit the million dollar park proposal to a referendum, but they can find plenty of precedents for such action in the history of non-Socialist administrations.

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THE truth of the matter is, that the Socialists of Milwaukee were defeated for re-election last month, and deserved to be defeated, because of the spirit in which they carried on the city government,

rather than because of any notable failure in either honesty or efficiency. They have shown themselves to be narrow, partisan, and doctrinaire to a degree that alarmed many persons who would have liked to see them get another term. Their unwillingness to trust their park project to a referendum is typical. While it is surprising to those who know the Socialists only superficially, it was fully expected by all persons who have any insight into the real Socialist spirit. Socialism is not democratic; it is essentially autocratic. Socialists believe in the rule of the people only when the majority of the people are favorable to Socialist theories or Socialist projects. In the interest of Socialism they would disregard the wishes of the majority. Again, the Milwaukee Socialists have let no opportunity pass to emphasize and promote the peculiar doctrines of revolutionary Socialism, such as class consciousness, economic determinism, and the inevitable downfall of the capitalist system. Hence those good persons who had expected that the Socialist administration would be merely "advanced reformist," have received a rude shock. The record of the Milwaukee Socialists in office shows that even the most moderate and most "opportunist" group of the Socialist party in this country never forgets for a moment that the supreme consideration is the coming of the revolution, and the establishment of the "co-operative Commonwealth." This overshadowing fact, this fact that every Socialist gain strengthens the movement for the propagation of revolutionary, anti-property, and anti-Christian theories, ought to prevent any intelligent non-Socialist from extending to the Socialist movement even the temporary and spasmodic assistance of a vote at municipal elections.

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ALTHOUGH defeated, the Socialist ticket at the recent election polled three thousand more votes than it did in 1910. Hence, there is no justification for the rejoicing of those persons who see nothing but the fact of defeat at the polls. If the newly-elected non-partisan officials do not give the city an exceptionally good administration, the Socialists will certainly be returned to power two years hence. For there are thousands of voters in Milwaukee who are willing to run the risk of hastening somewhat the approach of far-off, complete Socialism in order to have good city government here and now.

THE signs of the times show more and more plainly the importance of emphasizing the essentially religious character of all successful charity work. Charity was born of Christianity, and its work will fail if it ever denies its Mother. Nowadays we are apt to look simply at results, and to think little of motives. Motive, belief, inspiration count little so long as the thing is done. All this only proves the shortsightedness of the age. There is no one who does not rejoice

at every evidence of philanthropy—is not glad at the magnificent examples of enthusiastic charity oftentimes displayed, and at the studied endeavor so to reorganize and extend charity as to leave no creature in want. Yet, too, many are apt to forget that enthusiasm to be permanent and effective must be inspired by the right spirit. It is the spirit that sustains and fortifies and directs. It is through the spirit that we really come in contact with our fellows, and only through the spirit are we really able to help them to be without want. A man may labor so enthusiastically that he forgets to eat. The present race of men may contribute to charity funds and neglect to think of what, after all, will make the world go right. The former will become useless; the latter, since it is not by bread alone that man liveth, will fail to better his fellows. The waters of life are found only in the desert, and in prayer, in the cultivation of the religious truths of our personal relations with God and His Divine Son will man find that which justifies his enthusiasm, and permits him to go to his fellows with a message of hope. The vestment that is given to the poor is of little use unless the spirit that gave it seeks also to cover the soul's helplessness. Leo XIII., and our present Holy Father, have in season and out of season exhorted us to cultivate and emphasize this spirit in all our charity work. It inspires our societies of lay Catholic workers, and has long been admirably shown to the world by the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul.

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OUR present thoughts on the subject have been brought forth by the recent letter of the Holy Father to the Christ Child Society, published in its annual report for 1912. The letter tells of how this Society has selected as the object of its zealous efforts "that portion of the flock of Christ most dear to the Divine Infant and to His Vicar on earth." The extraordinary work done by this Society, and its rapid growth throughout the United States, are most encouraging. The spirit of the work is the spirit of Jesus Christ. In His name is the work done, and He it is Whom the workers of the Christ Child, though they give all kinds of material aid, bring to the hearts and souls of the little ones. Bringing Him, they bring the Joy of joys, the Hope of us all, and their work will prevail.

THE AMBITIOUS CHURCH.

(WRITTEN BY LIONEL JOHNSON IN 1892.)

CATHOLICS know well the sound of such a phrase: and among the many compliments paid to their Church none are more frequent than those stock phrases, "the tyranny of Rome," "the canker of ecclesiasticism," and "a proud priesthood." The poor Catho-

lics are not much moved by such amenities: in their "proud" moments they look upon this tall talk something in the same way as the Roman senators may have looked upon the petulant anger of barbarians:

Hoc tu, Romane! memento:

Parcere subiectis, et debellare superbos.

It is indeed true, to quote an eloquent Oratorian, writing about the Papacy,

That such a Power should live and breathe, doth seem
A thought from which men fain would be relieved.

A grandeur not to be endured, a dream
Darkening the soul, though it be unbelieved.

But better far is it to dwell in peace with our opposing brethren, without compromising our conscience, than to flaunt our pride of place. Let us try to persuade them that the great Roman Church is not filled with an ambitious spirit, nor desirous of a worldly domination. That is to say, we grant you a great deal about the haughtiness of this mediæval prelate, or the worldliness of that Renaissance pontiff; we know, what many of you do not, that infallibility is one thing, and impeccability another: but now we merely invite you to consider the spirit of the Catholic Church at large, in her workings with the world. Here is a definite proposition, which we hold for truth: that the subtle Jesuit, the powerful Irish priest, the diplomatic official of the Vatican, the ardent French prelate, can no more be said to live and act upon ambitious motives than the Salvation Army can be said to exist for the purpose of controlling the money-market.

Mind you, we are not maintaining that the action of the Church does not often go counter to the policies of statesmen: we are maintaining that the legitimate action of the Church does not go counter to the legitimate action of the State. These are two such different things! Take two English Catholics, whose names, acts, and utterances are in great part public property: the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the Earl Marshal of England. The action of the former, and of the Catholics who think with him, cannot but be somewhat at variance with the Irish policy of the present Ministers: the action of the latter and of his Catholic sympathizers cannot but have been disagreeable to the plans of the late Ministry. But what complaint has the State to bring against either body of Catholic citizens? Let us distinguish, you say. The one body is patriotic, national, English, like its predecessors at the time of the Armada: the other body is zealous only for the Church's triumph, sure to come about through Home and Rome Rule. Let the Church do what she will, someone will be found to ascribe her action to an ambitious motive. The Papal rescript, said the Radicals, was an intrusive act of interference with national politics:

the Nationalist activity of the Irish priesthood, say the Tories, is a lawless intrusion upon the rights of citizens. The Encyclical upon Labor is an open bid for democratic support: the French pilgrimages are a deliberate demonstration against the Italian Government. It is all show or intrigue, bluster or diplomacy, theatricals or cabals: nothing honest, simple, straightforward. Surely it is a strange conception: for, examine it well, and what is meant by clerical ambition and ecclesiastical despotism? Is it the pride of swaying the souls of men, the fascination of terrorism, or the vague *esprit de corps* of a great organization? Single men may have such sentiments or small bodies of men, a member of Parliament or a County Council: and in the Church a Wolsey may plot for the Papal Chair, or a school of theologians for the victory of their opinions. But what ambition has the poor and obscure priest, but to do his duty, to preserve his charge, to keep clear his conscience? Certain critics of the Church write as though in Cardinal Grandison and Archbishop Penruddock, Lord Beaconsfield had summed up the ruling principles of every Catholic priest: intense pride, intense self-will, intense asceticism, and in secret an intense devotion to Torquemada. Let us suggest a kindlier, a reasonable explanation of that authoritative spirit which animates a Catholic priest. Can it be that he believes himself to possess a spiritual authority, to which he may command obedience in spiritual matters, just as he himself obeys it? "We are told," says a great ecclesiastic, "that all other sects are religious and may be safely tolerated, but that the Catholic Church is a polity and kingdom, and must therefore be cast out. We accept this distinction. . . . It is the acknowledgment that in the Catholic Church there is a Divine mission and a Divine authority; that we are not content with tracing pictures on the imagination or leaving outlines on the mere intellect, but that in the name of God we command the will; that we claim obedience because we first submit to it." But all this is clear enough to see: now is there any difficulty in understanding the relations of Church and State, as laid down by Aquinas, or Suarez, or Hergenrother, or Newman, or Leo XIII.? In a free State the Church is free: it is only in a State where Falk Laws prevail, or an irreligious tyranny, that the conscience must choose between two powers. The Established Church, in its Book of Common Prayer, laments its loss of public discipline, of authority over its members: the Catholic Church both has and exercises discipline. *Hinc illae lacrimae*. To what lengths may not a Church go which can command obedience, not merely give pious exhortation! And the imagination pictures a crowd of terrified fanatics, ready to lie, rob, murder—in a Pickwickian sense—if only the cruel Church command them. But let any priest, in England or Ireland, dare to go beyond his spiritual rights and escape the censure of his superiors

if he can; let him refuse the sacraments to one who votes for a "Parnellite" candidate in Ireland, or a "Progressive" candidate for the London School Board; he will be shown his mistake. But because a priest in the discharge of his duties neither can nor should avoid touching social questions, it does not follow that he will become a tyrant. Influence he does exert; and it is possible to be almost passively under the influence of a man who is in a position of spiritual authority, commanding affection and respect. But terror he cannot impose, except upon spiritual offenders. To Catholics, the question is so plain that it is hard to realize the state of mind in which educated men can confuse it. Has Newman's letter to the Duke of Norfolk been after all a dead letter? At least, we may conclude with another passage from his writings, where he states, with emphatic decision, what are the real aims of the Church Catholic; a Church certainly unlike that of which Dryden speaks:

How answering to its end a Church is made,
Whose power is but to counsel and persuade?
Oh, solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house, not made with mortal hands!
Oh, sure defence against the infernal gate,
A patent during pleasure of the State!

The Cardinal shall tell us what are the "ambitions of Rome." He writes: "Protestants think that the Church aims at appearance and effect. She must be splendid, and majestic, and influential: fine services, music, lights, vestments. And then, again, in her dealings with others, courtesy, smoothness, cunning, dexterity, intrigue, management—these, it seems, are the weapons of the Catholic Church." And he replies: "The Church aims not at making a show, but at doing a work. She regards this world, and all that is in it, as a mere shadow, as dust and ashes, compared with the value of one single soul. She holds that unless she can in her own way do good to souls, it is no use her doing anything: she holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, so far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say, should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilfull untruth, though it harmed no one, or steal one poor farthing without excuse. . . . Such is the Church, O ye men of the world, and now you know her. Such she is, such she will be; and though she aims at your good, it is in her own way—and if you oppose her she defies you." If that be ambition, it is the "infirmity" of a "noble mind," rather than a "Babylonian woe."

KIPLING'S ridiculous outburst was a fitting climax to the senseless display of bigotry in the agitation against the Home Rule Bill. Bigotry has outdone itself and defeated its own purposes. For example, one of the organs of the Protestant press in Ireland publishes a letter from a reader who had received a copy of the Methodist organ, the *Christian Advocate*:

"I was under the impression that it was a Methodist journal, and looked for some interesting news of our work there. It appears that the main business of the Church just now is to hold meetings against Home Rule, and it took nearly all the pages of the *Advocate* to inform me of that."

The Unionists have always condemned the Nationalists as rebels; it is the Unionists themselves who are now preaching rebellion, even to armed resistance. This has been at least implicitly encouraged by the Unionist Leader, Mr. Bonar Law. Mr. Law's sense of the relative value of God and Heaven has been the subject of much perplexity to others since he said at a speech at Larne:

"I have only one word more to say, and that is, that if this Irish Home Rule Bill should by any chance be forced through, then God help Ulster, and Heaven help the Government that tries to enforce it."

It is worthy of note that the vast majority of representative men in the over-seas Dominions have expressed their belief that Ireland should receive Home Rule. Judges, editors and public men of influence agree in so expressing themselves; and among the colonial Premiers or ex-Premiers who favor the measure are General Botha, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Andrew Fisher and Alfred Deakin.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROS., New York:

A Catechism of Christian Doctrine for the Third Grade. By Rev. Patrick J. Sloan. \$4.75 per hundred. *The Mustard Tree; an Argument on Behalf of the Divinity of Christ.* By O. R. Vassall-Phillips. \$1.75 net. *For Frequent Communicants.* Preface by W. Roche, S.J. \$3.00 per hundred.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

The Price of Unity. By B. W. Maturin. \$1.50 net.

MACMILLAN Co., New York:

A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. By Jane Adams. \$1.00 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Eve Triumphant. By Alys Hallard. \$1.25 net. *The Social Evil.* Edited by Edward R. A. Seligman, LL.D. \$1.75 net.

CHARITIES PUBLICATION COMMITTEE, New York:

Saleswomen in Mercantile Stores. By Elizabeth Beardsley Butler. \$1.08.

FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York:

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Vol. XII. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson. \$5.00 per vol. *Life and Times of the Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.* By William Hanna Thompson, M.D. \$1.20 net.

- HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
The Squirrel Cage. By Dorothy Canfield. \$1.35 net.
- JOHN LANE & Co., New York:
Manalive. By G. K. Chesterton. \$1.30 net.
- THE AMERICAN NEWS Co., New York:
The Fighting Race, and other Poems and Ballads. By Joseph I. C. Clarke. \$1.00 net.
- THE COSMOPOLITAN PRESS, New York:
Race Suicide. By M. S. Iseman, M.D. \$1.50.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., New York:
One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting. By John La Farge. \$5.00 net.
- HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
A Personal Record. By Joseph Conrad. \$1.25 net.
- P. J. KENEDY'S SONS, New York:
The Official Catholic Directory and Clergy List for the Year of Our Lord 1912. Complete edition; leather binding. \$3.00.
- D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
Faith Brandon. By Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.30 net.
- FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York:
Stover at Yale. By Owen Johnson. \$1.35 net.
- UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:
Three Quarters of a Century (1807-1882). Vol. I. By the late Rev. Augustus J. Thébaud, S.J. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann, LL.D. \$3.00.
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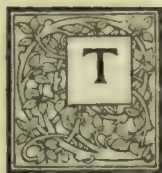
VOL. XCV.

JUNE, 1912.

No. 567.

EUGENICS AND CATHOLIC TEACHING. •

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.



TWO recent incidents may be set down as a suitable introduction to this study. The leader of the New Theology movement, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, has just returned to London from his preaching tour in the United States. The editor of *The Christian Commonwealth* met him on his arrival for the purpose of the inevitable interview. "What impressed you most," said the editor, "in the religious life of America?" The answer was, "The growth of the influence of the Roman Catholic Church since I was in the States, nine years ago."

The second incident contains the element of explanation of the fact. The Anglican Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Gore, has been giving an address to the Christian Social Union. In what he described as a well-considered statement he said:

I have constantly sat down bewildered, before the blank, and, as it seems to me, simply stupid refusal of the mass of Church-people to recognize their social duties. Why on earth is it? What produces this strange blindness of heart and mind? Often have I tortured my mind trying to find an answer to those questions, and tortured it in vain. I simply recognize the fact: it stares you in the face.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton was present, and he promptly volunteered the answer: the Church was simply not dogmatic or doctrinal enough.

Here then lies the secret of the success of the Catholic Church

in our own country, and everywhere else: she has a clear message to offer to the people. And this is to be one of our strongest points in dealing with the new movement for race-culture.

The professional eugenicist has of late, under stress of criticism, come to modify his claims considerably. Over and over again he had been heckled with the objection that he did not know what he was aiming at. Since fine race-horses could be bred, so also he thought could fine men be bred. But then the end of the race-horse was obvious enough. It was to run fast and perhaps jump over hedges and ditches. A man must be bred for something other than that. However, no matter what the final end was, he would be all the better if he had a healthy and well-formed body. That was something to work for, but not enough. He would also be much better if he had a keen and trained intellect. Nor was that sufficient, for big swindlers had keen intellects. At last the moral factor in man was admitted for consideration. Sir Francis Galton, the founder of modern eugenics, chose the term "civic worth" as expressing the eugenic end to be obtained. This, for a time, seemed to satisfy his followers.

Since Galton's death, however, the eugenicists have been pressed to state more precisely what is meant by "civic worth." Amongst themselves they are anything but unanimous. Indeed there are as many opinions on the point as there are eugenicists. And, indeed, it must be so as long as the doctrine is ignored which I propose to sketch in this essay. Civic worth includes, as everybody agrees, moral worth. But moral worth can only be judged by a moral standard. If that moral standard consists in what each individual feels, thinks or wills to be right, then there can never possibly be any agreement. Or if some external standard of morals is chosen, and each individual is allowed to choose one of the many for himself, or allowed his own interpretation of some prominent one, then the result comes to the same thing. The common aim at best is a blurred ideal. And to breed for an ideal, undefined and indefinable, is evidently absurd.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, one of the most popular writers on eugenics, and at once one of its most moderate and most sane exponents, feels the difficulty. In his latest book, *The Methods of Race-Regeneration*, he attempts to deal with it. He regrets that the objection should come from those who are engaged in other forms of racial and social amelioration. Dr. Saleeby evades the difficulty in this fashion. He says:

In advocating positive eugenics I attempt to set up no new standards or ideals of civic, social, racial, or individual worth. On the contrary I am content gladly to accept those variously excellent ideals which have been recognized and acclaimed in all ages; and, to use the *argumentum ad hominem*, I would reply to the educational critic: "But you, my dear sir, are presumably aiming at something. You surely have some ideal or choice of ideals towards which you direct your educational efforts—say, the *mens sana in corpore sano*. You admit that, of course; very well, those are my ideals also; merely I propose, by the use of my method, which is the application of the principle of heredity, to complement your splendid efforts to attain them."*

So the laws of heredity are to be applied equally to the Eastern, who aims at race-extinction, and to the Western, who aims at race-improvement. They are to be applied equally to the materialist, who looks for his highest happiness in this world, and to the Christian who looks for it in the next. Whatever ideal one has chosen to satisfy his desires, to that is the hereditary principle to be applied. It matters not what you choose to strive for, provided only that you use the modern eugenic principle to help you in your striving. Thus that which was meant to be a means to an end has been made an end in itself; and all because no real final end has been proposed and agreed upon.

Further, the absence of any clear set purpose renders quite impossible the working of any principle of selection. It is not the slightest use trying to say by which of man's faculties or functions he chooses what is good and rejects what is bad, until we have first decided the question: good or bad for what? Hence, too, it is impossible, under the supposition, to co-ordinate and to cultivate aright the respective founts of action in man. We cannot tell, for instance, whether the intellect, the will, the emotions, or even the vegetative function, is the chief power in the culture of the race. If we want only a fine body, like that of a prize bull at a cattle show, then the vegetative function is the principle of selection. If we want a Mohammedan heaven, then the emotional faculty is the principle of selection. If we want the Greek ideal, then it is a sporting chance between emotion and intellect. If we want a merely natural ethical ideal, then the principle of selection is the will

**Methods of Race-Regeneration*, by C. W. Saleeby, M.D., pp. 17, 18. (In Cassell's *New Tracts for the Times*.)

guided by reason. But if man has a higher destiny than that provided for him by nature—and everybody must at least admit the possibility of such—then there is required something higher than a merely natural principle of selection.

Here again Dr. Saleeby seeks to modify the claims of the more radical eugenists. Instead of the word "fit" he would use the word "worthy;" for a man might be "fit" for a lawyer or a pugilist; "fit" for parliament or for a lunatic asylum. But the term "worthy" suggests morality. It takes us a little nearer to an intelligible goal. A man may be worthy of praise for having complied with or excelled in a certain code of morals. But eventually the question returns: Who is to decide the standard code? Is the predominant impulse to be the standard, as is asserted by Nietzsche and his followers? Is mere reason to be the standard as is proposed by the rationalists? Or is the standard to be that which is set up by the Catholic Church, namely, right reason duly informed by the Divine Will?

In the midst of all the confusion, there is one theory in the field which is clear and intelligible, which is consistent with itself, which offers to man something definite to strive for, and which shows him how the end is to be obtained. It is the Catholic theory of the absolutely supernatural. It provides a definite purpose, and indicates the precise principle of selection in racial regeneration and progress. Our information concerning the end to be obtained is derived from a divine revelation. That of course will be the first objection of the unbeliever. He may be told that that divine revelation can be shown to be credible, to have a reasonable foundation, and, since it offers such a tremendous reward to those who embrace it, sheer prudence demands that it ought to be embraced. The treatise, however, by which this is shown pertains to a special branch of apologetics. Whilst pointing out, then, that there exists such a scientific treatise, and reserving the right to proclaim it as occasion shall require, we may take up another starting-point, from which the eugenist may be led to examine our more formal credentials.

The new starting-point then is that the Catholic theory is at least heir by default. It is the only ideal in the field which is definite, and which is accepted by an appreciable number of individuals; for it is the theory which is followed by two hundred million members of the human race.

What then is this universal brotherhood for which the world,

mostly unwittingly, is at present crying out? It is that brotherhood which has its foundation in the privilege of our being the adopted sons of God. The privilege is as far removed above the new ideals in eugenics as anything can be. It is an elevation to a dignity infinitely superior to all the gifts of nature, superior indeed not only to the lower endowments of vegetative and emotional life, but also to the higher endowments of intellectual and volitional life. It is a higher transformation of these powers.

The "adoption of sons" is the term used by St. Paul to describe the new relationship of man to God. When a child is adopted into a family in the natural order, it is admitted to the rights and privileges of a son. When a stranger formally adopts a new country he is allowed the rights and privileges of citizenship. Similarly when the natural man is made an adopted son of God, he is admitted to a partnership with the Only Begotten Son of God. Hence the new relationship is one of the ripest fruits of the Incarnation. "When the fulness of time was come, God sent His Son . . . that we might receive the adoption of sons."

The sublime language of the Fourth Gospel is the chief source of our knowledge of this life. The prologue, in pathetic vein, marks the different ways in which is received the Light which is intended to enlighten every man coming into the world. He came into the world which He Himself had made, but it knew Him not. He came unto His own people whom He Himself had chosen, but they received Him not. There were some, however, who did receive Him and did believe in Him. To them He gave power to become the sons of God. They were the twice-born. They had a second birth, not from the ties of blood, nor of fleshly desire, nor yet of pure psychic will. Their new life was that of the spirit. They were born of God.

The intense reality of the new life is described by Our Lord in that marvelous prayer of His before His passion. He had prayed first for His disciples that they might be sanctified in truth, for truth was to be the essential condition of the higher freedom. Then He pleaded for the multitude who through the disciples' word should believe in Him. It was a prayer for the Christian *demos* that it should live, not the life of an incoherent noisy rabble, but an organic life common to itself and to the Eternal Father, analogous to that common life which already existed between the Father and His Only Begotten Son. "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us."

Again, the higher brotherhood was to be a criterion to the world that the Incarnate Jesus had come from God—"that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.... I in them and Thou in Me; that they may be made perfect in one: and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast also loved Me." Hence the principle of selection was not to remain hidden and unknown. It might be invisible in itself, but it could be recognized by its effects. Our works of love are but the re-action of the charity of Christ in us. Our charity is a testimony to His divine mission. The divine principle of selection builds up such witnesses to itself as to prove that we love Him only because He first loved us. The common life is so interpenetrating that Christ can speak to us of "My Father and your Father." Because of the holiness which He communicates to us, He can associate us with Him as His brethren when rendering His praise to the Eternal Father. "I will declare Thy name to My brethren; in the midst of the church will I praise Thee."

Nor is the new relationship a mere title. It is something much more than letters patent admitting us to the nobility. It actually makes us noble in the most real sense of the word. It is not something extrinsic to us, after the manner of the marriage certificates proposed by modern eugenics, nor yet something, as it were, written to our credit in a book far away above the bright blue sky. It is a new energy and activity imparted to the soul's faculties. "Behold," says St. John, "what manner of charity the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called *and should be* the sons of God." It is the very root and principle of our immortality. The likeness which we acquire in adoptive sonship shall evolve into a more perfect likeness through a special glorification. "We are now the sons of God, and it hath not yet appeared what we shall be. We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like to Him, because we shall see Him as He is."

Yet if, on the one hand, the new birth implies neither a mere title nor a merely moral union, on the other hand, it does not imply that the new-born man becomes identical with God, either in substance or in action. The Catholic doctrine of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit keeps us from stumbling into this, the other extreme. To the Holy Spirit is appropriated that wondrous influence by which we are united to God the Father in adoptive sonship and to God the Son in co-hereditary brotherhood. "Because you are sons God hath sent the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, saying, Abba, Father."

It is the way of monist teachers to exaggerate this indwelling of the Holy Spirit by identifying either the Spirit of God with the spirit of man, or the action of God with the action of man. Both exaggerations work out to absurdity. If we are of the same substance with God, or if our actions are the same as God's actions, then we cease to be the adoptive sons of God. If our actions are not our own then we lose our responsibility. If we have no individuality of our own, then we lose our personal dignity. If, however, we keep the concept clear that God's substance always remains distinct from man's substance, and God's action from man's action, then we can have an indwelling of the Holy Spirit which at once accentuates our individuality, raises our dignity, widens our freedom, and increases our responsibility. Our cry to the Eternal Father is then our own, because we are His children distinct from Him. But it has the dignity and the effect of a cry from the Only Begotten Son of God, because it is transfigured by that same Spirit Who proceeds from the Father and the Son, because it is quickened with the breath of Him, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified. The action of the Holy Spirit, remaining all the while distinct from man's action, is so intimately commingled with it that the effect is to be attributed to the Holy Spirit rather than to man. The actual presence of the Holy Spirit is spoken of as the Substantial Uncreated Grace. The influence which goes out from Him, His breath as it were, is the created grace; and that is the selective principle by which man lives his higher life and moves forward in his evolution towards the Godlike ideal. In Him we live and move and have our being. The impression which He makes upon our souls is likened to a seal and a pledge. "God hath sealed us and given us the pledge of the Spirit in our hearts."

The temple, however, in which the Holy Spirit dwells is a living human temple. The seal with which the Spirit signs the sons of God is a living seal. A flock of sheep is marked with a material sign, but the sons of God are marked with a spiritual sign. And because the impression is spiritual it does not hinder, but only accentuates and increases man's spiritual activities.

The study of this principle is thus beset with two dangers, one by which we regard it as a mechanical push, the other by which we regard it merely as a guide which indicates or perhaps persuades us the right way. True we cannot think of the spiritual except in terms of the material. But we must ever remind ourselves that

our material terms are but analogies of the spiritual. We must never forget that such analogies have their limitations. So is it with our concept of grace. It is certainly a force which moves. But when we have received the force we are not like unto a wagon which has received a shove from an engine. We are living creatures. We are intelligent beings. We are men. We are the sons of God. The new force is life. It is a life of love which moves all things sweetly. It moves us, not as lifeless vehicles, but as feeling, thinking, loving persons. It moves us according to our own nature. But our nature is a free nature. Therefore it moves us freely.

Nor is the force one of mere guidance and persuasion. "For whosoever are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." St. Thomas says* that this must be taken first as showing that the Holy Spirit is our guide in so far as He enlightens us, inwardly telling us what we ought to do. But that is not enough. The Holy Spirit not only instructs the spiritual man as to what he ought to do but also moves his heart to do it. The spiritual man is moved not as it were principally by his own will, but by the instinct of the Holy Spirit. Yet the spiritual man does not thereby lose his free will, for it is God Who worketh in him both to will and to accomplish.

The reason of this is the absolute perfection and efficaciousness of God's will. He cannot only cause what He wishes, but He can also cause it in any manner that He wishes. He cannot only make things happen, but He can also make them happen either necessarily or contingently. By "contingently" we mean that He can utilize the free will of man as an intermediary cause. Therefore if a thing happens contingently, it is not merely on account of the proximate cause being contingent, but rather on account of God having prepared a contingent cause for it. This may be deemed a fine distinction, but it is nevertheless a vital one. Without it we might just as well give away the whole of our case to the modern eugenists, for without it the principle of selection must be the human will alone. Moreover, the passions are not contingent causes. They act, or at least tend to act, as soon as they are in the presence of their proper object. Unless the will is fortified in its choice, by the choice of the Divine Will, it may easily fall a victim to the forces of passion.

The hindrances to freedom, therefore, are not from above,

**Comment. ad Rom.*, viii., 14.

but from below; not from the Divine Will, but from human passion. Here then is the supreme eugenic value of what we have called the selective principle in racial progress. By the action of God's will moving man's will, man is able to resist and control his passions. Enlightened and moved by the divine instinct he freely thrusts and reaches, now this way and now that, deliberately choosing what is good for his perfection and rejecting what is bad for it. This aptitude (*potentia obedientialis*) of human nature to be thus raised above itself, and quickened to such a higher life and energy, places the highest degree of liberty at the service of the spiritual man. Hence we arrive at that tremendous conclusion that the will is more free when under the influence of grace than when not under it. The selective principle draws the passions into its service, and steadfastly refuses to be dominated by them. And if the human will has greater freedom when actuated by the Divine Will than when acting alone, it has also a greater responsibility and dignity. The combined distinctness and unity between God's action and man's action involved in the Catholic interpretation of adoptive sonship, makes for an infinitely higher responsibility and dignity than is possible in any naturalist system. "Convert us, O Lord, to Thee," prayed the prophet Jeremiah, "and we shall be converted." It is the call of God, distant beyond the stars, yet near in the secret chambers of the heart. With St. Thomas we interpret the prophet thus: "Only move me to love Thee, my God, and I shall love Thee."

The principle of selection builds up the human character by forming and amplifying a large number of habits. Amongst these habits there are three which serve as the foundation or rather the source of all the others. They put the human soul into the only right, and consequently the most fruitful, relationship with God. They are first of all infused by God. But the laws of psychology require that the will, actuated by the Divine Will, shall extend their pliability and utility by frequent exercise.

We have already seen that the rule of conduct for a son of God is right reason informed by the Divine Will. But if reason is to act efficiently in such circumstances, it must be absolutely certain that God has spoken. It must have a strong tenacity to cling to the word of God, not merely because it suits convenience for the time being, but because it is the word of God, because God Who can neither deceive, nor be deceived, has said it. Such tenacity is needed to counteract a thousand lower motives, which are ever

ready to suggest something contrary to God's word. The principle of selection, therefore, functions first of all in the formation of this tenacity.

We have also seen that a son of God has a definite final aim. He does not, in Bergsonian style, grope for some sort or any sort of heaven as he goes along. Least of all does he try to create it for himself. God's word has told him that he has a definite final end, which consists in a far higher kind of happiness and well-being than is possible in this life of probation. Secondly, then, there is need of another habit of mind and heart, by which we trust that we shall obtain that supernatural happiness and well-being. And if we trust for the end, we must also trust for the means to the end. The principle of selection acts as occasion demands, and forms and extends our trust in God's faithfulness to His promises.

Thirdly, a son of God makes a high profession of brotherhood. If he is to act in accordance with that profession he must see something which prompts him to love them with a higher love. He must regard them as the objects of God's love. But in order to do this he must first love God Himself above all things. The fact that God is infinitely good in Himself and infinitely good to us, that is the motive which prompts the most fruitful kind of all love, namely, love of God above all things, and our neighbor even as ourselves, for God's sake. This love is the ultimate energy to which the principle of selection draws and unites every other good energy in man's complex being.

When man's relationship with God has been clearly defined and established, then is man in a position to relate himself rightly with his fellow-men. Hence we find that from the theological virtues, which we have just described, there flow directly those habits of mind and heart by which every sound eugenic reform is brought about, and by which every sound principle of positive eugenics is applied to the race for its higher well-being. These habits of mind and heart are like hinges upon which the whole of man's best conduct turns. These were indeed known and practiced by pagans. But now that they have been organically united with the supernatural gifts of faith, hope and charity, they have been raised to a supernatural plane. They are catalogued as prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance. How the selective principle works in dealing with the problems of our time we may now proceed to consider.

Before we can take steps for the promotion of the higher

well-being of the race, we must first take steps to ensure the existence of the race. The cultivation of noble men and women, the populating of heaven with immortal saints, is all absolutely dependent on one elemental fact, namely, the existence of babies. Race suicide is the first and most alarming phenomenon which threatens all efforts in race culture.

In another of the already quoted *New Tracts for the Times*, Dr. Arthur Newsholme, the principal medical officer of the Local Government Board, has given a minute account* of the present state of things. He has taken into consideration not only the bare facts of birth-rates and death-rates, but also the various modifying influences, such as emigration, age of marriage, relative numbers of women at a child-bearing age, poverty and even that of excessive nutrition. His conclusion is only what every observant person might expect, namely, that the predominant cause in the decline of the birth-rate is the volitional limitation of the family.

Mr. Sidney Webb, the distinguished Fabian, has also given us an instructive study. In *The Times* for Oct. 16, 1906, he published the result of a voluntary and private census which had been taken of a certain class of intellectuals. From these confessions it would appear that out of one hundred and twenty marriages, one hundred and seven were "limited," and only thirteen "unlimited." Moreover the average number of children born to these marriages was considerably under two.

There is some difficulty in deciding how far the decline is due to an increased number of sterile marriages or to smaller families. In those countries, where the statistics in sterile marriages are available, it has been found that there has been no increase in such marriages. This would seem to indicate that the decline is due to the free will of the people. But I have been assured by medical men that the smallness of families is only partially due to voluntary and artificial restriction. It is also largely due to impotence arising from venereal disease.

Professor Karl Pearson, of the Galton laboratory, attributes much of the decline to the factory acts. These laws control the hours of working for women and children. Children have thus a less economic value, and therefore, so it is alleged, they are not wanted. Against this, however, there is the fact that the decline in the birth-rate does not take place amongst the very poor classes.

**The Declining Birth-Rate: Its National and International Significance.* London and New York: Cassell & Co.

It is rather amongst the better working classes, and in all stages above them, up to and including the peerage. So there is an economic cause predisposing parents to limit the number of their offspring. But it is not poverty. It is prosperity and luxury. Sensual appetite has been allowed to usurp the office of a divinely-strengthened and divinely-guided will.

Further, as Dr. Newsholme adds, the conclusion that the root of the evil is volitional "is confirmed by the fact that in countries under the influence of the Roman Catholic religion, which bans preventive measures against child-bearing, as in Ireland, and among the French Canadians, the corrected birth-rate remains high."*

The question as to whether the race shall survive or die out is thus reduced to the question as to whether the human will can be made to control the sexual appetite. The answer of Catholicism is that it can if only no hindrances be put in the way of the Divine Will acting upon the human will; for directly the Divine Will gets in active touch with the human will, the very forces are put into operation which counteract the forces destructive of the race. The Divine Will informs the human will with faith, hope and charity; and then from these virtues flow the virtues of prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance.

Let us repeat what we have said several times before, the sexual appetite is not something bad in itself. It is one of God's gifts, and if only used for its proper end is directed to the glory of God. This end is the procreation of children in lawful marriage, and is not the gratification of sensual pleasure. The sensual pleasure is but a means to the end, and when used as such is good. All indulgence outside marriage, and all perversion within marriage, is wrong, and tends to the destruction of the race. Normally speaking, however, the successful battle of the will over the appetite takes place in the resistance of the many lesser sins which invariably precede the greater ones. The evil effects of sins of this kind are so great that none of them can be regarded as a small matter. Imperfect knowledge or consent might render a sin venial. But the reflex attitude of the mind towards every act of impurity is to regard it as a grave violation of the law of nature.

Supernatural prudence, therefore, dictates that the evil should be entrapped whilst young. Little children are to be taught what the sixth commandment means. It forbids whatever is contrary to holy purity in looks, words or actions. To go to immodest plays

**The Declining Birth-Rate*, p. 36.

and dances is sinful; likewise to look at immodest books and pictures. Moreover, the ninth commandment forbids all wilful consent to impure thoughts and desires, and all wilful pleasure in the irregular motions of the flesh. Further, supernatural prudence requires that children shall be warned of various other sins which commonly lead the sins already mentioned. These are the anti-eugenic acts of gluttony, drunkenness, intemperance, idleness, bad company and neglect of prayer.

Amongst adults, too, supernatural prudence dictates that the vice of impurity is overcome more easily by flight than by fight. This principle is most important in these days when dangers are flagrantly put in the way of the public in the names of art, drama, and literature. Allowances may be made for different occupations, such as those of the doctor and the artist; also for different temperaments. But the laws of psychology must be faced. Irregular desires have their source in the imagination. Supernatural prudence, therefore, requires that the imagination shall not be warped by the presence of unnecessary images relating to sex; and, also, that if through one's profession the imagination shall have acquired of necessity a certain quantity of these images, they shall be counterbalanced by the acquisition of others of an entirely different nature.

Further, supernatural prudence enables a man to choose such a state of life as is most suitable to his temperament and endowments. "It is better to marry than to burn." Marriage is ordained as a remedy for concupiscence. That is not its primary end, but rather a secondary one ministering to the primary one. Then for those who feel that they have a vocation for a life other than the marriage state, there is the protection of a religious order or the sacrament of the priesthood. Owing to the greater self-restraint involved in the celibate life, the greater will-action thus put forth reacts upon the married section of the community, tones it up, and thus strengthens the foundations of society.

Supernatural justice is wanted both for the legislator and the subject. The legislator who has regard for the preservation of the race has to deal with the anti-eugenic forces of indecent literature, pictures and drama; of the white slave traffic; of abortion. All these subjects are most delicate and intricate. The legislator, who will deal with them requires common sense and also something more: he requires expert knowledge in the principles of morality. He must be able to discriminate between the various classes of people

for whom he legislates. A book, for instance, may be necessary for doctors, lawyers and clergy, yet disastrous for the general public. Certain surgical operations involve the most complicated adjustment of the moral law. Hence both in the making and in the administering of law in these cases the greatest perfection is attained by allowing the supernatural selective principle to work through its medium of supernatural justice.

Likewise the virtue helps the subjects to obey the laws when made. Nay, it helps them to anticipate laws and even render them unnecessary. There were no need to make factory acts if employers were possessed of a modicum of this virtue. It enters, indeed, into phases of human life which the statutes of the realm cannot touch.

The scientific authority who is attracting most attention in Europe to-day is Prof. Forel, of Zurich. He has been director of a large lunatic asylum, has had exceptional opportunities of observation, and, from the rationalist standpoint, has made exhaustive studies of the subject. Dr. Saleeby recommends his book, *Die Sexuelle Frage*, as the eugenic treatise which has no rival anywhere, and which cannot be overpraised. It is a great pity, however, that a scientist of such eminence did not examine the spiritual factor in eugenics a little more scientifically. He regards the Church as a hindrance rather than as a help in the solution of the problem. It will be a sufficient criticism of his objections to note that his chief informant was Pastor Chiniqui. It is interesting, however, to note that when he gets away from his theological prejudices and relies on his own observations and experiments, he comes round, in a large measure, to what the Church has taught always and everywhere.

First, he places the chief cause of sexual aberration in the use of alcohol. The Church teaches every child that the sins that commonly lead to the breaking of the sixth and ninth commandments are gluttony, drunkenness and intemperance. He says that abstention from alcohol is the chief remedy. The Church says that the spirit of impurity goes out only by prayer, fasting and almsgiving. It is the selective principle working through the cardinal virtue of temperance. Secondly, the professor prescribes improved conditions of labor and better payment. The Church always insists on avoiding not merely sin, but also the occasions of sin. Pope Leo has said that every man shall receive as much for his labor as will keep himself, his wife and family in reasonable and

frugal comfort. It is the selective principle working through the cardinal virtue of justice. Thirdly, the professor advocates fuller instruction in sexual matters. The Church has ever insisted on this. It was the heresies of Manichaeism, Puritan Protestantism and Jansenism that regarded sex as something bad or naughty in itself. The Church stands for a sense of proportion and a due reticence in these matters, but when plainness of speech is needed she does not hesitate to use it. Here we have the selective principle working through the four cardinal virtues all together, prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance.

Most interesting is the attempt which is being made to cure impurity by means of hypnotism or suggestion. All suggestion is hypnotism, says Prof. Forel. So he proceeds to clear the mind of sexual images by suggesting images of another sort in their place. Abnormal images are dislodged by normal ones. But this is precisely what our selective principle does in directing man to utilize the sacramental system of the Catholic Church. Even apart from the actual grace which is given through the sacraments and occasioned by the sacramentals, the mere external forms and rites and images and pictures are a means of counter-suggestion such as no psychic or medical science has ever yet produced. If a man hangs a crucifix round his neck he has a constant suggestion of the sacrificial love which is to cause sacrificial love in him. If a girl wears a Child of Mary's medal, she has a constant suggestion of the immaculate purity of the Mother of God. So, too, we might tell the story of the long list of sacramentals, the crosses, the medals, the scapulars, the holy water, the pictures, the reliquaries, the statues, the genuflections, the making of the sign of the cross. Then over and above all these, the selective principle works through the theological virtue of faith, filling the heart and mind with the conviction that the sacraments actually convey the grace which they signify. The faithful Catholic believes that he is born again, believes that he is fortified against the assaults of the flesh, believes that the Blessed Sacrament lessens concupiscence, believes that marriage conveys to him supernatural strength to bear the burdens of the state.

I have before me a number of publications of "the Psycho-Medical Society," previously known as "The Medical Society for the Study of Suggestive Therapeutics." It would be too much here to attempt an examination of the various cases treated. But two general impressions may be noted: how very limited is the faith

of the medical profession in the usefulness of its own psycho-therapeutics; and how universal is the application of the spiritual therapeutics of Catholicism. In both spheres the radical cure consists in the strengthening of the human will. But the psychic society has recourse to psychic methods, the mere action of a psyche upon a psyche; whereas the spiritual society has recourse to spiritual methods, the action of the Spirit of God on the spirit of man. The thousands who are engaged in the struggle between will and appetite need something more permanent in its action than half an hour's suggestion or sleep in a doctor's surgery. How often though do we hear the excuse: "Oh, but it is only human nature after all. We are children of Adam. We are no worse than anybody else." That is the implicit confession of the need of a higher Will to vivify and fortify the human will in its choice. We are children of Adam, precisely. And just because of that we need to be born again and made co-heirs with the second Adam.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
O wisest love! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail.

The Incarnate Christ, the Church and the whole sacramental system, is but the visible organ through which the action of the Will of God is applied to the will of man, the normal method by which the principle of selection operates.

CONSEQUENCES.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

CHAPTER XV.



RS. VAN DORAN was at dinner. The Senator and a missionary priest were her only guests. She greeted Jane affectionately. One glance at the round hat and the plain black uniform, and the wise old lady had intuitively guessed half the truth. She ordered the butler to bring in another plate of soup, and she went on talking as if Jane's advent at such an hour was the most natural and expected occurrence.

"This is my little friend, Jane Tully, Father Jacquard," she said. "I am glad she came in just when she did. It seems to prove the truth of my heterodox statement, that pagans beget piety. Now I knew Jane's father in Paris; he had no faith in God or man, and here she is a devout little Papist."

"But she went to a convent," said the Senator, rising and seating Jane in a chair by his side.

"And all men adore convents," continued Mrs. Van Doran. "They are perfectly willing to go blundering through the world learning all the wickedness they can, but they want their future wives and sisters preserved from it all. I don't believe the world will grow any better, Father Jacquard, until men and women are judged by the same moral standards."

The tall missionary smiled. "I didn't know the ten commandments were confined to any special sex," he said.

"Well perhaps not," she admitted, "but it seems to me those ancient Jewish women, who lived in the time of Moses, had more freedom than we moderns. They tore their hair and clothes when they wanted to express themselves, and weren't hampered by a thousand conventions. We have to have manners as well as morals if we don't want to be ostracized."

"And if one desires to be ostracized?" asked the Senator, his eyes twinkling.

"No one desires that," said the old lady with great finality.

"The Senator says that he is a social outlaw, but he doesn't mean it. He hates parties; he likes people. He despises functions; he adorns a dinner."

"But what about a hermit like me?" asked the priest.

"Missionaries defeat their own purpose if they try it. You have to be all things to all men, and I don't know a harder undertaking. It was to talk about that very thing that I asked you and the Senator to come here to-night."

The Senator was not listening very attentively. He was watching Jane. She was breaking her food but eating nothing. He had seen her wipe two tears away behind the ample folds of her napkin. He did not like to question her or to sympathize for fear she would break down outright.

Mrs. Van Doran went on. "I think the life of a missionary is terrible. I wouldn't mind being eaten by cannibals or my blood turning to water in an African climate—a quick martyr-like ending of life you know, because of course if I ever willingly chose such an existence I should want it over as soon as possible—but I am thinking of the traveling you young priests have to do: traveling interminably, no home, no money, no comforts. Now I'm an old woman with a fortune, and I want to make my will. I'm sure I ought not to talk about anything so grewsome at the dinner table, but making a will doesn't make one die any sooner. I have made half a dozen in my life, each one more erratic than the one that went before."

"Why were they erratic?" asked the priest, feeling that she had paused for some sort of response.

"Because I'm erratic." She showed two rows of false teeth in her good-natured smile. Now I want to leave most of my fortune to your order, Father Jacquard, but I want to make stipulations. I want it used as a traveling fund, and every young priest who travels on it must travel in the most expensive way. He must stay at the best hotels, purchase a whole section on the train whenever possible. I think the 'nightmarish' contemplation of the man on the shelf above you is horrible. He must, in other words, buy all the comforts he can on the journey."

"But isn't your plan a bit extravagant?"

"Of course, I've always been extravagant; that's one of the many sins I'll have to answer for, but I contend that a man who is fed well and housed well over night can preach more efficaciously in the morning. You see I'm a worldly old woman, and I'm not

talking about saints and prophets. Unfortunately we are not living in the days of locusts, wild honey and inherited sheep skins. Tailors are importunate and butchers are not altruists. Now, Senator, you are a lawyer, you can draw me up such a will I am sure. I want it unbreakable this time. Jane, dear, here is the key to my desk. Will you go upstairs and send me some paper and pens by James. If you do not care for salad you needn't return. You would be no use in signing my will, because I mean to make you one of the beneficiaries."

The girl rose quickly, showing by her haste that she was so thankful for this loophole of escape, that the old lady's promise of future generosity was altogether lost upon her.

"The child is in trouble of some sort," said Mrs. Van Doran as Jane disappeared. "Here I've been talking like a cracked phonograph for the last half hour, trying to invent some excuse to send her up stairs, and neither of you men has rendered me the least assistance."

"I'm afraid she is ill," said the Senator. "I think I had better go and ask her if she needs anything."

"Please don't," commanded his hostess imperiously. "Can't you see that she wants to be alone. Women don't cry when they are ill. The Lord has endowed them with mighty powers of endurance, but He also gave them too much heart surface. It just seems smeared out to be hurt."

"Hurt?"

"Oh, no doubt Mrs. Dandrey has hurt her feelings. You see, Father Jacquard, Miss Tully is an orphan, a ward of a friend of ours. The sister of the friend has never cared for the child. No doubt there has been some unpleasantness."

"The poor child," said the priest sympathetically, "she looks harmless."

"I'm sure it was Marian Dandrey's fault," continued Mrs. Van Doran emphatically. "Or perhaps Bainbridge has been making a fool of her. He is a man of the world, and he assumes a devotional air towards all women. Perhaps Jane has fallen in love with him. I suspected that it would end that way. She is only a school girl; that's one reason I like her. The simple school girl is almost as extinct as the dodo. Most of these fashionable secular schools in Washington turn out such a crowd of frilled, feathered, painted, powdered monstrosities, it is refreshing to meet a convent girl in a plain black uniform."

"I wish I might be of some service," said the Senator with his eyes on the door.

"What! in improving the fashionable schools' curriculum?" questioned the old lady teasingly.

"No, in helping Miss Jane. Do you really think that anyone would be heartless enough to be unkind to her?"

"Heartless," sniffed the old lady. "Isn't the whole world heartless?"

"I don't think that," said the priest.

"Oh, I know there's a wave of humanitarianism sweeping over the world at present. It seems to have no definite religious fountain head. But after all, are we getting any better? We are becoming more scientific and sanitary, but are we growing in grace and virtue? Don't the rich go on squeezing the poor, and the poor reviling the rich? The mere fact that we have a police force may alter our actions, but not our desires. You see, Father Jacquard, I lived four years in Russia. I have a great deal of sympathy with anarchists. Now, if I were a servant and had to live with a disagreeable, domineering old woman like me, I should have blown her up long ago."

"My dear lady where is your religion?"

"I didn't have any when I lived in Russia," she answered. "I acquired mine late in life. You see I was not born in the atmosphere, and the fact is always cropping out."

"But you don't find the atmosphere too rarefied?" said the priest.

The old lady smiled grimly. "Well at times I must confess that I feel a trifle asthmatic."

The Senator laughed. "I hope you are not as bad as a friend of mine," he said, "Dick Bowers. He was an old man when I knew him; had been prospecting forty years; part of the time somebody grub staked him; half the time he did without. Finally he struck it rich, but he didn't work the mine, boarded it up and went home with a few nuggets. Said the altitude gave him heart failure."

"I think Dick Bowers and I myself are close akin," she said solemnly, holding up her beringed hands in front of her, and examining a swollen knuckle without much interest. "I am getting the gout, which reminds me continually that I am an old woman. If I had found my religious gold mine early in life, there is no telling to what heights I might have attained. I might have joined an austere monastic order and cultivated a genius for piety, now—

now there is little time left me. I must make my will. Come, here are the pens and paper. We will go into the library. I knew that Jane would not come back. I'll take her an ice myself, and find out what is the matter."

"But I thought," said the Senator hesitatingly, "that she wanted to be alone."

"I'll find out," said Mrs. Van Doran. "When tears are dropped surreptitiously into the soup, it may mean that the dropper needs a feminine confidant. I am sure you think I speak unfeelingly, but I have lived so long, Senator, that somehow youthful tragedies seem to partake of the nature of melodrama. One always knows that the girl will marry someone in the end, and live as joyfully as the rest of us in this unsatisfactory world of ours. Now if you will go into the library, James will bring in the coffee and cigarettes. I am going to take this ice to Jane. Pink ice cream to young people is usually irresistible, and if she eats it—well, I'll come and tell you."

She lifted the tempting plate from the table, and extricating herself with some difficulty from her mahogany armchair, she passed through the luxurious hall, up the soft-carpeted stairs, to the room that Jane had occupied on former occasions.

She knocked once—twice—and then getting no response she turned the knob and entered.

Jane was kneeling on the floor, her traveling bag open beside her, a number of crumpled letters in her hand, her face buried in the cushion of a chair in front of her, and she was sobbing with the abandon that only youth can show.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Jane—Jane, dear," said Mrs. Van Doran in a tone that had quelled many a case of hysterics. "What is the matter, child? What can be the matter?"

The creased yellow letters convinced the old lady that she had been wrong in all her surmising. Here was past history, twenty years old at least, and exceedingly interesting no doubt. Her insatiable love of gossip almost out-balanced her genuine tenderness and affection for the suffering girl.

"Don't tell me," she went on by way of punishing herself for

her unworthy curiosity, "don't tell me, child, unless you feel you have to. I am a prying old woman, and ought to have left you alone."

"Oh, no," said the girl, clasping the wrinkled hand as if she were clinging desperately to some friendliness in a whirling world. "Please sit down, I must tell you. It is only fair that you should know."

The old lady slumped heavily down in the big chair, while she waited for Jane to control herself. The silence was oppressive. In her helplessness to fathom this mystery Mrs. Van Doran fell back upon the practicalities of the present. Her house-wifely mind wanted to assure itself that her guest's bodily comfort had not been neglected.

The room was very complete, the bed high and billowy and gleaming with fresh linen. There was a telephone, and a book on the table beside it, a low light, magazines and papers, and the door to the private bath was just open wide enough to show the porcelain tub and long rough bath towels. Having finished the inventory of the room to her own satisfaction, she turned again questioningly to Jane, who was kneeling beside her, smoothing out the yellow letters with cold nervous fingers.

"You knew my father in Paris?" she began. "You liked him. You thought well of him. Did—did you ever know my mother?"

Facing those innocent appealing eyes the old lady felt that she could not juggle the truth. She moved uneasily in her chair.

"There—was some—mystery," she said slowly. "I think—I think your mother left him."

"And—and did you never know my father in this country?"

"No."

"But you knew Paul Hartford's mother?"

"Yes."

"And you knew Mary Hartford?"

"When she was a little girl."

"But she married."

"Yes."

"And you never heard her husband's name?"

"No, she had gone to live with people I did not know. Her mother was dead. I had no tidings from the child for years."

The girl choked down a sob. Her voice had grown to a whisper. "She married my father," she said.

Mrs. Van Doran sank limply back among the cushions of her chair.

"God have mercy," she exclaimed. "Is it possible? You are dreaming, child; you are dreaming. How do you know?"

The old lady's excitement had somewhat the effect of calming the girl.

"She told me so herself this morning. Oh, it was a pitiful story. She loved him, and—and he was selfish and could not care. They were married in California. He grew tired of her and deserted her, and then divorced her, and then—then, he went to Paris and married—married my poor mother without telling her the truth."

"My God!" cried the old lady prayerfully.

"Oh, read these letters—these poor little letters," said Jane, holding them out with trembling hands. "It is only right that the world should know."

For the first time in her life since her babyhood, Mrs. Van Doran was speechless. She was so amazed at herself that she could be capable of surprise that it seemed to destroy, temporarily, her greater emotions. She lifted the letters close to the light, and forgetting her eyeglasses, she read with some difficulty the small foreign handwriting. The words were French.

OH, MY BELOVED!

It seems a wonderful thing that you should love me. Somehow I feel so humble, dear; I want to be beautiful, brilliant, everything charming—everything—everything that is best, so that I may seem worthy of that love. I am only a peasant girl—not beautiful at all, with only one talent that you have been good enough to praise. Some day I may be a great success and then—ah, then it may not seem so strange that you should love me.

The next was dated a month later and read:

To-morrow is our wedding day. The bells are tolling the night away. The hours seem to pass so slowly when you are absent. I am writing this because I want to tell you something that I cannot tell you when I am with you. You would laugh the words away. It is this: I have tried so hard to be good. Life on the stage, everyone tells me, is full of temptations. I do not know. They have not come to me. I think the angels have kept

them from me. Every morning I have gone to Mass. Every week I have received the good God. But I forget, you do not know what these things mean. My old godfather, the curé, is disconsolate that I should love a heretic. He does not like the idea of a marriage so quiet. "It is a sacrament of joy," he says. But I am an orphan with no one to care I tell him. I grew up in Brittany, watched over by my old grandfather and grandmother, until I was old enough to be sent to the Sisters' school. It is not much of a life history. Now is it not wonderful that you who have seen so much of the world and are so wise should love me?

The next letter dated a year later was almost undecipherable. It was blotted with tears, and had been written by a hand palsied with grief.

To-night I have found out the truth. In the old secretary there was a package of papers. I looked at them not because I mistrusted you, but because I thought they were some foolish little notes of mine, and I was so rejoiced to think that you had treasured them all this time. Oh, why did you not tell me that you had a living wife? Why have you remained silent so long? I have no right in this house. I have no right to you—I must go. God knows where, and you must not try to follow. I cannot leave my baby—she is all I have left. I will work for her—struggle for her—but my heart is broken. Oh, I have loved you—and you have deceived me.

The next papers were some fragments of leaves torn from an old diary.

MARCH SIXTH.

Back at my old home in Brittany, but it is no longer home. Strangers occupy the little cottage of my grandfather. The old curé is dead. I have applied for work so often. No one wants a baby in arms, and I cannot let her go.

MARCH FIFTEENTH.

Oh! the terrible journey back to Paris. My money is nearly gone. I cannot act—I dare not try. I have no spirit, no heart, no life.

MARCH TWENTIETH.

If I should go upon the stage again he would find me. Would

I be strong enough to resist his entreaties? God defend me from the ordeal of a meeting. Blessed Mother help me to find work—work no matter how humble.

APRIL SECOND.

I have spent my last franc. Last night I had to apply to the Sisters' hospital for milk for my baby. To-morrow—God only knows what to-morrow will bring—.

The next letter was a brief communication bearing the letter-head of one of the Paris hospitals. It read:

MR. JAMES TULLY,

APRIL SIXTH.

15 Rue —.

Dear Sir: A poor woman, in an exhausted condition, was brought to the hospital last night. She had a baby in her arms. She was not able to give her name. She seemed to be suffering from exposure and starvation. She died early this morning without fully regaining consciousness, but towards the end the nurse heard her call your name several times. Your address was found on her person. Can you give us any information with regard to her relatives?

Very truly yours,

ADOLF BOUVE.

The old lady finished the reading with great difficulty, her eyes were dimmed with moisture. She put her wrinkled cheek against Jane's fresh one, and for a time they sat there in silence, their minds focused on this tragedy. The girl quivering and wounded, almost stunned by her mother's heart history, the other woman full of sympathy, but so old in the ways of the world as to be tolerant even of baseness.

"Only God Himself knows why He lets such things happen," she said at last.

"Oh, don't—don't say that," pleaded the girl as if she feared some blasphemy. "It must all be clear in eternity. It will all be plain to us then."

"Its a long time to wait," said the old lady grimly, "meanwhile the world goes on, crying like a puling babe for the right to happiness, just as if happiness mattered on an earth which is peopled every hundred years with souls that don't know how we

lived, and cared less how we died. Your father was a brilliant man, Jane dear, but he cared only for himself."

The girl's eyes were fixed as if the light on the table had hypnotized her. "My love for him is dead," she said dully. "Life can never be the same to me after to-day."

"Now don't harbor any such notion," said the old lady. "You are too young. You must learn to forget it. We can't live with ghosts, or the living will have no use for us. I've tried it—I know."

"But how can I live," said the girl desperately. "It was to ask you that that I came to-night."

The old lady's lips tightened, until they seemed to leave nothing but a deep straight wrinkle beneath her nose.

"To ask me what?" she exclaimed, conscious of a sense of triumph that her conjectures about Marian Dandrey had been correct.

The girl threw her arms imploringly around her old friend's neck. "Oh, Mrs. Van Doran, help me—help me," she cried. "Mrs. Dandrey does not want me. She has *never* wanted me. She told Madge Warden so to-day."

"Told Madge Warden," the old lady fairly bristled. "God have mercy. It will be all over town before eight o'clock to-night. Then you shan't go back. I'll not let you. I'll keep you myself."

"Oh, no, no, I can't be dependent on people any longer. I have no income. I have nothing—nothing. Mr. Bainbridge has been very generous."

"Generous!" repeated the old lady in a rage. "Generous! He doesn't know how to be generous. Has he ever gone hungry, or shabby, or denied himself one luxury for you? To give a few paltry dollars out of his millions to keep the child of his best friend from starvation is not generosity. Oh, my child, my child, I think he has been cruel to make you care for him."

The girl hid her face in the voluminous folds of the old lady's dress. "I can't go back," she cried wildly. "I can't go back. I must find something to do. Something that will give me enough to live—just to live."

The old lady's unquenchable youthful spirit rose to the emergency.

"Then we'll find it," she said vigorously. "You are twenty-one and mistress of your own destiny. I am so angry with Marian Dandrey that I believe I have a new lease on life. We will go away together. You can have the best teachers that the world

affords. You have a wonderful talent; you can go on the stage and become a great actress. I wouldn't give a whiff of smoke for Marian Dandrey's judgment, and as for George Bainbridge—well, I never saw anything admirable about him."

Just then there was a knock upon the open door of the room, and the English butler, trained to imperturbability in the midst of domestic difficulties, announced, "Mr. Bainbridge is in the drawing-room."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Van Doran's cheeks burned beneath her rouge. She had always welcomed excitement of any sort, and here was a situation that seemed to call forth all her warrior-like instincts. She had fought so many social battles, for causes right and wrong, for people who had engaged only her passing interest, but now her own affections were involved. She determined to keep Jane, even at the expense of insulting Bainbridge; this much was plain. Her other motives were so complex that she did not stop to analyze them—a primitive mother-impulse to fight for her young, a rare sympathy for the girl's sorrow; vexation with herself that she should ever have admitted James Tully to her friendship, anger with Marian Dandrey for telling Madge Warden the truth.

"I'll go down and see him," she said releasing herself from the girl's trembling grasp. "I'll make it easy for you, dear. I'll tell him that you are going away with me."

"I think—I think I would like him to see these," Jane said gathering up the letters. "If you would ask him to read them it would help him to understand, and then—then, I think they ought to be sent to Miss Hartford."

"Perhaps," agreed the old lady doubtfully. "But perhaps Mary Hartford would like to go on thinking the worst about your mother, but I'll see. I'll give them first to Bainbridge. Now go to bed, child; I don't want you to come down stairs. I don't want George Bainbridge to see you until I have explained matters. Your nose is all red from crying. I never knew but one woman in my life who could cry becomingly, and I don't believe in scenes unless a woman is prepared to get the best of them, and she has to look pretty to do that."

Jane sank wearily down upon the bed and looked gratefully after her old friend, who seemed galvanized into new life and vigor as she waddled towards the door.

Bainbridge was not in the drawing-room. Presuming upon his intimacy in the house, he had followed the sound of voices and joined the Senator and Father Jacquard in the library. The three men rose as the old lady entered.

"I am so glad Jane is here," said Bainbridge, shaking Mrs. Van Doran's hand with cordial pressure. "She rushed off this afternoon without telling us where she was going. I drove Miss Warden home in my car, and I thought Jane would like to go back with me."

His conventional greeting did much towards calming the irate old lady. Facing her three guests in the subdued light of this hospitable room, that had sheltered friends for a generation, rudeness or pyrotechnic display of temper seemed out of place. She was too wise to belittle the formalities of the society in which she had always lived.

"The conventions have preserved man and woman from suicide," she had often declared.

"Jane is upstairs; she is not feeling well. I made her go to bed—want to keep her with me to-night; the poor child has had a great shock."

"A shock?"

The old lady sat down on a long sofa drawn up in front of the fire; the three men grouped themselves about her, the priest looked as if he feared he was an intruder, the Senator threw away his half-smoked cigarette, and Bainbridge stood by the old-fashioned mantel, his fingers drumming upon the marble shelf.

"Miss Hartford came to see her this afternoon," began their hostess.

"Yes, I know that," said Bainbridge.

"Did she tell you why she came?"

He hesitated. He had no desire to confide in any of the trio.

"Oh, some fool notion," he answered lightly.

"Then she did not tell you the truth," said the old lady with conviction. "I suppose she did not know the whole truth until she came here to-night and read those letters."

"What letters?"

"Her mother's letters, and I confess I was as greatly surprised as she was."

"My dear Mrs. Van Doran," begged the Senator, "for goodness sake don't talk in riddles."

"Riddles! My dear Senator, did you ever know a woman to come straight to the point? They lead you through pergolas and tangled by-paths and circuitous passageways to the illuminating reason of their revelations, but I'll tell you the facts in one brutal sentence if you prefer them that way: Jane found out this afternoon that her father was a divorcee."

Bainbridge smiled easily and lighted a cigarette. "Is that all? Why I had suspected that from the beginning," he said.

"Then why didn't you tell her?"

"Why should I?"

"She has idolized him all her life."

"And why shouldn't she?"

The old lady's eyes flashed fire. "Because—I think he was contemptible. He deserted his first wife—broke her heart—ruined her life—for you all know Mary Hartford."

Bainbridge roused to some degree of interest, "Mary Hartford," he repeated.

"She was his first wife. Did he never tell you that?"

"No, he told me nothing."

"No doubt he would have lied about it," said the old lady crossly. "He certainly proved himself untruthful, dishonorable, dastardly, for he married the second time an innocent angel without telling her that he had a living wife. That poor French girl was Jane's mother."

The Senator looked bewildered. "Jane's mother!"

"Jane's mother was a peasant girl from Brittany. If you can fancy an unsophisticated little saint upon a Parisian stage, that was Jane's mother. When she found out the truth about her husband she left him. She took her child and left her home, though she seems to have had no relatives or friends to help her."

"It sounds very melodramatic," said Bainbridge.

Mrs. Van Doran's eyes flashed fire. "Don't belittle such a tragedy," she said. "Her letters are heart-breaking, for she loved him. She feared that he might plead with her, and that she would be tempted to listen. Oh, why do women care for such weaklings? Think of that poor child and her little baby leaving the only home they had, and going away out into the dark that would have no dawn."

"If she had loved James Tully she would not have gone,"

said Bainbridge. "He was legally divorced. It all seems extraordinary and unnecessary."

"Not unnecessary," said the priest slowly. "She was a Catholic I suppose."

"And could do nothing else," said the Senator with simple faith.

"I fail to see it that way," said Bainbridge. "After she left him, what happened then?"

"She tried to find work and failed. She died in a free ward of a hospital. I suppose she had starved herself to death to feed the child."

"And who told you all this?"

"Mary Hartford told her about her father. These letters explained her mother. Jane wanted you to see them because—"

"Because I am going away."

The words rang out clear in the half hush of the big room. Jane stood in the doorway, her face pale and pinched with mental suffering. She wore a soft silk negligee, and her heavy hair hung about her shoulders.

"I did not know you were all here. It seemed so late to me; I could not rest. I had to come down stairs; I am going away. I wanted to tell you that I am going away."

The girl's advent was so unexpected that Mrs. Van Doran, conscious of all the undercurrents, felt that they were on the precipitous verge of a dramatic scene. She wanted to save Jane from making any confessions.

"Jane has promised to go to New York with me," she said with a calm, accumulated by long social effort. "We may be gone some time, but then Jane is twenty-one and guardianships don't last forever, Bainbridge."

"I don't see," and he struggled to conceal his vexation. "I really don't see why all this past history should make any difference now."

"But it does. Oh, it does," said Jane. "I have no love left for my father—no sense of loyalty. If I feel that way why should you have any sense of loyalty for me? I have been a burden to you long enough."

He moved towards her. "Not a burden, Jane."

"Yes, yes," she repeated, excitedly, seeming to be oblivious to the fact that they were not alone. "Mrs. Dandrey does not want me—she never wanted me. I have been so dull I did not see. Now

I shall go out into the world and earn my way—earn the right to live because—because I must not die.”

Mrs. Van Doran sank back in her chair, feeling helpless to prevent the coming cataclysm. She forgot Father Jacquard, she forgot the traditions of her house, she was oblivious to all the amenities of her position as she studied the two young people in front of her, wondering if Bainbridge really loved the girl.

For the moment Bainbridge seemed carried out of himself. “Jane, Jane,” he cried, “you are over-wrought—unstrung. Bainbridge Hall is my home; your place is there.”

“She will go with me,” said the old lady resolutely. “She is old enough to decide for herself. She will go to New York and study for the stage, or become a dramatic reader—something of the sort. She has a wonderful talent. I will give her every advantage. I will make her a great actress.”

“No, no, not that.” The Senator was beside Jane in the doorway. “Jane, Jane, look up, come with me back to the woods and the mountains. I love you. Don’t you know I love you?”

His arm went protectingly about her. He seemed entirely ignorant of an audience. He had never regarded Bainbridge as a rival. Being essentially masculine himself, he could not comprehend the charm or power of a man who was willing to trifle away life in a world pleading for workers.

Mrs. Van Doran held her breath. In all her experience in match-making she had never witnessed a public proposal before.

Bainbridge moved uncomfortably.

“Will you go, Jane? Will you leave me?”

Mrs. Van Doran looked at him inquiringly. If he loved the girl why did he not tell her so?

“Oh, you blundering men,” she said, striving to fill in the pregnant silence. “Give the child time. Give her time to think.”

(THE END.)

DARWIN AND "DARWINISM" AND CERTAIN OTHER "ISMS."

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S., K.S.G.

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SOME OTHER ISMS.



DARWIN chiefly allowed for evolution through the operation and accumulation of small variations. No doubt the question of small versus great variations had not in his time assumed anything like the importance which it now has, and no doubt also he did in some measure allow for major variations, as, for example, in the well-known case of *Pavo nigripennis*.* But in the main it is clear that Darwin chiefly relied upon small variations. Indeed Huxley, his prophet, says that Darwin had embarrassed himself by his adhesion to the aphorism *Natura non facit saltum*. Huxley himself was tentatively at least of another mind, for he says, "We greatly suspect that she" (sc. Nature) "does make considerable jumps in the way of variation now and then, and that these saltations give rise to some of the gaps which appear to exist in the series of known forms."† Huxley very clearly saw that the past picture of Nature, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the picture of Nature in the past as known to us, is a discontinuous picture, just as the picture of Nature all round us is also a discontinuous picture. If evolution is still going on, as is assumed, and if it is being carried out by the constant accumulation of minute variations, as Darwin taught, it would appear as if the picture, if not absolutely continuous, ought to be much more continuous than it actually is. By this is meant that there ought to be a good deal less sharpness of interval between species and species, and much more merging of one into another, than is actually the case either in Nature at present or in that record of Nature, though no doubt somewhat imperfect, which we possess. How is this discontinuity to be accounted for? This is a question which has engaged the attention of various writers, and was brought

**Animals and Plants under Domestication*, ed. 2nd, i., 305.

†*Lay Sermons*, p. 342.

forcibly under the notice of the scientific world by Bateson in his great work, *Materials for the Study of Variation*.* Here he calls special attention to the discontinuous picture of Nature, to which we have been alluding, and asks the question which we have just asked. Then he gives the reply made by Lamarck and that made by Darwin. Both of these, he shows, make specific diversity of form consequent upon diversity of environment, diversity of environment being thus the ultimate measure of diversity of specific form. But this reply is met at once by the overwhelming difficulty that diverse environments often shade into one another insensibly and form a continuous series, whereas the specific forms of life, which are subject to them, on the whole form a discontinuous series. Many of the vast collection of facts contained in his work go to prove the point just stated. Bateson asks whether if the discontinuity is not in the environment, it may not be in the living thing itself. Here we approach the heart of the whole controversy. It is, as already urged, the *origin* of variations which we are really in search of: if these origins are not external they must be internal, and we may go a stage further and argue that if they are internal, they must have been put into that interior by the Supreme Power which was the ultimate source of Life, for in no other way can their presence be accounted for. And, further, since—according to the evolution theory—this capacity for variation contained within it the future plumage of the peacock, the vocal machinery of the nightingale, the optical instrument called the eye, and a myriad other things of beauty and utility, it will be difficult to doubt that that Power must also be Supremely Intelligent. Hence the violent struggle of the materialist to show that environment is the factor—an argument which would not serve him much, were it true, for it still would fail to account for the power possessed by the organism to respond to the environment. And the environmental theory having largely broken down, hence also Weismann's now discredited attempt to build up a vast edifice of theories of biophores and germinal variation and selection.

The suggestions at which we have now arrived are that the variations come from within, and that they are discontinuous, that is to say, that they are considerable and sudden. Now these are views which have been put forward tentatively by various writers previous to our own immediate period. Huxley, as we have seen, was inclined to agree that Nature did at times make a leap. But

*Macmillan, 1894.

the first important attempt to deal with the point was that made by the late Sir Francis Galton* in his celebrated polygon. This was a polygonal slab, which could be made to stand on anyone of its various-sized edges on a level table. A push will disturb it so that it may rest in quite a different position from that at first assumed, yet in a stable position. Yet the figures presented in the one and in the other position are wholly different. To put the matter into other language, the change from one species to another has been sudden and obvious. Now such sudden changes have long been recognized and spoken of by breeders as "sports." Of late years they have been more carefully considered, and the facts dealing with them have been woven into a theory under the name of the Mutation theory, a mutation being understood to mean a considerable change, as opposed to a variation which is an alteration of a minor character.

DE VRIES AND THE MUTATION THEORY.

The theory of Mutations is mainly associated with the name of the Professor of Botany in Amsterdam, who first laid it before the public, in its complete form, in a course of lectures delivered in the University of California.† De Vries saw the difficulty of accounting for variation by the Lamarckian or the Darwinian theory, but he also saw, as Lock puts it,‡ that

if, at this point, we find that in Nature a co-ordinated set of structures can and does arise in an already perfected condition at a single step, and that such phenomena take place with sufficient frequency to give ample opportunities for the survival of the new type so arising, we have at once discovered an alternative way out of the difficulty.

No doubt, but the question now before us is whether there is real evidence that such events actually do take place in nature. De Vries relies, as indeed is quite natural, seeing the position which he occupies, chiefly upon botanical evidence. He cites the case of *Chelidonium laciniatum*, which apparently suddenly appeared in the garden of Sprenger, an apothecary in Heidelberg, in 1590, as

**Natural Inheritance*, Macmillan, 1889, p. 27.

†*Species and Varieties, Their Origin by Mutation*, Chicago, Open Court Publishing Co., 1905.

‡*Recent Progress in the Study of Variation, Heredity and Evolution*, Murray, 1906, p. 115.

a "sport" or "mutation" from *Chelidonium majus*, the well-known Greater Celandine. Then there is the case of the Shirley Poppy, and finally there are the series of cases in connection with *Oenothera Lamarckiana* (the Evening Primrose), on which de Vries himself mainly relies. Now with regard to all these cases, it must be confessed that scientific opinion is at present in no way satisfied that they establish the theory in question. Take the case of *Oenothera*, on which de Vries built his theory. It is not clear that this is really a wild type. It may be a hybrid, and, if so, the forms which de Vries saw may merely represent a process of disintegration or splitting up of the hybrid into its original types, perhaps even on Mendelian lines. *O. Lamarckiana*, it is clear, does generally breed true, but perhaps that is because the form has existed so long that it has got rid of most of the possible hybrid combinations which it could produce. Further, it has been urged that most mutations with which we are acquainted are due to losses of one, or perhaps even more than one, of the characters of the wild type. These retrogressive mutations, as de Vries calls them, follow Mendel's law of heredity. Yes, but all these *are* losses, and we are looking for something which will give us gains or additions to the older type. Are such things due to mutations? The question is made even more complex when we consider that some of the things which look like additions, in domesticated forms, are really due to the loss of something which in the past has inhibited the appearance of the new feature. But then these, too, are retrogressive mutations. On the whole, then, it may be said that whilst the theory of mutations would really explain the discontinuity of nature by exhibiting for us a discontinuous method of evolution in actual operation, it does not follow, therefore, that it must necessarily be true. It is a fascinating theory, but we must wait for further information before we can consider it to be scientifically established. Meantime we may say that the Darwinian theory—within the limits above stated we may call it the Darwinian theory—that small variations are to be relied upon for the processes of evolution, has, in the opinion of a large number, probably the overwhelming majority, of scientific men, completely broken down. De Vries' view may also break down, and what then has to be said? Only that we shall be completely in the dark—as, indeed, it may be said that we are at this moment in the dark as to the real method of evolution, supposing that evolution does exist. And here once more we may call the attention of our readers to the series of assumptions upon which

the whole of the stupendous edifice of Darwinism, as it now stands, has been reared. At the risk of being accused of vain repetitions, let us once more urge that whilst there is a good deal of indirect evidence in favor of transformism, there is not much really direct evidence for it, and it remains a theory still unproved. Further, that if it exists or existed, we are still absolutely in the dark as to the methods by which it came to pass. And, finally, that this is no foundation upon which to build up theories, philosophical, educational or political. And now we may ask ourselves, is there anything taught by science which is likely to survive the destructive criticism, which, as has been shown, has been fatal to so many fair theories of the past? Some at least would point to the theories of Mendel as occupying such a position, and to them we must at any rate devote some small amount of attention.

MENDEL'S THEORY OF INHERITANCE.

The story of Gregor Mendel, Abbot of the Augustinian Abbey of Brunn, has been told so often of recent years that it need only be repeated here in mere outline. His remarkable observations were made at about the time that Darwin's views were being given to the world. The Abbot hid his paper in the pages of a not very well-known journal. It excited no attention at the time, though its author was always sure that in due course it would do so. He was right, for some fifty years after its publication his paper was unearthed by several men of science, and Mendel and his theories now occupy the premier position, for the time at any rate, in the biological arena. It would be absurd to pretend that scientific opinion is at one on this matter—is there any single theory on which it is at one?—but undoubtedly the Mendelian view is one which has gained ground since it was first made known to the world, and would appear to be still gaining ground. Its adherents extol its importance in the highest terms, and one of the most recent writers on the subject has not hesitated to claim that the results which have been obtained by work on Mendel's lines have been sufficient in themselves to show that his discovery "was of an importance little inferior to those of a Newton or a Dalton."*

The fundamental feature of Mendel's method is the directing of attention to single characters of the organism, not to the

*Lock, *op. cit.*, p. 164.

organism as a whole, and to the observation of the behavior of these isolated characteristics. When this is done it is found that these characters, under processes of breeding, behave not haphazard, but according to a very definite law. Let us take the best-known example perhaps of his theory, that of the tall and short peas. Mendel took two varieties of peas, which he had already found to breed true, as regards height. The normal height of one was six feet (tall), and of the other one and a half (dwarf). These two strains were crossed with one another, sometimes the pollen of the tall being used, sometimes that of the dwarf. The results were the same in both cases. In all cases the result was that the offspring were all "talls," some of them even taller than the parent "tall." Mendel, therefore, called "tallness," in this instance, the *dominant*, and "dwarfishness" the *recessive* character. It might have been thought by the hasty observer that dwarfishness had been wiped out, but what was the result of the sowing of the seeds of the self-fertilized hybrids? A mixed generation consisting of "talls" and "dwarfs," but—most significant fact—of *no* intermediate forms. Further it was found that the "talls" were to the "dwarfs" as three is to one. The seeds of this second hybrid generation were also saved, those from each individual plant being carefully harvested and separately sown. What was the result? The seeds of the "dwarf" recessives bred perfectly true, none but "dwarfs" resulting. But not so the "talls."

Some of these bred true, producing only "talls," but some of them acted like the first hybrid generation of "talls," and produced a generation of "talls" and "dwarfs" in the proportion of three of the former to one of the latter. Further experiments with other pairs of characteristics, such as yellow and green color, etc., led Mendel to lay down the law that

in every case where the inheritance of an alternative pair of characters was concerned, the effect of the cross in successive generations was to produce three, and only three, different sorts of individuals, viz., dominants which bred true, dominants which gave both dominant and recessive offspring in the ratio of three to one, and recessives which always bred true.*

Of his further deductions it is not possible to say more here; inquirers will find all that they require in the works of Bateson,

*Punnett, *Mendelism*. ed. 3rd. Macmillan, 1911, p. 18.

Punnett and Lock on the subject. But this may be said, that, in spite of much even acrid criticism, the result of the vast amount of work which has been done during the past ten years on these lines has tended to confirm rather than to shake the belief in Mendel's views.

The scheme of inheritance, which he was the first to enunciate, has been found to hold good for such diverse things as height, hairiness, and flower color and flower form in plants, the shape of pollen grains, and the structure of fruits; while among animals the coat color of mammals, the form of the feathers and of the comb in poultry, the waltzing habit of Japanese mice and eye color in man, are but a few examples of the diversity of characters which all follow the same law of transmission.*

But, after all, from the point of view of the present series of articles, the really important fact which emerges from a consideration of Mendel's views is that, if they are true, as would certainly appear to be the case, they reveal a definite, orderly law, and that such a law clamors aloud for the necessity of a Lawgiver. Professor Plate, who cannot be arraigned either for ignorance of science or any partiality for the idea of a Creator, in his speech at the Berlin discussion,[†] said, "Personally, I always maintain that, if there are laws of nature, it is only logical to admit that there is a Lawgiver."

True he proceeds: "But of this Lawgiver we can give no account, and any attempt to give one would lead us into unfounded speculations. It is there that faith begins, and many of us have given up all faith." With this latter part of the speech this series of papers cannot deal; what we are concerned with is the admission—surely no sane person could really doubt it—that if we find a law, that is a regular, orderly uniformity, we must postulate a Lawgiver. Further the question also arises: If variation is in any way definite, may it not, nay, must it not, also be definite in its direction? Bergson,[‡] whilst urging the essential difference between spirit and matter, and thus wholly dissenting from a material explanation of the universe, seems to postulate a blind God, inherent in nature, driving it on to an end unknown to Himself. With all respect

*Punnett, *op. cit.*, p. 26.

†*Problem of Evolution*, p. 108.

‡*Creative Evolution*, Macmillan, 1911.

to this most brilliant and fascinating writer, such a conclusion seems to be little other than an appeal to that Blind Chance which has long seemed so unsatisfactory to anyone who dispassionately considers the question. At any rate quite a number of scientific writers from Lamarck, through Nägeli and Eimer and others, down to the present day, have believed, wholly apart from any religious bias, that variation was guided in some way, that is, have accepted a teleological explanation of nature. That the Mendelian laws may drive even unwilling converts to the same view, may be seen from the following quotation from a very candid man of science:

With the experimental proof that variation consists largely in the unpacking and repacking of an original complexity, it is not so certain, *as we might like to think*, that the order of these events is not pre-determined. For instance, the original "pack" may have been made in such a way that at the n th division of germ-cells of a Sweet-Pea a color-factor might be dropped, and that at the $n+n$ division the hooded variety be given off, and so on. I see no ground whatever [he hastens to add] for holding such a view, but in fairness the possibility should not be forgotten, and in the light of modern research it scarcely looks so absurdly improbable as before.*

In the earlier portion of this series of articles, we spoke of dogmatic Darwinism. Could there be a better example of scientific dogmatism than that so naively revealed in the words which I have italicised in the above quotation. What is it to science, as science, whether the order of things is pre-determined or not, that scientific men should not like to think that it was pre-determined? Surely the object of science is to find out whether things are or are not such and such-like, and surely also it is no business of science to prefer one or other decision until she is quite sure that the decision which she prefers is the right one.

At any rate we have now arrived at a point where we may try to sum up what this account of modern-day Darwinism has tried to bring out. Such summaries have been made—up to the point then reached—more than once in the course of these essays. But they may be set together once more here, at the conclusion of our matter, in order that the various points brought forward may be welded as far as possible into one continuous argument.

1. The main doctrine of Transformism is one which has

*Bateson in *Darwin and Modern Science*, p. 101.

not been proved, and perhaps never can be proved to a demonstration. There is a good deal of indirect evidence for it, but not much direct evidence. It, therefore, remains and must remain, perhaps forever, a *theory and not a proved fact*.

2. Since Darwin brought it into prominence, this doctrine of Transformism has taken stronger and stronger hold of the scientific world, and it would not be unfair to say that in some form or another it is held as the best working hypothesis by the vast majority of scientific men, however much they may differ—and they do differ profoundly—as to the method by which Transformism has taken place.

3. This doctrine was, in all its essential features, recognized as acceptable by S. Augustine, by S. Thomas Aquinas, by Suarez, and by other authoritative Catholic writers. If true, it offers, therefore, no difficulties to Catholic thinkers.

4. Whether true or not, the hypothesis in no way demands or necessitates a monistic or materialistic explanation of the universe. On the contrary, it would seem to entail the existence of a Code of Laws which have directed the transformations, and this Code of Laws would seem to demand the existence of a Law-giver.

5. Further, whether true or not, this theory gives us, and can give us, no information as to the beginning of things, or how the transformistic process started its operations. It had a beginning, as to which the theory admittedly can tell us nothing.

6. Darwin's various theories—as apart from his re-exposition of Transformism and his positive additions to scientific knowledge—do not hold to-day the position that they did towards the latter end of the nineteenth century. Many would agree with this statement so far as Natural Selection is concerned, and most so far as Sexual Selection and Pangenesis are concerned.

7. Even if they were all proved up to the hilt, none of them would afford real proof of a monistic or materialistic explanation of the universe, since, again, none of them throw the slightest light on the beginning of things.

8. With regard to the case of the theory of man's descent. Many non-Catholic men of science would accept the theory that man's body was developed—perhaps by a "mutation"—from that of some lower form, though there is very little positive evidence to prove this descent. Many also are prepared to accept the development of his spiritual characters, but the psychological argu-

ment against this development forces at least some of them to believe that the theory is impossible and untenable. For Catholics the question is, of course, settled, but it is open to them to show, as they can show, that their view is identical with the view of ordinary common-sense.

9. It is impossible to derive a moral law from external nature, and no one can contemplate, without horror, a return to the principles of the Struggle for Existence and of Sexual Selection on the part of the human race. The very fact that all the efforts of man—of the better nature of man and of the best races of man—are at this moment being directed to frustrate the efforts of nature, shows that "Nature's insurgent Son" is actuated and directed by something of a higher origin than mere matter.

10. The views of Mendel, which are rapidly gaining ground, point towards a law and an order in variation and development, which can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that they are the outcome of the Idea of an Omnipotent Lawgiver.

11. The glib, and often most ill-informed, utterances of the writers of too many pamphlets, articles and popular manuals may be very largely discounted, and persons reading them should always keep before their mind's eye the difference between a scientific fact and a scientific hypothesis. The former, if really a fact, cannot affect religion in any way. The latter is only the thought of some man's mind, and may take its place any day, as many and many a theory has done, on the scientific scrap-heap.

(THE END.)

THE MIGHT OF THE INWARD MAN.

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



RIGEN was a famous defender of Christ and His Church in early Christian times. Leonides, his father, (who afterwards died a martyr) had him baptized in infancy, and used to go to his cradle while the child was asleep, uncover his breast, and reverently kiss it, saying that it was the shrine in which the Holy Ghost was lodged. He had in mind St. Paul's teaching: "Know you not that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" (1 Cor. iii. 16.)

It is true that all of God's works which are extrinsic to Himself, are common to the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity. But the Holy Scriptures and the saints and theologians of the Church, and indeed the Church herself, attribute to the Third Person the work of our sanctification. A conspicuous and dogmatic instance of this is found in the canons of the Council of Trent: "If anyone shall say that without the inspiration and help of the Holy Spirit going beforehand, a man can believe, hope, love or repent as he ought, so that the grace of justification may be conferred on him: let him be anathema."*

Thus God is Himself the immediate source of all our good, as far as it makes for a happy eternity; He is so by a most intimate union with our souls and a constant guidance of them. This is variously named the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, the inspiration of grace, the inner voice of God; and our part is called co-operation, fidelity to interior divine guidance, correspondence with grace; and very generally it is named fidelity to conscience. This condition is the object of the Apostle's prayer for his converts: "That He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened by His Spirit with might unto the inward man" (Eph. iii. 16)—strengthened in their thoughts and affections directly by God's own holiness, nay by His very Self. Albertus Magnus was once asked for an edifying thought, and he gave it thus: "Man receives God spiritually in his soul, as the priest

*"Si quis dixerit, sine praeveniente Spiritus Sancti inspiratione, atque ejus adjutorio, hominem credere, sperare, diligere aut poenitere posse, sicut oportet, ut ei justificationis gratia conferatur; anathema sit." (*Con. Trid.*, Sess. vi., Can. iii.)

receives Him corporally at the altar; and this happens every time that through love of Him he abstains from some fault, even though it be but a word or a glance."

Oftentimes, when even instructed and faithful Christians are bid to seek God in their own hearts, they often feel as if they were directed to journey into an unexplored country. They can hardly imagine that there is an inner sanctuary of God which is all their own, and in which the closest divine intimacy is ever awaiting them, yea, is awaiting even the newly penitent. "I ask but one thing of you," wrote Fénelon to a recently repentant friend, "which is to follow in simplicity the bent of your own mind for goodness, as you have formerly followed your earthly passions in pursuit of evil. Believe, then, your own heart, to which God, whom you have so long forgotten, is now speaking in love, notwithstanding its ingratitude." No, it must not be supposed that the intimate guidance of the Holy Spirit is limited to persons of the higher spiritual grades. When, indeed, one's strivings are winning maturity of virtue, God's influence seems closer and His guiding hand stronger. But even in the earlier stages of an earnest man's progress, a light rises within him showing him his daily imperfections, revealing his past sins in their native ugliness, and at the same time urging him strenuously to constant increase of the two means of sanctification that lie most in his power, namely, purification of his present life from the least defects, and the doing of penitential works for a more adequate atonement of the past. The Holy Spirit is as well the master of novices as the perfecter of proficients. In the one case no less than the other, the soul must beware of resisting the admonitions of its Heavenly Guide, lest His voice be silenced. For guidance high and low the prayer of the Psalmist must be offered: "Show, O Lord, Thy ways to me. Direct me in Thy truth and teach me; for Thou art God my Savior; and on Thee have I waited all the day long." (Ps. xxiv. 4, 5.) Be it remembered, too, that this grace of divine guidance comes through the sacraments, whose influence is both inner and outer, abiding with us interiorly through the indwelling Spirit: "Because the charity of God is poured forth in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost, who is given to us" (Rom. v. 5)—by Christ in His sacraments. Certainly it is a most blessed and delightful privilege thus to pass back and forth between the divine world of Holy Church's worship and ordinances, and the paradise of God's grace within our own minds.

God makes Himself felt and understood to everyone who offers himself to His interior guidance. This does not change the substance of a virtuous life, but reveals its obedience and humility and prayer and charity as the direct result of immediate divine union. It does not make us feel like prophets of God, whose inspiration is quite different, but it makes us know, in a light all calm and joyful, that we are children of God. It is not a mission to work miracles, but an invitation from the depths of the soul to give up self-guidance, and follow the maxims of the Gospel under the very eye of the Deity Himself. How truly does St. Chrysostom say: that nothing so effectually cures a fault as the continual remembrance of God.

How can we know that we are surely receiving God's secret communications? Is there any plain sign? The Curé of Ars gives an answer as clear as it is adequate: "When good thoughts come into our mind, we may be sure that the Holy Ghost is visiting us." Does your impulse incite you to do what is evidently good, or does it beckon you towards debatable ground? Is the after-feeling one of peace, or rather one of unrest? Is it accompanied by affection for superiors, or censoriousness? Has the new impulse come with discontent, a desire of change, or with tranquility? Have you confidence that God will aid you to carry out these inward suggestions and are you willing to abide His time, or are you hot for instant action? Instability is a bad sign; for in all graver matters God's drawing is continuous and gentle, yet peremptorily insistent, but never away from your usual obedience. By this means it is that a pious soul is trained into a real spirituality. All that is meant by sound judgment is granted the soul in full measure, so that it "judgeth all things" in its life prudently, being made by its interior lights competent spiritually to examine them (1 Cor. ii. 15). St. Francis de Sales, echoing the traditional teaching, goes so far as to promise that fidelity to inner guidance fits one to perceive the divine approval, even in spiritual matters of every-day occurrence. "A servitor of heavenly inspirations," he says, "knows at what time, in what order, by what method, each virtue must be practiced."*

The guidance of the Holy Ghost bestows the force of God upon human endeavor, and gives the Church the benefit of souls filled with holy initiative. But what is here meant by initiative? What is not meant is this: to act of a sudden, even when the cause

**Letters to Persons in the World*, Mackey, p. 182.

is good and the interior impulse is sane, strong and religious. Nor to act in grave matters without the counsel of devout and peaceful and experienced men. Nor yet to savor novelties with joy, and eagerly to search them out. No. Initiative is not to act without good advice, nor from love of innovation, nor with precipitation.

But initiative is to seek diligently for new ways of glorifying God without forfeiting old ways, least of all criticising them. Initiative is the spirit of the explorer and the pioneer, especially in spreading God's faith and His Church. It is to have confidence amid adverse circumstances, and to look for a betterment of religious conditions, quickly lending a hand to bring this about. It is to covet and ask the place of toil and of danger in dealing with God's enemies.

Initiative is that spirit which makes little of one's own deficiencies when duty or opportunity calls for action: and constantly to make opportunity stand for duty. To have an adventurous spirit in religious undertakings. To be the first to advance when authority says "Go!" and the first (however sadly) to stop when authority says "Halt!" Never to allow oneself "to think" (we quote Father Hecker) "or to express a word which might seem to place a truth of the Catholic faith in doubt, or to savor of the spirit of disobedience. With all this in view, to be the most earnest and ardent friend of all true progress, and to work with all one's might for it's promotion through existing organizations and authorities."*

Some say, or would wish they had the courage to say, that all this is but theoretical if not visionary; and that it interferes with a common sense management of religious affairs. Well, some would manage supernatural activities, such as all departments of the care of souls, and including the education of children, by the rules of worldly policy. These aspire to the shrewdness of worldlings in dealing with immortal souls. They would attend to divine things in a human spirit. Others adopt, indeed, methods and means of a human kind, but they are guided by the lights acquired from prayer, holy Mass and their communions. Which kind of wisdom is the better for a workaday life of zeal? St. Francis Xavier, one of the most

*True initiative was illustrated by St. Francis de Sales throughout his whole career. He composed his first sermon whilst yet a young man in deacon's orders, and preached it on Pentecost—a discourse on the descent of the Holy Ghost. He was the least innovating, and at the same time most holily venturesome, of God's servants. Read his chapters on Inspirations in the *Devout Life* and in the *Love of God* for a full and perfect treatment of the great doctrine here so scantily and defectively given.

successful among practical soul-savers, declares for the latter. Speaking of some details in the management of hard sinners, he wrote: "But to understand when this is proper to be done, how far to proceed, and with what precautions, is what the guidance of the Spirit and your own experience must teach you at the particular time and occasion."* And again, when arranging for the instruction of converts: "After they have professed their belief in all that the Church teaches, the catechist instructs them to pray to the Holy Ghost for His seven gifts, those especially which can help them to believe the Catholic faith."†

It is sometimes alleged that this rule of following God's Spirit in all things applies entirely to recluses, and is adapted only to contemplatives. No, not by any means. There is no guidance of the Deity so plain as that which makes men perform their usual duty of prayer, whether it be the prattling of the child in his petitions, the anguish of the stricken sinner, or the rapture of the saint. When you feel inclined to pray for a lawful object, you are now under the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit. If that inclination be unusually strong, if it be persistent, even vehement, O rejoice and be glad, for it means the getting in due time of a favor of more than ordinary value. If it be a painful yet peaceful feeling, having in it the stings of remorse or the forebodings of danger, O pray harder and harder, for these are divine warnings against perdition.

No interior condition is more surely an inspiration from God than an enduring tendency to observe a daily rule of mental prayer. As to even the method of meditation, that, too, in its more deep flowing currents, is ordered by no other than the divine power within us. A full knowledge of St. Ignatius and his method of meditation leaves little doubt that his method was inspired. "So high and sovereign is the exercise of mental prayer," says De Ponte in the first paragraph of his wonderful book of *Meditations*, "in which we meditate upon the mysteries of our holy faith, and converse familiarly with Almighty God, that the principal master of it can be no other than the Holy Ghost Himself. The holy Fathers learnt it by His inspiration, and they have left us many documents of much importance, how to exercise it with profit, following the motion of that principal Master." And later on that author returns with emphasis to the same teaching: "True it is

**Life*, by Colegidge, vol. ii., p. 117.

†*Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 167.

that the greatest certainty in these petitions and colloquies depends principally upon the Holy Spirit, who, as St. Paul says, 'asks for us with unspeakable groanings' (Rom. viii. 26). For with His inspiration He teaches us, and moves us to ask, ordering our petitions, and stirring up those affections with which they are to be made."

Much of the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and in earlier years by far the greater part, is granted us for resistance to evil. What gave the martyrs their crown? Resistance to idolatrous laws; the sovereignty of the one true God demanded that of them in their soul's interior. The same divine help is needed for our own daily martyrdom: "I see another law in my members, fighting against the law of my mind and captivating me in the law of sin." (Rom. vii. 23.) To hold one's own against our inward evil tendencies needs the inward "inspiration and help" of the principle of good—God. As a room is aired, so is a soul purified. Is a room foul? Open wide the windows, all of them, and all the doors; and the pure air and bright sunshine cleanses everything, dries up all foul dampness, leaves everything clean and sweet. O my soul, open thy windows and doors wide and free, and call God's Spirit within thee. Despondency flees and hope returns; doubts are dried up like malarious damp. God has come, bright and sweet, all powerful and all loving. Prayer is become the breathing in of God's holiness; self-denial is made the confession of God's supremacy. Two things will give thee highest joy, and these two are one: the first is that thou shalt be made conscious that this purifying of thy life is the infinite God Himself; the second is, that it is love, nay it is loving union, for "He who is joined to the Lord is one spirit." (1 Cor. vi. 17.)

How great the boon of knowing that what wakes my soul out of the torpor of worldliness is the living God Himself, whose force is infinite love, whose action is the communication of Himself; that what is moving and softening and wounding and healing my affections, lighting up the dark places, plucking out evil habits, thawing out what was frozen, is the infinite and eternal Deity Himself. Nor is there in this any essential difference, as we have already said, between souls high and low in the ranks of God's friends. For St. Bernard testifies: "From the time of God's entrance into the interior of my soul, He has never made His presence known by any extraordinary tokens, either by voice or by visible appearance. I have felt His activity only by the movement of my heart; and I have experienced His active power by the amendment

of my vices, by the mortification of carnal passions, by the penitent view of my faults, by the renewal of my life, by the enlarged vision of all things which show forth His greatness.”*

Weakness of conviction of the dogma of the indwelling Spirit is the reason of partial failure in many religious careers. It is especially the explanation of what is known as dissipation of spirit. The mind of an unrecollected man is like an unfenced orchard, whose fruits are not for the owner but for all passers-by—a comparison used by St. Francis de Sales. The inner divine voice is drowned by the demands of undisciplined nature, filling the soul with excuses and questionings, and clamors for favors and demands for “rights.” Sensuality, even when it is not gross, yet deadens the mind to what à Kempis calls the “divine whisperings,” which die away amid the pleasures of the table or the comforts of an easy life. Even the innocent desires of the heart, such as craving for the company of friends and relatives, may easily confuse, perhaps wholly deaden, the tones of that voice, which will make its plea for love only amid the silence of all other lovers. The result is that multitudes of souls become good and never grow better. One does religious acts and does not think religious thoughts; and finally becomes like the man in the prophesy: “As he that is thirsty, dreameth and drinketh, and after he is awake is yet faint with thirst, and his soul is empty.” (Isaias xxix. 8.)

Fidelity to the interior influences of grace, beginning, in the case of ordinary souls, with the voice of God in conscience and ending with the terrible self-exactions of the nobler kind of natures—those who are called to emulate the angels in holiness—fidelity to the inner divine Master is the fundamental virtue of religion. Even saints find cause for regret in their faulty exercise of it. For example, Blessed Mother Barat, although she was imbued with a worshipful obedience to God’s external authority, yet wrote to the Venerable Mother Duchesne, at a difficult crisis of the Sacred Heart Congregation which she had founded: “The fruits of an exact fidelity to the Spirit of our Lord are immeasurable. I have but one regret in the world, and that is not to have been always faithful to it. O if I had to live over again, I would listen only to the Holy Spirit, and act simply by His inspirations.† How well do the saints know that every attribute of the Deity is expended upon us in the guidance of the Holy Ghost. As God is, so is He my guide. His immensity

**Sermons on the Canticle of Canticles.*

†*Life*, by Baunard, vol. i., ch. x.

envelopes me everywhere; His majesty appals me in my sinfulness; His goodness melts the hardness of my heart—a most miraculous victory. And in all this His touch arouses my consciousness that I am under immediate divine control.

The guidance of the Holy Ghost is thus both a mark of progress and its rule. It is also the promise of final perseverance. A man's blood grows weak and thin with age. But his soul's blood, the grace of God, never ages. O Holy Spirit of God, Thou art eternal life, and Thou art my life. The force of Thy inspirations grows stronger with the weakening of the forces of my natural life. Virtue is beautiful forever. Love blooms eternally. O how much purer is the life of God within my thoughts than the life of man that is in my blood and wrapped about me in my flesh. The one is always dying most miserably, the other ever increasing in vigor, as our Savior promised: "The water that I will give him, shall become in him a fountain of water, springing up into life everlasting." (John iv. 14.)

When everything in life is done because God inspires it, or His providence arranges it and places its interior motives, this is perfection. Now the mission of the Spirit within the soul is love, love to be given, love to be obtained, and this reciprocal movement of love is to be the stream on which at the end is carried to heaven the merits of a lifetime. It is God who inspires the soul with love of Himself as the supreme good, love of a son for his Father, of a spouse for his Spouse, of a brother for his Brother. As these relations exist in God's own inner life of Father, Son and Spirit, so are they transferred to the inner life of the human soul, and thus to that soul God is made all in all. "The estate of the divine union," says St. John of the Cross, "consists of the total transformation of the will into the will of God in such a way that every movement of the will shall be always the movement of the will of God only."*

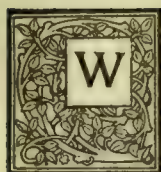
Let us conclude with the prayer of Holy Church in the Mass for Wednesday after the second Sunday of Lent: "O God, the restorer and lover of innocence, direct to Thyself the hearts of Thy servants: that the fervor of Thy Spirit being lighted within them, they may be found steadfast in faith, and effective in work. Amen."

**Ascent of Mt. Carmel*, bk. i., ch. xi.

ST. CLARE OF ASSISI.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

IV.



WE have spoken so far of Clare's loyalty to St. Francis, and of her strenuous defence of the Franciscan vocation; and we have said that it was through her devotion to Francis and poverty that she found her freedom of soul.

Now nowhere is Franciscan liberty of spirit more exquisitely revealed than in St. Clare. Take up her *Legend* and her *Letters*—the one supplementing the other—and in the reading you can hardly miss a certain spiritual exhilaration, such as you will sometimes find in the open spaces of the hills. Largeness and freedom are there, and the freshness and buoyancy which belong to freedom. Here is a woman who does not fear to be herself; in whose religious devotion the proper natural self is sublimated, not suppressed.

Father Faber, in *All for Jesus*,* has contrasted the "beautiful liberty of spirit which pervades and possesses" the Benedictine mind with the "regimental sort of holiness;" and he tells us that the way to "real, unaffected, enduring piety" is to be found in that Catholic liberty of spirit which modern writers on the spiritual life for the most part are wanting in. Doubtless there are times when the "regimental sort of holiness" is the only sort which will avail. But, as Father Faber remarks, it is apt, when it becomes a system, "to lessen devotion in extent," and, still more, "to lower it in degree." Liberty of spirit is the mark of true Catholic piety. Without it devotion is a mere artificial growth; it is not the giving to God of the man himself. It was just this giving to God of the real self which the Benedictine writers, to whom Father Faber alludes, insisted upon; and for this reason the piety they teach, whilst it fixes the whole mind and affections upon God, and lifts a man above his natural self, yet never destroys the personal self but only elevates it. Much the same thing is found amongst the early Franciscans. They develop in the sphere of their vocation as a plant rooted in its proper soil and flourishing hardily and joyously

*Chapter viii., sections 7 and 8.

amidst the breezes of heaven. Certainly in their freedom of spirit those early Franciscans, such as we read of in the *Fioretti*, bear the mark of true Catholics. But, as we have said, none of them exhibit this mark more exquisitely than does St. Clare. Of her it may be said, without reservation, that even in this life she truly found herself in her religion, and in its sublimities moved "with household motions light and free."

The secret of her spiritual freedom lies in the simplicity with which she trusted herself to the guidance of that worshipful love which was the encompassing form of her character, to bring her to the divine goal of her heart's desire. Undoubtedly, her life-long purity and singleness of aim secured to her a fuller measure of freedom, for to the innocent spiritual liberty comes as a childhood's confidant. But liberty itself is found in the possession of "the highest as we see it," or rather "as the heart calls to it." They who find their true desire are free. What then was the true desire which gave such exquisite freedom to Clare? We may say at once that it was "the poor Christ."

Now Clare's life was in truth a song of the heavenly love. She loved St. Francis, she loved evangelical poverty, but above all, and as encompassing all, she loved "Christ the Poor." It was in the wake of this supreme love that she looked lovingly upon all things in heaven and earth, but especially upon whatever bore the mark of Christ's poverty. One needs the Catholic Faith, which realizes our Lord as a living Presence, and not as a mere figure of history, in order to understand at all the reality of Clare's love-experience in her vision of "the poor Christ." We have here no singer's song of unrealized sentiment, but a real experience of Catholic Faith. In the assurance of this Faith, Clare knew herself irrevocably claimed in mind and heart by the living Christ in the mystery of His earthly poverty.

Her own soul was not more real to her than was "Christ the Poor;" and in this Faith she gave to Him the worship which her heart was restless to give to the One Who was the satisfying personal Response to the call of her spirit. "Christ the Poor" came to her as this personal Response, and her heart found its freedom and rest. From that moment her prayer was "to be conformed to Christ the Poor in the little nest of poverty;" and jealous lest she might in aught be displeasing to Him, she made the remembrance of His poverty "as a clasp of gold with which she closed her heart in her breast, so that no dust of earth might find entrance." Here,

as in all the passages which tell of Clare and "the poor Christ," the *Legend* falls into the language of the love-story: a fitting setting for the real story of Clare.

But we shall perhaps best come to an understanding of what Clare's worship of "the poor Christ" meant to her, if we take a retrospect of the ethical influences which were remoulding the Christian world at the beginning of the thirteenth century: for if there is one thing certain about the Franciscan movement, it is its direct relationship with the new spirit which was breathing fresh life into mediæval society at the time that movement had its birth. The Franciscan life was in fact a realization, on the high plane of Catholic Faith, of the new ethical ideals which were then sweeping over the world, and which were born of an awakened sense of personal freedom.

The rise of the Italian communes against the Empire, and the self assertion of the burgher class against the feudal nobles, were symptoms of this awakened sense. But its deepest, most fundamental, expression was the new literature of chivalry and love. The *chanson de geste*, the chivalric romance, and the new love-song uttered the intimate emotion of the new age. In them the world-spirit broke through the pessimism which had settled like a London fog upon the souls of men during the eleventh century, and endured more or less until the close of the twelfth. I say "more or less," because the Christian spirit was too strong and vital not to be aroused to resistance against the prevailing depression. Historically and psychologically the crusades on the one hand, and on the other the new cloistral piety, which found its fullest voice in St. Bernard of Clairvaux, were a defiance of the sterilizing gloom. But both the crusade and the new piety were things apart from the common life of the world, nor had they an immediate conscious relationship with each other. The poets and singers gave to the new spirit a more universal, if more secular, expression; and their tales and songs became the informing influence, mental and ethical, of the multitude. They set forth love and action as the universal properties of the free spirit. Moreover they took a more broadly human view. The love-song of St. Bernard, voicing the love of the Christian soul for Christ, is constrained in its very intensity. Humanity breathes in all his utterances: it is the human soul calling to the God-Man. But it is a soul fearful of the world that lies outside the monastic cell. He admits no conscious feeling of delight in the world outside. The beauty of the earth is to him

a mere distraction in his desired communion with the Divine Beloved; and he accordingly shuts it out. The manifest evil in the world stands between it and him, and warns him against it. But the secular singer, on the contrary, found joy in the world's life, and the earth was to him delectable, even when he found sorrow and wrong-doing there. He set himself to free the earth from its bondage to those who used it evilly. Not that his idea of evil was in all things the same as that of St. Bernard; but according to his faith, action and love were to overcome evil and make a new heaven of the earth. And so his faith had a lyrical freedom, wanting in the ardent raptures of the new cloistral piety.

Again, the crusades were a call to action for a definite purpose, and the religious goal of the action was held to give a religious quality to the hardihood and courage of the crusader. But the poets sang of the glory of valor and chivalric adventure as a good in itself. Valor, in the romances, was a religious quality, even as love was: they were an end in themselves and brought true glory. It is, however, to be remembered, that valor and love had their ethical conditions, without which they ceased to be valor and love in the chivalric sense: and these ethical conditions were largely drawn from the Christian law. The valiant man must be faithful to his plighted word, he must be liberal with his service and goods; he is bound to defend the oppressed and the weak; he must be courteous even with an enemy, and have the humility of true gentleness. So, too, love had its moral qualifications. It must issue in entire and willing service for the beloved; self must be utterly displaced by the mere will of the loved one. In the best of the romances love was altogether apart from the carnal desire: even in the worst the lover has no desire save for the one object of his love.

Thus the poets and singers set up a standard of morals, at the same time that they put forth the new ideal of the perfect manhood, rooted in the fundamental facts of love and action; and, however far the realization fell below the ideal in actual life, yet the ideal raised the spirit of the age out of its enervating depression, created a new moral energy and produced a new type of character.

Now it was just this new type of character, rooted in chivalric valor and love, which St. Francis brought into the service of Jesus Christ: and it is only as we keep this in mind that we can gain an entrance into the meaning and spiritual content of the Franciscan life. In his youth, Francis, afire with the new en-

thusiasm of the Trouvère and Troubadour, and with his mind and heart steeped in its dogmas and convictions, was ambitious to emulate the heroes of romance, and gain glory in the battlefield and tourney. When his conversion came, he simply transferred his allegiance as a prospective Knight from an earthly lord to the heavenly. But the heavenly Lord, into Whose service he then passed, was yet the Supreme Exemplar of chivalric manhood and character. Christ revealed Himself to this ardent believer in chivalry as the Perfect Knight, Who for the love of the world debased Himself utterly, dying for the object of His love; Who because of His promise, and without other compulsion, set Himself to save the world, and was true to His troth and infinitely valorous. And to the service of this Crown of Knighthood, Francis brought the ideal and code of chivalry. The true Friar Minor, like the true Knight, is bound to Christ by the inviolable bond of *troth*—a free man's plighted pledge: this bond obliges him to serve his Lord in His earthly adventure for the world's redemption, sharing His poverty and hardship, and if needs be His death. His Lord's will is His perfect law. He must serve without any prudential reckoning of the chances of success, but simply to do his Lord's will, and to glorify Him by his obedience: for glory is not so much in the achievement as in the loyalty and valor of the attempt. He must be courteous and liberal with his services, and whatever he has to give, since *largesse* belongs to true nobility. Finally, love must be the root of all his service and obedience. Such are the principles underlying the life of the Franciscan fraternity as Francis gave it to his disciples.*

Unlike St. Bernard, and more in the spirit of the Troubadour, St. Francis did not close his eyes to all the earth save the Sacred Humanity of Christ. Rather did he freely look out upon the earth as one finding there witnesses to the nobleness of the Lord he served. To him the earth itself sang of the glories of Christ the Creator and Redeemer, and so, whether in sorrow or joy, was delectable.

Thus did the spirit of romantic chivalry elicit in Francis a new understanding and expression of Catholic faith in the Incarnate

*E. G., see St. Francis' description of obedience in Regula 1, cap. V: *per caritatem spiritus voluntarie servant et obediant invicem. Et haec est vera et sancta obedientia D.N.J.C.*—concerning courtesy cf. Fioretti, cap 36; *ibid.*, cap. 25; *Speculum Perfectionis*, cap. 35. The liberality of the first Franciscans was such that they would give whatever they had to any beggar. The improvidence with which St. Francis undertook his missionary journeys was also in accord with the chivalric spirit.

Word of God, and find through that understanding an entrance into the sanctuary of Catholic life.*

We are now in a better position to explain what Clare's devotion to Christ the Poor meant to her. In her eyes Jesus Christ in His poverty was the mirror of Knightliness. It was not merely because He was poor on earth that she worshipped Him, but because His poverty was resplendent with that special perfection in which the chivalrous soul delighted.

From the purely natural point of view, the most real thing in Clare's experience was the worshipfulness of that high valor, gentleness, pure love and vast pity, which were the spiritual notes of the chivalric ideal; and it was as the Supreme Exemplar of these knightly qualities that our Lord revealed Himself to her as she listened to the illuminating words of St. Francis when he was wooing her for Christ. And then she knew herself His worshipper in the most intimate conviction of her heart. The knowledge was clear and undoubting. It was the faith which unites in indissoluble union: the espousal faith of wedded souls. In that worship her womanhood was spiritually realized, and all the desire of her heart satisfied. For she was a true woman of the romantic spirit; with such a woman, to live meant to love worshipfully, but her love could be given only to high and noble valor. But Jesus Christ in His poor life on earth was the very God of all knightly perfection. In His poverty and suffering, assumed only by the compulsion of love and pity, He manifested the noblest hardiness, and gained the completest victory over the powers of the earth. In His poverty and suffering, He was most courteous, since He made Himself the servant and brother even of the least amongst men; and He was the most generous, whether as Creator or Redeemer, yet still more as Redeemer, since He gave His very life for men. And yet all the

*We may here point out a fundamental difference between the Franciscans and the numerous sectaries who, in the twelfth and thirteenth century, proclaimed a message of poverty superficially resembling the Franciscan message. With the sectaries, poverty was a protest against, and criticism of, existing abuses in the Church. Their poverty had in it no positive element of spiritual freedom. It served as a cry with which to arouse the multitude against the secular ambitions and wealth of the higher clergy; but when the sectaries came to constructive policy they fell either into moral and social anarchy or into a state of pure legalism, which tortured and depressed the soul. Between the sectaries and the secular spirit there was a radical antagonism, though the secular liberationist was not unwilling at times to use the sectary for his political purpose. No true sectary could be at heart a troubadour as St. Francis was. Joy and sorrow had no place in the conventicle, but were superseded by self-righteousness and moroseness. How different it was with the Franciscans is well known.

heavens and earth were His: He was noble in possession even as in action.

Thus did Clare behold Him with her mind and heart: and the vision became her great joy; and when through St. Francis the poor Christ demanded her perfect love, her heart leaped gratefully at the call, and in all the humility of a great love, she gave herself to share His life of poverty as a bride at her husband's side.

There is nothing more beautiful in the utterances of St. Clare than the simple confession of her joy in this spiritual espousal. Artlessly, and often unconsciously, this joy utters itself in the letters she wrote to Blessed Agnes of Prague, and become their dominant note.* These letters, too few though they are, give us a more intimate revelation of Clare's inner life than does anything else. One must read them through adequately to gather the charm of their perfect sincerity. But from what we have said above we shall be able the better to understand that sincerity: as when she advances this argument for the worship of our Lord:

His strength is greater than all power; His grace more gracious, His countenance more fair than all others. His love stands alone, exceeding all joys.

Or again this passage from another letter:

Like a poor virgin take to your heart the poor Christ. Look upon Him, made full of contempt for your sake, and follow Him. Make yourself full of contempt in this world for His sake. Look, most noble Queen, upon your spouse and see how He was lovely beyond the sons of men, and yet became unlovely amongst men for your salvation. His body was torn by scourges, and He died in dire torments upon the Cross. Burn with a great longing to liken yourself to Him. If you endure pain now you shall enjoy glory: If you share His sorrow you shall share His joy.

The same thought appears in another letter:

Every day look into this Mirror, O Queen, Spouse of Jesus Christ, and often contemplate your countenance therein, that within and without you may adorn yourself with the virtues of diverse flowers, and clothe yourself with the garments meet for the daughter and spouse of the King most high. O best

*Vide Mrs. Balfour: *The Life and Legend of the Lady Saint Clare*, pp. 138-154. The Latin text is published in *Acta SS., Martii*, i., pp. 505-507.

beloved, it will be seemly in you with grace divine to delight in gazing into such a Mirror. Draw near and look therein, first as Jesus lying in a manger in all poverty and swathed in poor clothes. O marvel of humility, O marvel of poverty! The King of angels, the Lord of heaven and earth, is laid upon a manger! Within your Mirror look upon the most joyful poverty of holy humility. For love of it He bore much hardship to redeem the human race. Then look therein upon the ineffable love whereby He willed to suffer on the wood of the Cross, and even to undergo a shameful death upon it. Your Mirror, fixed on the wood of the Cross, reproaches those that pass by, saying: "O all ye that pass by the way attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." Let us join our heart and our voice in answer to Him as He makes His plaint, and say: "I will be mindful of Thee and remember, and my soul shall languish within me."

Always there is this clinging of the thought to the "hardiness" of the Christ-life, supported by love and eventually crowned with glory—the veritable ideal of chivalric valor: and with it the response of the woman's heart. "O sweet poverty," she cries out, "embraced by Jesus Christ with a perfect love!" By constant gazing into the Divine Mirror she bids her correspondent to become "transformed into an image of His Deity;" and "then," she continues, "you shall feel what His friends feel, and shall taste the secrets of the joy which the Almighty God keeps in hiding from the beginning for His chosen ones, though they dwell in this deceitful world." But the spouse must aim constantly at perfection, "lest His eyes see aught in you that is not perfect." Nor is she content merely to worship; she aspires to share with her Lord in His redeeming work. In her humility she confesses that in this she herself is wanting, but she rejoices that another, namely, the Blessed Agnes, to whom she confides her thoughts, is found worthy to "supply my defect," and to be "the helpmate of God Himself, and the support and encouragement of the frail members of His ineffable body." That confession of her own defect was the cry of her sweet unconsciousness of her own merit: it voices the need of her loyalty to be an active support to the poor Christ in His earthly mission: and truly Clare was that.

But the letters reveal to us a further trait of her inner life—her passionate love of beauty; and this love of beauty is wedded to her love of the poor Christ in the freedom of her soul. Jesus Christ

Himself in her vision of Him is the strong, the gracious, the supremely Fair. But as she looks with His eyes upon the world, she finds beauty there too, and quite simply delights in it. She seems in her worship like one who gathers flowers on a ramble through the lanes and woods, because they speak to her of the joy of her heart. Light and color irresistibly attract her: they are respectively the glory of the heavens and of the earth: symbolically they are, as Clare takes them, the glory of the Divine Beloved and His faithful spouse. So the heavenly King "sits in great glory upon His starry throne;" "the sun and the moon worship His glory;" "He dwells in the brightness of the saints." Again life with Him is encompassed with light: "the glorious vision (of this life with Him) is a splendor of glory, a brightness of eternal light, a mirror without spot." The very ecstasy of light enters into her joy of her Lord. Not unlikely it came to her from beholding the wonderful light which gives to her native Umbria its glorious mystic loveliness. But if her joy in light enters into her vision of Christ, the heavenly King, her joy in color has free play in her conception of His faithful worshipper. The soul which loves Him must "adorn herself, within and without, with the virtues of diverse flowers"—an illuminating phrase which bespeaks the meditative care with which Clare cultivated her small flower garden within the enclosure of San Damiano. Tradition says that amongst all flowers she loved more the violet, the rose and the lily, because they seemed to her the flowers of humility, love and purity. Nor did her poverty forbid her a mental appreciation of the beauty of less simple adornments. "He will adorn your breast with precious stones," she writes to Blessed Agnes of Prague, "and your ears with jewels of great price, and will set you around with topazes, and crown you with a golden crown." Nor does the spiritual significance with which she alludes to these precious things detract from the natural pleasure she finds in them.

In truth a certain mental and spiritual splendor—an adumbration of Nature's own splendor—is manifest in this daughter of most high poverty, who put on her festive robes and ornaments for her last appearance amongst the members of her father's household, and subsequently made her life of poverty brilliant with her joy in earth and sky. And it was not only for the immediate beauty of Nature that she had a true feeling. On a Christmas night, when she was experiencing a sense of loneliness, because her sickness would not allow her to join her Sisters in the Christmas

ceremonies, she prayed to her Lord to comfort her, and thereupon was permitted to hear "the wonderful music that was being sung in the Church of San Francesco....the harmonies of the singers and the sound of the organ." She saw too "the manger of the Lord"—the crib the friars had fashioned in the church. And the music and the sight of the crib brought her a perfect peace. And then, too, there was her delight in hearing "a learned discourse." "For though she knew how to extract profit from the sermon of any speaker," says the *Legend*, "yet she listened with more relish when the shell of the words befitted the kernel of doctrine."

One ceases to wonder at Clare's tenacious clinging to the life of Franciscan poverty when one realizes the fullness and freedom of spiritual life with which it endowed her. It taught her to find Christ Himself by way of those same essential emotions and ideals which were making the world of her time throb with a new sense of life and self-realization. No troubadour felt so intimately, because so divinely, as she the joy of love and valor. She, too, had the poet's possession of the earth, but exalted by her faith in the Incarnate Word as the Lord of the earth. This faith, realized as St. Francis realized it, gave to all creation a sacramental value, so that it radiated reflexly the Sacred Humanity of Christ Himself. To the Franciscan Christ appeared not merely as the glory of the human soul, as He appeared in the cloistral piety, but as the glory of every created thing: and as the lover in the minstrel's song found new values in the earth because of the existence of the beloved, so did the spirit of the Franciscans find new values there because of the presence of Christ. And from that faith came the "Canticle of Brother Sun," which St. Francis composed and sang on his last visit to St. Clare. That canticle struck a new note in mediæval piety: it brought all the creatures to share with man his service of the Lord; no longer were they mere distractions to the God-seeking soul. But Francis and Clare had lived their lives, since they embraced holy poverty, in the faith of that song.

Clare's death was in marvelous keeping with her life. She had, you will remember, just achieved her defence of poverty, and won for her Sisters their Franciscan heritage after twenty-seven years of patient struggle: and now her long warfare was over.

Around her bed were gathered some of the still surviving companions of St. Francis. There was Brother Angelo, courteous as ever, "comforting the rest in their sorrow," though he himself could not restrain his tears. Brother Leo from time to time kissed the

bed upon which the Saint lay. There, too, was Brother Juniper. On his arrival Clare looked up smilingly, greeting her "dear jester of the Lord," and asked him if he had anything new at hand concerning our Lord. Brother Rinaldo, all kindness, thought to encourage Clare to patience in her suffering. She answered him: "Dearest brother, ever since that I knew the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, through His servant Francis, no suffering has troubled me; no penance has been too hard; no illness arduous." At the bedside was Agnes, Clare's sister, who had hastened from Florence at the news of Clare's illness, and was seeking by prayer to ward off the death which would mean further separation from the sister she passionately loved. But Clare bade her cease weeping, for that Agnes would soon follow her. And in fact Agnes died three months afterwards. Pope Innocent had come, and at her request had given Clare the last absolution: though he said he needed absolution more than she.

As the last moments drew nigh, Clare asked the friars to read aloud the Passion of our Lord. After that she was heard to murmur softly: "Go forth without fear: for thou hast a good guide for thy journey. Go forth, for He Who created thee, hath sanctified thee; and protecting thee always, loveth thee with a love tender as that of a mother for her son. Blessed be Thou, Lord, Who hast created me." One of the Sisters asked to whom she was speaking. Clare replied: "I am speaking to my blessed soul." Awhile after she turned to one of the Sisters and asked: "O daughter, dost thou see the King of Glory Whom I behold?" At that moment another Sister looking towards the door, saw, as with her bodily eyes,

a multitude of virgins, clothed in white garments, all of whom wore golden crowns upon their heads. There walked one amongst them more resplendent than the rest, from whose crown such splendor shone forth within the house as to change the night itself into day. She advanced to the bed where the spouse of her Son lay, and bending over her lovingly, embraced her sweetly. A mantle of wondrous beauty was then brought forth by the virgins, and, all working together with emulation, they covered the body of Clare and adorned the couch. Thus on the day after that of Blessed Lawrence, that most holy soul passed away....and her spirit soared happily heavenward.

So in her dying, as in her living, Clare's is the spirit of light

and beauty and love in worship before the Figure of the heavenly King, Who on earth was Christ the Poor.

From the world which judges of the value of a life by what men *do* rather than by what they *are*, such a life as that of Clare will hardly receive its just meed of appreciation. But happily there is another world to whom the truth and beauty of a life is of more concern than any mere external deed. St. Clare, as we have seen, was more enrapt by the life of the spirit than by external activities. Not that she lacks even in this respect a claim to greatness. The part she took in the upbuilding of the Franciscan Order puts her amongst the builders of the organized Catholic body. But greater than this claim upon our reverence is the claim of that clear revelation of Catholic Faith and worship which her life gives to the world. This it was which won for her the admiration and affection of the people of her time. To them she was as a prophetess of the beauty of the Gospel message which St. Francis preached: not merely of its truth but of its beauty. And it was a beauty the world could, inadequately, perhaps, but sufficiently, comprehend. The hardihood of her poor life, the generosity of her renunciation, and the joyousness of her worship—these things appealed to them in their new vigor of life, as they must appeal to all men in whom the youth of the spirit is not dead. In her the eternal chivalry of the human soul shone as a consecrated faith: all the more wonderful because of the grace of her womanliness.

Truly the Franciscan movement would have been less powerful to enthuse had it lacked St. Clare. Undoubtedly the gospel of Franciscan poverty acquired a comeliness and attraction from the personality of the Abbess of San Damiano, which no friar could have given it. In Clare the religion of poverty became transfused, in the mind of the world, with the transcendent grace of that purity which is the purity of a noble love. The unearthly purity which hovered upon the horizon, but was too frequently lost sight off in the chivalric romance and love-song, was in her resplendently actualized. To the eyes of Umbria and Italy at least, she was a sublimation of the new womanhood of the romance, fashioned in love and joy and worship: but to this she added the glory of a purity which compelled and justified the deepest reverence. And so happened what the *Legend* recounts:

Virgins hasten after her example to keep themselves as they

are for Christ; married women strive to live more chastely. The eager crowd of youths is incited to take part in the stainless conflicts, and is urged by the hardy examples of the weaker sex to spurn the allurements of the flesh. Many joined in matrimony by mutual consent bind themselves with the law of continency; men passing to the Orders and women to the cloisters....All with emulous fervor desire to serve Christ; all wish to have a share in His angelic life, which has become resplendent through Clare.

History bears out this paean of praise: for not only did convents of Poor Clares spring up over all the land, but many women living in their homes put on the habit of the Clares and sought to live their life: and that the fervor of womankind turned the thoughts of men to the pure life is perhaps seen in the spread of the Brothers of Penance—the *Continenti*, as they are frequently styled—who did so much to save Christian society in the thirteenth century from an invading secularism.

The Office of St. Clare, said by the Friars Minor Capuchin on her feast day, begins with these words: *Posuit me custodem in vineis: vineae florentes dederunt odorem suum*—"The Lord put me a keeper among the vines: the vines flourished and gave forth their fragrance." No more apt summing up is there of the story of St. Clare.

(THE END.)

THE GIFT.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

He laid his offering at the Builder's feet,
Amid the plaudits of the multitude
That thronged the market-place and busy street :
Columns of precious marble, many-hued,
Brought from afar the temple to adorn
Which slowly, stone by stone, its arches high,
Its sculptured walls and pinnacles, each morn
To grander height upreared against the sky.

He came again, thinking to find his name
Deep cut upon some lofty architrave ;
Proudly he mused upon the lasting fame
Of his devotion who such largess gave
To build the temple ;—then with sudden shame
And grief he cried aloud : beside the way
His priceless offering of marble lay
Shattered by cruel blows from some rude hand,
Dealt by the Master Builder's own command !

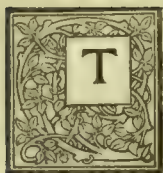
The temple was complete. Once more he came,
And humbly knelt, unnoted in the throng
Of worshipers, the poor, the halt and lame,
Seeking forgiveness for his pride. Ere long
He rose. What miracle ! The gift once brought,
The poor, crushed fragments, were transfigured all,
And glowed on the cathedral's transept wall
In exquisite mosaic, deftly wrought,
Close-joined anew with loving care, until,
Touched by the Master Builder's skill,
They filled with radiance all the holy place ;
For, lo, he looked upon his Savior's face !

Joyous, as one who knows his sin forgiven,
He lifted up his heart in prayer to heaven :
" Take Thou, O God, my life, and let it be
Bruised, crushed, transformed, if in it men may see
Some faint portrayal of Thy love, and Thee ! "

A LEADER IN MODERN SURGERY.

LORD LISTER.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., SC.D.



THE London *Lancet*, generally considered the leading medical journal of the English-speaking world, in closing its obituary notice of Lord Lister, said February 17th, "No panegyrics are needed; the greatest modern Englishman is dead." Surely the eulogium was well merited by the man who has been declared without contradiction to have saved more lives than all the wars of the nineteenth century destroyed.

Lord Lister placed humanity in his debt. By studying simply, quietly, thoroughly, and with tireless persistence in spite of discouragement, the causes of post-operative complications, he secured the prevention of wound infection. He faced, at first, a most difficult problem, the reduction and wiping out of the awful post-operative mortality that carried off most hospital patients. He solved it wondrously well; and yet his solution, now that it is done, looks so perfectly obvious. But that is always the way with great discoveries. They seem the most natural thing in the world, once genius has come to show us how they can be accomplished. The possibility of doing what he did scarcely entered into men's minds. The existing conditions were accepted almost as an inevitable part of hospital work. Probably nothing illustrates this better than the following incident:

About the middle of the nineteenth century, one of the most distinguished of living surgeons had a heart-to-heart talk with his son-in-law on the prospects of a surgical career. The older man, just finishing a very successful life-work, spoke to the younger one regretfully of the not over-brilliant prospects of his profession. He assured him that he could see no opportunity for any great further development in surgery. All the forms of operation that could well be devised had already been done. Minor details of technique might be added, slight modifications of modes of treatment; adjustments of apparatus; nice differentiation in manipulation might be attained; but the outlook for any great develop-

ment by which a man might reach fame was very poor indeed, practically nil.

The father-in-law in this story was Syme, the distinguished Scotch surgeon, who did so much to enhance the reputation of British surgery about the middle of the nineteenth century. The son-in-law was Joseph Lister who, as Lord Lister, has just died, with the reputation of being one of the most beneficent discoverers in surgery that ever lived. There was not an important newspaper in the world that did not have a lengthy biography of him. Many of the magazines have published sketches of his life. Not only the members of his own profession, but the man in the street, the general public, even the young folks, knew his name and something of the reason for his reputation. It is true that a prominent New York paper, one of our oldest and traditionally great dailies, spoke of him the day after his death as the inventor of Listerine, a proprietary product that impudently took his name in order to share his fame for advertising purposes.

A little more than half a century ago Dr. Syme not only had no idea of what his son-in-law was to accomplish, but he could not by any possibility reach a hint of the great new surgical developments that were to come as the result of Lister's thoughtful work and observation.* Lister was destined not only to revolutionize surgery, but to do it in such a way that even the great surgeons of his own time failed utterly at first to appreciate his work. His own countrymen were the last to take his great discovery seriously.

There is no clearer illustration than this of the tendency of men to oppose scientific discovery on general conservative grounds. In the past such opposition was set down to religion or theology. Apparently, however, it is rooted in the nature of man. We had quite as striking an example in this country, almost at the end of

*Lest it should be thought that such lack of foresight is in any way peculiar to the medical profession or to the surgical department of it, I may say that remarks such as Syme made to Lister are not uncommon in the history of the world from men whose knowledge and experience would seem surely to make us think that they ought to be prophetically inspired, to some degree at least in their own subjects. Gibbon, after his lifetime of occupation with history, declared shortly before his death that it was quite impossible that a great world conqueror should ever arise again in human history, at least among civilized men. Had he lived out the Psalmist's span of human life he would have seen the rise of Napoleon. In the early fifties, when Syme's declaration was made, men of recognized authority were declaring that the era of peace among mankind had begun, and that there would never be another great war, at least not another great European war. Within five years the Crimean War had broken out; in 1860 our Civil War began; in 1866 came the Austro-Prussian War, and in 1870 the Franco-Prussian War.

the nineteenth century, when Dr. Joseph O'Dwyer demonstrated his great discovery of intubation. The most distinguished authorities in children's diseases in New York met at the Academy of Medicine and told him that it could not possibly be done, and that in any case it was of no use. Dr. O'Dwyer went home and was scarcely seen for three days. Lister fortunately had an equable disposition, and simply went on with his work unmindful of what was said. His life cannot but be an inspiration to workers, especially of the younger generation, no matter what their calling may be.

Joseph Lister was born in Upton, Essex, England, April 25, 1827. He was the son of a London merchant, who used to occupy his leisure time in microscopic study and scientific work related to optics. His father was a member of the Microscopical Society, and Lister himself once declared that he never knew anyone whose thought was more logically scientific than his father's. Lister received his early education at the Friends' School, Tottenham, London, and took out his university course at University College. He received his degree of B.A. at the University of London when he was twenty, and then studied medicine at the University Medical College for five years. Sharpey, the Professor of Physiology, influenced Lister more than any of his other teachers, and on his advice Lister went to Edinburgh to take six weeks of observation in Syme's Clinic. Instead of six weeks, Lister stayed in Edinburgh for six years, first as the resident surgeon to Syme at the Royal Infirmary, and afterwards as assistant surgeon there. It was at this time that he married Agnes, Prof. Syme's daughter. For some three years he taught as an Extramural Lecturer on surgery at the University of Edinburgh, but in 1860, at the age of thirty-three, he was called to the Professorship of Surgery at the University of Glasgow. He occupied this post for nine years, and here the great work of his life was accomplished.

It would be almost impossible to give an adequate idea of the discouraging conditions under which surgery was conducted at this time. It is true that a great improvement had come during the preceding decade from the introduction of anaesthetics, and at least surgeons did not have to operate amidst the disturbing influences of the awful pain they were inflicting on their patients. The death-rate in surgical operations of a serious nature was however extremely high. During our Civil War amputations at any of the large joints were fatal in more than half the cases. In hospital practice, especially in the older hospitals, the death-

rate was even higher. Amputations of the hip, for instance, which can now be accomplished with almost no mortality, then carried off more than eighty per cent., four out of every five patients. Operations within the abdomen were so fatal as to make this region almost an absolutely prohibited one. A distinguished English surgeon, Spencer Wells, who had devoted himself to relieving the distresses of women, thus beginning that development of gynecology which has proved so beneficent, had so many deaths in his practice that at one time he was warned by the coroner in England that further death reports would call for legal investigation.

In hospitals the conditions were worse than in private houses. Hospitals became, after a time, as we now say, thoroughly septic, that is saturated with bacteria, so that every patient who was operated upon therein became infected, and had to fight for his life. Occasionally internal operations, done under what would now seem the most unfavorable conditions, proved successful. McDowell, operating on a negro woman in the kitchen of his house, performed the first successful ovariectomy, because there were no hospital conditions to disturb his results.

Lister had noted the spread of hospital gangrene, of erysipelas, and of other forms of infection, through the wards of hospitals. He finally came to the conclusion, after having read Pasteur's studies of fermentation and putrefaction, that these diseases were due to living elements of some kind which grew in wounded tissues and produced serious results. He resolved, therefore, to try to employ some chemical which would kill these fermentation and putrefaction producers. His first experiment was made with carbolic acid, and proved successful, though not to the extent that he had originally hoped for. He tried various modes of applications of the substance, and various modifications of technique, for the protection of wounds. He worked on untiringly, reporting from time to time his progress, but attracting very little attention. After a time it was generally agreed that his treatment of compound fractures and of abscesses was a great improvement over preceding methods. Compound fractures, that is, fractures in which the end of the broken bone was exposed, had almost invariably been fatal. It is easy to understand then how much this advance meant.

On the Continent the Germans took up Lister's ideas rather enthusiastically, and long before the English gave those ideas any credit at all, the Germans were hailing him enthusiastically as a great benefactor of mankind. Since Lister had adopted his ideas

from Pasteur, and frankly confessed it, the French surgeons were very ready to take up his practical applications. Lister himself wrote to Pasteur as follows in 1874:

Allow me to take this opportunity to tender you my most cordial thanks for having, by your brilliant researches, demonstrated to me the truth of the germ theory of putrefaction, and thus furnished me with the principle on which alone the antiseptic system can be carried out. Should you at any time visit Edinburgh, it would, I believe, give you sincere gratification to see at our hospital how largely mankind is being benefited by your labors.

Some idea of the revolution worked in surgical practice on the Continent by Listerism can be gathered from the experiences of Volkmann and Nussbaum. Volkmann actually thought of closing his hospital, because so many deaths from all forms of infection were taking place after his operations. The operations were successful, the patients came out from the anaesthetic in excellent condition; they remained so for a day or two or three, and then some septic condition showed itself, and there was a struggle for life, which only too often ended fatally. Instead of closing his hospital, however, he introduced, as a last resort, Lister's methods. The change worked at once seemed miraculous. Volkmann was an immediate convert.

Nussbaum in Munich had almost as trying an experience before he was induced to take up Listerism. Eighty per cent. of his patients on whom serious operations were performed died of hospital gangrene. Erysipelas was constantly present in the wards. Out of seventeen amputations, he had eleven deaths. Within a year after his introduction of the Listerian principles of surgery, he was able to write his paper *Sonst und Jetzt—Then and Now*. Under the column "Then" he placed hospital gangrene carrying off four out of five of his patients, erysipelas impossible to stamp out, pyemia and septicemia always raging. Under the column "Now," no pyemia, no hospital gangrene, no erysipelas.

In spite of such reports the British surgeons continued their opposition. As has been said, by one who knew conditions well, Lister was looked upon as a surgical heretic in his own University of Glasgow. In 1869 he accepted the call to the Chair of Surgery at Edinburgh, offered solely because of his surgical skill. When in

1874 he accepted the call to London, it was with the idea that he would be in more sympathetic surroundings, and freer to teach.

Lister, however, was grievously disappointed. Sir William Savaury, "the most eloquent surgeon of the day," threw ridicule on the whole antiseptic idea. Savaury was elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons five years in succession, so that his power for evil under the circumstances can be imagined. As a consequence of the ill-will stirred up in these early days, "the Royal College of Surgeons, incredible as it cannot but seem, must bear the disgrace—it is nothing less than that—of never having elected Lister its President."

The English surgeons only began to wake up to the wonderful effect of Lister's work, in preventing post-operation complications, when they had the opportunity to see its effects in the practice of the German and French surgeons during the Franco-Prussian War. It was not until seven years later, however, that Lister received his call to the Professorship of Surgery at Kings College, London. One might expect that his clinics would be crowded. As a matter of fact, he never had but a few students, and for ten years after his coming doubt reigned. The older members of the profession in London absolutely refused to have anything to do with it. After Lister's transfer to King's College, their opposition took the form of refusal to admit him to certain medical privileges and association. As the *Saturday Review* said in its sketch of him just after his death: "When he was proposed as a member of the Club of Fellows of the Royal Society, it was still possible for an English doctor to say, 'What, elect a charlatan like Lister, I object!'" It is easy to understand how much this attitude of the profession hurt the kindly heart of Lister. It never made any difference in his work, but, on the contrary, seemed rather to inspire him so to complete his investigations as to put his results beyond cavil.

Besides antiseptis there was one other important advance in surgical procedure that we owe to Lord Lister. Even without his antiseptis this would have assured him a place on the roll of great surgeons and benefactors of humanity. Early in his career he realized the necessity of having ligatures for tying up arteries that would not have to be removed afterwards. When arteries are tied with silk, the silk acts as a foreign body, and must be subsequently cast off by the tissues. During this process there is grave danger of infection of the affected part and, as a result also, of secondary hemorrhage, that is hemorrhage which takes place from the sixth

to the tenth day after the artery has been tied. Fatal cases of secondary hemorrhage were not infrequent, and were the terror of the surgeon. Lister thought that he could use an animal tissue ligature, like cat-gut, which would hold for as long as was necessary to assure proper closure of the artery, and then be absorbed by the tissues. He succeeded in demonstrating that this was practicable. Then by a series of careful experiments, conducted with great detail, he showed the various modes of preparing cat-gut so as to secure its remaining in place long enough for healing purposes, and yet not too long to produce inflammation.

During the course of his work, Lister found it necessary to make experiments on animals. It would have been almost impossible to have accomplished his work on absorbable ligatures without the aid of animal experimentation. He himself felt that it would have been subjecting human beings to very serious risks. Many experiments had to be performed. It really required years to determine what was the best form that ligatures should take. His kindly heart never hesitated for a moment, and the modern anti-vivisectionists, who, if they had their way, would have prevented his investigations, should study his career. It so happened that his great master, Pasteur, was just such another kindly man. Yet Pasteur's name and work arouse bitter anti-vivisectionist feeling, though Pasteur came near giving up his work on rabies because he had to see suffering inflicted on human beings.

Antisepsis and the absorbable ligature, these were Lister's discoveries; the former was the more important. And yet probably the most surprising feature of Lord Lister's work in this subject, and indeed of most of the surgical advance during the nineteenth century, is that it was not new in the sense in which it was hailed as such by our generation. While we talk of anaesthetics having been invented about the middle of the nineteenth century, or discovered by Americans, we now know that the great surgeons of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had a number of means of producing insensibility to pain, and used them with excellent success. There was even a method by annihilation; and poets for many centuries talked of the mercies of old surgeons who put their patients to sleep before they cut them. In the same way antisepsis was anticipated by the use of strong wine as a dressing for wounds, for this killed germs and produced what these surgeons were so proud of—union by first intention. They, like Lister, insisted that wounds need not produce pus; that they

might heal without serious inflammatory reaction, and that the result might be a linear scar, which would be scarcely visible. They boasted of their *pretty* cicatrices. The knowledge of this does not lessen Lister's merit for the rediscovery, since he knew absolutely nothing about old-time accomplishment, as indeed no one did until the republication of the old text-books during the last twenty years.

The characteristic quality of Lord Lister as a man is probably best illustrated by the direction in his will that none of the institutions or foundations helped or established by his generous bequests should be called by his name. He wanted to do good, but not with any idea of making an enduring name for himself. His own life had been a typical example. He might easily have made much more money than he did. He did make a splendid competency for himself, but since he lived simply he left considerable money. There was never any question during his life, however, of doing anything merely for money. He gave an example that the present day sadly needs.

Lister's personal character is the keynote of most of the biographical sketches that have appeared since his death. His kindness of heart it was that had originally tempted him to make his studies for the prevention of post-operative morbidity and mortality. He was so discouraged, it is said, by the deaths after his surgical operations that he felt like abandoning his profession. Once asked what was the most important quality for a good surgeon, he answered: "A feeling heart. People do not always believe me when I say so, but it is so."*

In spite of all opposition Lister's ideas made way, and during the early eighties it came to be recognized that he had accomplished a wonderful step in surgical progress. On Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, he was made a baronet in 1883, and in 1897 raised to the Peerage. From 1895 to 1900 he was President of The Royal Society, and besides being Sergeant-Surgeon to Queen Victoria and King Edward, he was in turn President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and of the

*It seems not improper to recall the words of a great surgeon of six centuries ago in the same regard. Guy de Chauliac said some six centuries ago: "The surgeon should be learned, skilled, ingenious, and of good morals. Be bold in things that are sure, cautious in dangers; avoid evil cures and practices; be gracious to the sick, obliging to his colleagues, wise in his predictions. Be chaste, sober, pitiful, and merciful; not covetous nor extortionate of money; but let the recompense be moderate, according to the work, the means of the sick, the character of the issue or event, and its dignity."

British Medical Association. His appearance in America at the meeting of the British Medical Association in Montreal, in 1897, was the occasion for a magnificent ovation. Americans generally had not been as slow as the English in recognizing the merit of his discoveries. The older men had unfortunately took their cue from the respected older British surgeons, but the close relationship of the younger generation of physicians to German medicine and surgery saved them from the old fogysm that might have delayed the beneficent influence of Lister's great work. At a dinner at The Royal Society in 1897, Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador, said, "My lord, it is not a profession; it is not a nation; it is humanity itself which salutes you."

Honors, greater than any of the difficulties he had to overcome, came to Lord Lister towards the end of his life. In 1902, at the Coronation of King Edward, his name was first on the list for the British Order of Merit. He received the Prussian Order of Merit and the Grand Cross of Dannebrog in Denmark. Most of the important medical societies and scientific academies of the world honored him by making him a corresponding member or honorary associate.

At his death permission was asked by the members of the Royal Society to bury him in Westminster Abbey, and the consent of the Dean was obtained. It has been made a condition of burial in Westminster Abbey in recent years that the bodies must be cremated. Lord Lister had requested that he should be buried in Hampstead Churchyard beside his wife; and so, while the first part of his funeral services were conducted in the Abbey, his remains do not lie there.

Lord Lister was particularly fortunate in his marriage. His wife was always his helpmate, his confident, his inspiration when others refused to believe in him, and his assistant in every way possible. We have a number of closely-written volumes of notes of his experiments and observations, in her fine handwriting, dictated by him. They had no children. When his honors came, he declared that they meant little for him; but he was glad for his wife's sake, because they proved that her prophecies of what men would think of him had come true.

Lord Lister's attitude towards religious questions is interesting. He was undoubtedly one of the great minds of our time. Not long before his death he was directly asked the question whether he thought there was any opposition between science and religion. The

was put under such circumstances that he might readily be expected to answer it without incurring any odium, or without any publicity. He might also, if he had wished, have answered it in the negative. What he did, however, was to answer it positively, "In reply to your inquiry, I have no hesitation in saying that in my opinion there is no antagonism between the teachings of Jesus Christ and any facts scientifically established."*

Those who unfortunately labor under the impression that great men usually lose their faith, or at least have their faith dimmed by their science, this fact may come as a surprise.

It is a further surprise for such to know that, far from any serious disturbance of faith occurring in the great men of science, our productive scientists have nearly all been fervent and profound believers in all the great truths of Christianity. In our own generation, in England, there stood beside Lord Lister roughly representative scientists, Lord Kelvin and Clerk Maxwell.

Many of the Presidents of the British Association for the Advancement of Science had taken occasion during the past century to make their confession of a faith in the truths of Christianity. In the older times such men as Faraday were of this same mind.

Even in medicine, though here the danger of disturbance of faith by science is supposed to be so much greater, and the old saying is, "where there are three physicians there are two atheists," the majority of Lord Lister's distinguished contemporaries and predecessors were deeply religious men. The best example is to be found in Pasteur, whom Lord Lister greeted as his friend. The other important discoverers in nineteenth century

Whewell, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, emphasized the fact that great productive scientists, those who are able to go beyond the boundaries of the known and lead others, usually have no difficulty with regard to faith. It is the smaller speculative minds, who think they know much, but who have not the humility that the discoverers always have, who are constantly ready to blame science for disturbing their faith. Whewell said:

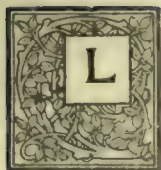
“Those who have been discoverers in science have generally had minds, the disposition of which is to believe in an intelligent Maker of the universe; while the science speculators, who exhibited an opposite tendency, were generally those who, though they might deal familiarly with known physical truths, and conjecture boldly with regard to the unknown, did not add to the number of solid generalizations.”

Lister was one of the great discoverers, the leaders in thought, one of the pioneers into the unknown along which it is easy for others to follow. Such men are never unbelievers.

THE POET OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

DON PEDRO CALDERON.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.



LOPE DE VEGA on his deathbed said he found consolation in the remembrance of his sacramental dramas. So, too, under the benediction of his works, sank to rest the poet of the Blessed Sacrament, he who raised the *Autos Sacramentales* to their highest perfection; whose prolific genius, in the opinion of many, has done for Spain what Shakespeare did for England; through whom, indeed, the voice of a nation reached the heart of humanity.

Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca was born in 1600. He had already begun his dramas, when, at the age of twenty-five, he entered the profession of arms. The soldier's life of changing vicissitudes, of movement and color, in a certain sense, perfected him for his future career as author and dramatist, and gave to his works "a peculiar manliness of style and sentiment." Philip IV. summoned him to court in 1636, and facilitated in every way, by favor and fortune, the output of his creative power. Drama followed drama in rapid succession, varied in subject, sparkling with wit, rich in imagery and grace. To this period belong "The Constant Prince," "The Physician of His Own Honor," "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," "The Secret in Words," "The Alcalde of Zalamea," and "The Wonderful Magician," those gems in the vast collection that elicited Shelley's enthusiastic comment to Leigh Hunt: "I have lately read, with inexpressible wonder and delight, the ideal dramas of Calderon, which are perpetually tempting me to throw over their forms the grey veil of my own words." This temptation, happily yielded to, has left us Shelley's incomparable rendering of scenes from the "Magico Prodigioso."

In 1651 Calderon, covered with glory in the profession of arms, wearing the honored insignia of a Knight of St. James, crowned with the laurels of a successful dramatist of more than national repute, renounced all to embrace the sacerdotal state. He now devoted himself to the production of sacred dramas, and "to the amazement of the public (so a fellow-countryman declares),

surpassed himself in his *Autos Sacramentales*....in a sublime flight like that of Ezechiel, he soared above his rivals and himself."

The *Autos Sacramentales* were the Mystery and Morality plays of Spain. Although always associated with the Corpus Christi celebration, it was from the early sixteenth century on that the *autos* became more and more exclusively dramatic representations of the Mystery of the Eucharist, until, in the time of Calderon, this singleness of purpose had become a fundamental law of their existence. Occasionally on other and national holidays, but always on the feast and during the octave of Corpus Christi, the *autos* were performed in the public streets of the capital and chief cities of the kingdom.

In the production of this distinctly religious drama, "Calderon," as the Protestant Bishop, Trench, says, "found that which met all the requirements of his soul. His two vocations of priest and dramatist were here at length reconciled in highest and most harmonious assent, and from the finished excellence of these works, in all their details, he appears to have dedicated to them his utmost care, and to have elaborated them with the diligence of a peculiar love."

The *autos* were produced before a people full of faith, and deeply interested in all that pertained to religion; in an atmosphere very different from the coldly critical one of our day, when religion and the concerns of humanity are, so to speak, divorced. What might seem to us as irreverent was then and there quite in harmony with the solemnity of the subject and the occasion. In fact it is impossible to compare with our own, the old glad life of the Catholic peoples, especially the merry-hearted Latins, before the blight of the Reformation had fallen upon them, and existence was sombred by Puritanism and the wild gloom of the North. As in the life of the people, so in the *autos* of Calderon, under apparent levity, lay a deep and earnest purpose, a fervor and simplicity of aim, seeking "the one thing necessary," which to moderns is barely comprehensible.

The reign of learning and letters was universal a century before Don Pedro Calderon glorified the Spanish stage with his writings, and such it still was when his dramas were presented to the people as powerful factors for secular and religious education.

It would be impossible even to name the titles of these multitudinous dramas. Few of them have ever seen the light in English dress, though Trench, Edward Fitzgerald and others have

done something toward this end, and D. F. MacCarthy has not only published two volumes of the secular dramas, but has given an elegant rendering of two of the chief *autos*, "Belshazzar's Feast" and "The Divine Philothea," with fragments of others.*

Belshazzar's Feast, though published as early as 1637, is thoroughly indicative of the poet's style and methods. It follows closely the Scripture narrative. The *dramatis personae* are few: King Belshazzar, Daniel, the Prophet of God, Death, Idolatry, Vanity, Thought, Musicians and the Equestrian Statue of Nabuchadonosor, which speaks and utters warnings. Thought appears in the earlier scenes in the garb of a court fool, who, chameleon-like, reflects the mind of the king—light, variable and frivolous. In other parts of the narrative, his character changes, and he is sombre, anxious and timorous, alarmed by the approach of Death, or the warnings of Daniel. The Prophet is solemn and menacing, but at the same time merciful towards the Monarch, whose doom he foresees, and would avert, if possible, by staying the avenging hand of Death.

Death, a gloomy, terror-inspiring knight, armed with sword and dagger, and wearing a symbolic cloak, covered with skeletons, declares himself

.....the end of all who life begin,
The drop of venom in the serpent's tooth,

* * * *

Since 'neath my feet, as victims I must make
All things that live, or think, or breathe, or grow,
Why art thou frightened at me? Why dost quake,
With what is mortal in thee, weak and low?

Having thus reassured the prophet, to whom he at first addresses himself, he continues:

The proudest palace that supremely stands,
'Gainst which the wildest winds in vain may beat—
The strongest wall, that like a rock withstands
The shock of shells, the furious fire-ball's heat:
All are but easy triumphs of my hands—
All are but humble spoils beneath my feet;
If against me no palace wall is proof,
Ah! what can save the lowly cottage roof?

**Mysteries of Corpus Christi*, from the Spanish by Denis Florence MacCarthy, M.R.I.A. Dublin, James Duffy, 1867.

Beauty, nor power, nor genius, can survive,
 Nought can resist my voice when I sweep by,
 For whatsoever has been let to live,
 It is my destined duty to see die.

In a fine passage, he proves from Scripture how his ruthless hand is laid upon the great of earth, and, with an exquisite touch, tells how even "the Flower of Jericho, the blood-bright beauteous rose of Calvary," though God, will show in His human part "a trembling fear."

.....and when He yields to me,
 The stars will fall, spark after mighty spark—
 The moon grow pale, and even the sun grow dark.
 This hapless fabric shall appear to fall,
 This lower sphere shall feel the earthquake's shock;
 The earth shall faint as at the end of all,
 And flower on flower lie crushed, and rock on rock;
 Long ere the evening spreads her purple pall,
 Long ere the western sky shall fold his flock
 Of fleecy clouds, the day shall die, and night
 Don its dark cloak in mourning for the light.

Such sombre thoughts are strongly contrasted with the warmth, the fragrance, the rich coloring, clothing, and speech of the worldlings, Idolatry and Vanity.

Blinded by the pleasures of sense, Belshazzar is led by Vanity to use, as "surest proof of victory," the sacred vessels of the Israelites which Nabuchadonozor carried off from Jerusalem. Throughout the play the allegory is skilfully maintained. The menace of Death and the stern warnings of the prophet—historically Daniel, but metaphorically the judgment of God, or the human conscience—runs like a dark thread through the bright tinsel woven by Vanity and Idolatry. The descriptions are superb, particularly those of the Deluge and the Tower of Babel given by the King. The former opens with a beautiful allusion to the world's "primeval summer....bright with flowers painted of a thousand colors; the vacant air....peopled with the blithe bird's flight and flutter," while fish clove through the surges of the silver sea, and the sun and moon, "day and night's undying lamps," burned with fresh flames for God's glorious work, Creation's crowning wonder—man. Into this harmony of perfect being came the discord of sin, bringing its destructive punishment:

Not red deluges of lightnings,
 Forged and falling from heaven's furnace,
but flames of water—

* * * *

First began a dew as soft
 As those tears the golden sunrise
 Kisseth from Aurora's lip's;

then the rains, from gentle showers, swell to torrents, till the rivulets "roused to madness....rose to rushing rivers—then swelled to seas of seas." The air becomes a prison dark and murky, the great hills shake and rock, the restraining bridle of the sands are loosened, and the "white horse of the sea....rushes upon the prostrate shore." The confusion of bird, beast, and fish out of their separate elements, the final collapse of the world, and extinction of life, save what "floated free" in "that first saving ship"—the Ark—is pictured with consummate skill. The waters subside, the sea withdraws, and

The pale earth, now moist and musty,
 With its tangled, matted hair,
 Full of wrinkles, cracked and crumpled,
 Lifting up its mournful face,

salutes

O'er the Ark, the bow of peace,
 Shining golden, green and ruddy.

Then there is the vain attempt of the Tower of Babel, "a huge hindrance to the winds, the moon's plaything and obstructor," and its fall, storm-stricken, with confusion of tongues.

Belshazzar, with full knowledge of the power of the Creator, nevertheless proceeds from one excess to another, until the final catastrophe of the banquet scene, when he dares sacrilegiously to use the sacred vessels. At this point, the poet, with marvelous art, introduces the motif of the *auto*—the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. All is feasting and jollity, life at high carnival, all is pomp and magnificence, when Death enters and offers to the King:

This rich vessel of the altar,
 Holding life in it, it is certain,
 Since the soul, athirst for life,
 Finds in it its sure refreshment.

But it also contains death, since its essence "is of life and death commingled, and its liquor is the blended heavenly nectar and the hemlock, bane and antidote together."

The King drinks to the glories of the Empire and to Moloch, god of the Assyrians, while Thought, once again clad in the garb of motley, declares: "that thirty thousand gods to-day seem too few" to preside over such revels. The sacrilege consummated, "a gloomy horror settles o'er the sky that hides the stars," and Death exults in "darkest night" by him engendered! Crashes of thunder are heard; the affrighted King inquires what "tumultuous voice of terror . . . doth call the clouds to arm on the battle-field of Heaven?"

Suspended mid-air, hanging by a hair, an image of terror takes the form of a hand, and the doomed monarch remembers the prophet's threat, the punishment to be inflicted by the hand of God. He believes it to belong to "some monstrous form unseen," and marvels if ever until now "arteries have been seen in lightning." His cheek pales, his hair stands on end, his heart throbs, and his breath chokes his parched throat, as he watches the hand form upon the wall, in rapid strokes, a babel of letters he cannot understand. Neither Vanity nor Idolatry can decipher the inscription, the one becomes a statue of ice, the other a burning mountain; none, in fact, save Daniel, who foretells the King's approaching end, and thus alludes to the Sacrament of the altar:

This hath God
 Done to thee, because perversely
 Thou, with scorn and ribald jest,
 Hast profaned the sacred vessels.
 For no mortal should misuse
 These pure vessels of the Temple,
 Which, until the law of grace
 Reigns on earth, foreshow a blessed
 Sacrament, when the written law
 Time's tired hand shall blot for ever,
 If these vessels' profanation
 Is a crime of such immenseness,
 Hear the cause, ye mortals hear it!
 For in them, life, death, are present—
 'Tis that he who receives in sin,
 Desecrates God's holy vessel.

Tortured by Thought, the King turns vainly to Idolatry, who is helpless in the presence of the Mystery predestined; to Vanity, now "humbled through Heaven's mercy." Death seizes him in a terrific embrace, and stabs him with his sword. The struggling King inquires: "This is death then; was the venom not sufficient that I drank of?" Death replies that the sacrilege was the death of the soul, and his swift stroke the death of the body.

As Belshazzar disappears from the scene, he realizes the meaning of the words of doom: "*Mané, Thecel, Pharés,*" for:

... the one Supreme God threatens;—
He who dares profane God's cup,
Him He striketh down forever.

Death re-entering, renders tribute to the Sacrament prefigured by the fleece of Gideon, the manna of the desert, the honey-comb in the lion's mouth, the unblemished lamb, and the sacred bread of Proposition; testifying that in these symbols is shown the "full foreshadowing presence... of the stupendous Miracle of God; His greatest sacrament in type presented."

"The Divine Philothea," written in his eighty-first year, when Don Pedro was preparing to lay down his pen forever, "takes indisputably among the *autos* of Calderon an especial place of honor, and few surpass it for depth of thought, as well as splendor and boldness of composition."*

It is profoundly metaphysical, yet glowing with the richness of a marvelous imagination both poetical and spiritual. It touches with master hand the problems of earthly existence, and the long struggle in which the soul of man is engaged; it portrays the futility of poor human effort, against its all-powerful enemies, without the assistance of the heavenly Bridegroom. The abstract personages, each with one or more symbolic meanings, appear in the habiliments of human life, and invested with strong human interest. Philothea, beloved of God, is the bride of the Prince of Light, but is destined to remain for a term in a castle of clay—the body. Towards this frail fortress the demon directs his course, arrayed as a soldier. He surveys the scenes which, as Prince of this World, he claims for his own.

He issues a trumpet call, summoning the World, his "most

*MacCarthy, Introduction to his translation of "The Divine Philothea."

familiar follower," and Voluptuousness, his "truest, firmest friend," for he seeks to gain Philothea, the soul in a state of grace,

Like some rich and radiant jewel
Flashing in its opulence.

He describes to his allies the citadel to be attacked, the earth-works made of clay. In its defence Intelligence presides over the council; the Heart commands as general; Sight, within the topmost turret, sets two sentinels; Hearing supplies two more, ever on the alert; while Smell "doth round about project . . . sweet perfumes of saving odor." These "three invisible senses" are directed by Faith, their captain. At the Gate of Succour watcheth Taste, the warden and his attendant:

Touch, who needful provent sends,
Going and coming with his men—
Now in files of five divided,
Now combined in groups of ten.

Having instructed his allies how they are to proceed, the Demon goes alone to reconnoitre; Sight and Hearing notify Philothea of his presence. She comes forth to parley with the stranger, who announces himself as a knight-errant come to rescue her from captivity. He betrays himself, however, by his reference to "the poor scanty nourishment" her bridegroom has furnished for her. Philothea indignantly inquires how "with sacrilegious lip" he has dared assail the "dew of milk and honey blent, the fleece of the whitest skin, the Bread of Angels, the soul's best nutriment." The Demon bids her appeal to the senses for evidence concerning that food, but they, blessed by grace and informed by Faith, Hope, and Charity, "believe with every sense." War is then declared by the Demon; Philothea meets his threats with confidence in her means of defence, but he pronounces them vain:

For though thou mightest thee defend
'Gainst the outward force of arms,
Thou, assuredly, must bend
To the siege's strict blockade,
When I intercept that bread

Which was thy chief nourishment.
 Hunger, thirst—those swords of lead—
 Then will, with their sullen strokes,
 Leave thee spiritually dead.

Philothea then summons her hosts, and tells them that prayer to "the immense mercy of her loving Spouse" must be their sole defence. She recites the various instances in Scripture where the weak triumph over the strong by divine aid, and all chant the refrain: "*Come! Lord, Come!*"

The Prince of Light is then seen upon a throne, towards which ascend the strains of music, and the supplications of the beleagured. He does not, however, immediately send succor because:

It is good for thee
 To reach the crown by thine own energy.
 For in the battle of eternal thought,
 Nor king nor clown
 Can win the crown
 Who has not long legitimately fought.

The World enlists Atheism, Paganism, Judaism, and Heresy in the Demon's army, and Voluptuousness seduces Understanding to his service. Heresy avails himself of this opportune meeting to persuade Understanding to his way of thinking, but Understanding dallies with him and parries the attempt:

For so great and grand a theme
 This nor place nor time presenteth;
 Let us for the present go
 On the task that we've accepted,
 * * * *
 Time itself may solve the question
 By the assault or the encounter.

Meanwhile Philothea's sentinels, Faith, Hope, and Charity, receive from her as name, sign and countersign, "*God, one and three,*" the "*Incarnate Word*" and "*Bread and Wine.*"

Lest some enemy pretend
 To pass by us as a friend.

Atheism first seeks to penetrate their line; when challenged he gives the name of :

Antitheos,
Like a blow,
On the face of Faith—

and then, coward that he is, flies before her "zeal's red fire." Understanding, Paganism, Judaism, and Heresy make a combined attempt; Paganism gives as name: "one all men know of. . . . One God of God's," but betrays his polytheism, and is put to flight by Faith; Judaism is more successful. He passes by Faith in the name of "the God of Battles," in Whom, since He said: "Let us make man like unto Ourselves," there may be "plurality of persons." He fails before Hope, however, because he will not believe in the "Master" unless He come "in majesty and power." Heresy is unmasked by Charity, for he

. . . . never will believe
That the substance can be altered,
Bread and wine to flesh and blood.

When Voluptuousness sets fire to "that defenceless quarter" of the human fort which the starved Senses inhabit, the Senses desert:

Let's go,
And outside this leaguered castle
Save our lives,
In its defence,
Better die beneath our banner,

reply the Virtues, who surround Philothea in this moment of the Demon's triumph.

The Prince of Light now comes upon the scene. His ship drops anchor, but, alone and disguised as a peasant, He comes to the land:

. . . . The thankless
Land, alas! that knows not Me
(By the World and Devil darkened)
Through My human nature's veil,
Through its coarse, corporeal garment,
I the succour must supply.

In Philothea's extremity He must act, but still secretly so as not to tarnish the gift of love;

For to grant a thing and tell it,
Is as if it were not granted.

He engages the Demon in battle; Charity disarms Paganism; Hope, Judaism; Faith, Heresy, and Voluptuousness is overcome by Purity. Her unknown savior bids Philothea recall her Senses and

....command them
That they carry from this Ship
All the stores, which, at My charges,
Will be given them by the Pilot,
To whose care the ship I've handed:
Full of wheat they'll find the vessel,
Which a merchant from the farthest
Realm hath brought, the bread of which
Holds concealed the highest, grandest,
Greatest Mystery of Love:—
Of a Life that ever-lasteth,
'Tis a soul-sustaining Bread;
Then no longer Bread (O marvell!)
But My very Flesh and Blood!

In scenes full of deep and subtle meaning, Heresy discusses with Understanding about his Living Bread, then makes a last appeal to the Senses, and flies from Faith, who engages Understanding in a duel.

The Prince of Light is borne in, victor, yet faint and wounded; His outstretched hands and feet pierced; His wounded side left bloody by the sharp-pointed, iron arrows from the Jew's battalion.

One by one the former allies of the Demon bend before Him, and a little child, speaking in Christ's name, points out how Understanding is humbled by Faith; Paganism, strong and subtle, conquered, and even the haughty, sullen soul of the Prince of Darkness compelled to worship the Life-giving Mystery. All sing in chorus:

Sacrament supreme, commanding,
Thee the World, at length revering,
Worships, now no proof demanding,
Save the last, that Faith, through Hearing,
Has subdued the Understanding.

So ends Calderon's last great work.

The royal favor, which had followed the poet into the ecclesiastical state, named him Canon of the Cathedral of Toledo. The ancient Cathedral forms an appropriate setting to the virile, picturesque, romantic figure of Don Pedro, with its Gothic simplicity, its austerity, its poetry and intense piety. Here had sat enthroned the powerful, indomitable Alfonso de Castillo, the wise and munificent patron of learning; Mendoza and, greater than either, Francisco Ximenes, who hid, 'neath the robe of Cardinal Prime Minister, the life of a humble, mortified Franciscan friar. Here, too, the chivalric qualities of Don Pedro, brought with him to the ecclesiastical state, found a fitting niche; and, fittingly, death found him still engaged in knightly service.

"In 1681, on the twenty-seventh day of May, the feast of Pentecost, when all Spain was ringing with the performance of the *autos*, occupied almost to the last moment of his life, in the composition of one more,"* Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca passed to his reward. With the second *auto* for the Corpus but half finished, he laid down forever, at the age of eighty-one, that powerful pen which had so faithfully served the cause of religion, and so ardently promoted devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

*Tickner, *History of Spanish Literature*.

I HAVE LOVED THY LAW.

BY F. C. DEVAS, S.J.

LORD, I have loved Thy Law.

 This claim I make

 To love and mercy: all else I forsake,

 Knowing the hollowness of my best deeds.

 For ah! my heart still bleeds,

As when mine eyes,

 With reverential awe,

 First saw

Thy lightning flash of love break through the cloudy skies.

The flesh quails as the thunder booms above,

Precursor and companion to that love.

 Yet was the light once seen

Cleaving the darkness: and yet lives the hope

 That what has been,

Again shall be;

 And this same light, no longer strange and dim,

No longer but a type, a trope,

Mine eyes shall see,

 And worship with the wondering seraphim.

Ah God! the pain!

 The emptiness of heart

No joy may ease!

The weariness of waiting: the disdain

 For all less than the fullness that Thou art—

Thou Crown of Mysteries—

Thou Want, no words express—

Boundless Completion of all consciousness!

 That I may somehow hold Thee in my hands,

 Unto Thy dear commands

I cleave: in them find rest

That have Thy Will expressed.

Wherefore I love Thy Law, and cling

To this one certain, one determined thing:

This measure I may follow line by line:

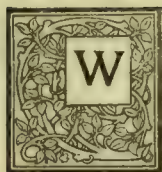
This rule divine,

That through the maze of night,

Shall guide my erring feet to love and life and light.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.



WHEN Mr. Barry gave to the world that delectable character, Peter Pan, we fear that some of us failed to thank him in just measure. But the tale did not suffer, for every sweet song will make some heart throb faster, and every sweet story will find a welcome and a response from some captivated listener. There is something peculiarly winsome and fascinating about the boy who refused to grow up. He symbolizes a feeling that most of us experience, an emotion which makes us cling to all that youth has felt and seen and yearned for, and a dislike to accept the world as a matter-of-fact, working-day place. For when the romantic in us dies, there is dead one of the noblest aspirations of the soul, and, saddest of all, there is no satisfying substitute for this wistful desiring for the things just beyond our vision. But some blest mortals there are who live their youth always; who wear it like the mantle of Siegfried; who fail to put away childish things when childhood is over, and who live in hope that St. Paul will forgive them. For the tender grace of a day that is not dead, while one asks it to live, is too precious to lose in the lane one travels to manhood's and womanhood's estate. So let us thank the gentle Scotchman again.

There are many ways in which the youthful spirit may manifest itself. We may help some worried little miss to find a name for her new doll; we may aid the blue-eyed boy in teaching Carlo some novel feats of agility. Or, what is best and most welcome of all, we may spin them a tale of far-off, distant things in as many variations and keys as the Walrus never dreamed possible. Or, if a best may have a better, we may bring them face to face with the books for youth, choice volumes within whose pages will be found portraits that will never fade from memory; that will never lose the lustre of their first colors.

Nowadays, in this era of free libraries and children's reading-rooms, when every girl knows her Cinderella and every boy his Achilles, they feel a most intimate acquaintance with the heroines and champions of a day that is gone. Let us pause at the door some day and look in upon them as they thumb the much-read

tomes, unconscious of all save the little girl that must eat her supper alone, or the stout-hearted youngster that leads "the kids" to victory on the man's size diamond. Bluebeard no longer commits his murders for a select and initiated group of admirers; Pathfinder fires his trusty rifle in the open; both have become less exclusive, and stalk beneath the free gaze of the multitude. As we look upon the still group of young people, quite lost in a world nearer to their heart's desire, we wonder if children were always so, ever eager for those choice bits of horror and those delicious incentives to mirth and laughter.

We may rest assured that to please a child by telling it a story is no new art. No novel idea is it to wake the juvenile heart into living ecstasy with the tale of a wondrous fairy who distributes her favors in bountiful measure, or to thrill the youthful breast with the glories of war and battles of long ago. Back in the dawn of history we can picture the Assyrian mother whiling the time for her little one with stories of his father's deeds with shield and spear; or the proud Roman matron recounting her lord's feats of prowess in an African campaign. It may be a Saxon dame chanting the Song of Roland to a wide-eyed youth beside her; perhaps it is a gentle God-fearing woman of New England who stills her baby with tales of Indian massacre. Wherever the world has been blest with the wondering soul of a child, there the juvenile story has blossomed and flowered. Only the writing of it is of modern times, all else is as ancient as the stars.

Juvenile literature, or rather juvenile fiction, has had its immense growth since the beginning of the nineteenth century. Writers finally reached the conviction that the boy and the maid occupied a particular province which needed attention, and so set themselves to work in the fulfillment of their discovery. Not only were stories written in which youth might wonder at the deeds of its elders, but also tales in which it saw itself mirrored and bodied forth in a most compelling way. Centuries before had children figured as important characters in works of literature. We remember the children of Medea and their pitiable fate in the Euripedean tragedy. Beatrice, in her "modest and becoming crimson," had had myriad lovers besides the great Italian. The innocence of the youthful Arthur shines through the sombre gloom of a Shakespearean King John. From Olympus to the valley is no mean leap; but the truth is that we must wait for a nineteenth century to offer us an army of juvenile heroes or juvenile heroines. And while we fondly

breathe the names of Tiny Tim, and Little Nell, and Father Finn's boys, and the little women of Louisa Alcott, let us go back in spirit to the days when merrie England was younger, and ask them what they contributed to the storehouse of children's reading.

When one seeks the foundations of juvenile literature in England, one's literary gropings must reach backward beyond an age that claimed a Caxton or a Wynkin de Worde. For the beginnings of children's stories are not to be found in the first printed books for the young, nor, indeed, upon the manuscripts over which the monks lovingly labored in the great monasteries of Britain. The first teacher of the Celtic child was probably the Druid, and under such tutorship it was that the little scholar heard words that made his eyes sparkle, and his heart surge, for the love of his gods and the rigor of battle.

But the Druid had his day, and with his passing we first meet the Christian priest in Britain. The natives were only too familiar with scenes of human sacrifice to appease the cravings of a shadowy deity, but never yet had they heard the news of the self-immolation of the God-man of Nazareth. Everyone knows the story of the early monks in Britain. How they preached the Gospel and established churches and schools, how they exemplified their belief that to labor is to pray, it were idle to rehearse here. But many a youth at Jarrow must have blessed the pen of the gentle Venerable Bede, and many a soul must have grown more beautiful under his kindly guidance. During the centuries that followed him it fell to the Saxon and Norman monks to devise books of instruction for the youth of the land.

The invention of printing revolutionized the whole system of education. Now the manuscripts, of necessity comparatively few, could be multiplied on the rude presses, and the means of acquiring knowledge were made correspondingly easy.

It may be of more than passing interest to glance within the pages of the early books of instruction and treatises on manners and morals designed for children. These did not appear in England much before the fifteenth century, though on the continent they had come into vogue at a much earlier period. One of the more notable of these books is *Stans Puer ad Mensam*, one manuscript of which, sometimes attributed to John Lydgate, dates from about the year 1460, though the earliest known version is of a period thirty years before. To read it now after a lapse of nearly five centuries may provoke a smile at the naiveté of the instruction,

but the need of such teaching quite obviously has not disappeared. The opening stanza bids

“ My dere childe, first thyself enable
 With all thin herte to vertuous disciplyne
 Afor thi soveragne standing at the table
 Dispose thi youth after my doctryne
 To all norture thi corage to enclyne.
 First when thu spekist be not rekles,
 Kepe feete and fingeres and handes still in pese.”

This book, as may be inferred from the lines quoted, was intended for boys of royal blood, and is a complete treatise on table manners. The youthful pages are advised to

“ Sitte in that place thou art assigned to,
 Please not to hye in no maner wise,”

reminding us not faintly of the Scriptural injunction. After receiving a catalogue of all the points thought necessary for the proper bringing up of a child, the guardian is advised that in case of correction of faults

“ Who sparithe the yerde all vertu set aside.”

The “envoye” is interesting:

“ Go, litel buk, bareyne of eloquence,
 Pray yonge children that the shall see or Reede,
 Thoughe thow be compendious of sentence
 Of thi clauses for to taken heede,
 Which to al vertu shall theyr yowthe leede.
 Of the writyng, thoughe ther be no date,
 If ought be mysse,—word, sillable or dede,—
 Put al the defaute upon Iohne Lydegate.”

The Babees' Book, dating from about 1475, is of similar character, and is a translation from the Latin. The final stanza runs in this wise:

“ And swete children, for whos love now I write,
 I you beseche withe verrey lovande herte
 To know this book that yee sette your delyte:
 And myhtefulle god, that suffered peynes smerte,
 In curtesye he make you so experte,
 That thurhe your nurture and your governaunce
 In lastyng blysse yee mowe yourself awaunce.”

These, then, were the beginnings of printed works of literature for children. At a little later date, not much earlier than 1550, came the horn-book. It consisted of a printed sheet pasted on wood, and covered with thin transparent horn. Upon the sheet were the letters of the alphabet, a table of syllables, the Lord's Prayer, and sometimes additional prayers. Related to the horn-books are the little A B C books, printed in the reign of Henry VIII. They contained the alphabet, the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and the Responses for Serving at Mass. After the Protestant revolt the books were modified to suit the tenets of the Anglican church, and later the Puritans added a chapter reflecting their religious views.

Education, in the meantime, had been growing and extending, and text-books on all subjects were in active circulation. It seems scarcely the place here to digress on the renewed interest in book lore during the Renaissance. Everybody remembers the nervous activity in the keen search for fresh intellectual endeavor, the quickened desire for achievement in every field of energy, and the brilliant array of talent that labored and spent itself in the writing of books. And not alone the mature, but the youthful spent many a night in study beneath the fitful candle gleam in hectic eagerness for knowledge. Many a Lady Jane Grey there was who sacrificed the pleasures of Diana for the charms of Plato.

Up to this time, with probably few exceptions, books for children were largely of the nature of guide-books or text-books. It is with the coming of the seventeenth century that we find a more conscious effort, perhaps, to appeal to the younger folk. A very considerable portion of the new work was didactic in intent, and tinged, as it not infrequently was, with the Puritanic theology of the times, it was not calculated to render its readers too gleeful with the joy of living. It was the century of Bunyan, and while he wrote one book especially for children, it is his masterpiece that is now oftenest read by them.

While Bunyan was weaving metaphors behind prison bars, in the outside world the spelling book was being written, of varying degrees of difficulty and interest. And somewhat later the chap-books, of sixteenth century origin, with their bits of history, stories and riddles, were becoming very popular. Through their infinite variety, the children became astir with the glory that was Rome's and the courage of mediaeval France.

From this time onward children's literature enjoyed a rapid

growth. Its infantile days were behind, and now of its own vigor and life it waxed strong. About 1730 the Mother Goose tales were translated from the French, and the immortal stories of Cinderella and Bluebeard began their mission of delight. John Newberry became a tireless worker in the field of juvenile literature, and published volume after volume of entertaining and instructive books for the little folk of his land. And so through the eighteenth century men and women interested themselves in preparing literature for the young. The names of Maria Edgeworth, Thomas Day, Anna Barbauld, Sarah Trimmer, Hannah More, only symbolize the mighty movement that was carried along with the enthusiasm of conscious endeavor. These are only a few of the multitude who wrote copiously, presenting entertainment of ethical import.

In the field of poetry, composed especially for children, Dr. Isaac Watts was one of the first of the eighteenth century school. His *Divine Songs, Attempted in Easy Language for the Use of Children*, are written, as the title implies, in language which does not overreach the youthful understanding. In this work portions of the Scriptures are paraphrased, and a number of very sweet verses may be found within its pages. In 1803 appeared *Original Poems for Infant Minds*, verse mainly of didactic purpose, written by Ann Taylor and her sister, Jane Taylor. The poems were soon read in America, and were translated into Dutch, German, and Russian. Graceful as several of them are, the poems of the Taylor sisters are less charming than the *Songs of Innocence* of William Blake. In Blake's poems, "which every child may enjoy to hear," we listen to the prelude to the fuller and perhaps sweeter songs of a later day.

When juvenile literature stepped over the boundary line and into the nineteenth century, it found a princely patron to welcome its coming. No one who really loves literature can stifle an affection for Charles Lamb. We sometimes like to remember him as he trudges homeward with a precious tome from the second-hand shop under his arm; we recall him in the act of unwinding himself from the high stool at the India Company's; but can we ever forget our earliest acquaintance with him—probably when we glimpsed first within the magic pages of *Tales from Shakespeare*? What dreams of bliss, how we loved Juliet as Romeo never did, and felt for Miranda, and were afraid of that Shakespearean bear! It was not until we were older that we learned that his unfortunate sister Mary deserved the brighter niche in the children's hall of fame,

for she it was who accomplished the larger share of their juvenile writings. Many a child, young and old, has enjoyed *The Adventures of Ulysses*, and *Beauty and the Beast*, and the *Poems*, and has blessed the Lambs for their bountiful presence.

But the Lambs were only the forerunners of the nineteenth century movement. How many names must we needs catalogue if this were a history of children's literature—names of men and women who toiled with loving hearts to brighten the golden hours of childhood. And they loved their work, too, if we may judge from the joy and gaiety that bubble from their pages. And to aid the tireless pens of the Englishmen from across the waters came the wondrous tales of the Grimms and of Andersen, and the voluminous writings of Canon von Schmidt.

Over the wider seas of the Atlantic the youth were reading books imported from England, or works written in imitation of them. To be sure they had their New England Primer as early as 1691, and through its pages, perhaps, the Puritan boys and girls caught their first glance at the fairy world of literature. Chap-books, Mother Goose melodies, books of instruction and devotion, all served the pioneers well, but no distinctive American writer producing children's books of distinctly American traits appeared for a full century of years after the Primer. And with good reason did the colonists look less lovingly on their quilled pens than their descendants have done. The stern souls were too busy in the administration of the public affairs to spare time to weave tales for their children. No written page was required to revive the memory of perilous voyages from England or Holland, or to recall the Indian onslaughts in the starlit hours of a winter night. And of those adventures they could relate tales a-plenty. The arts of peace they could not practice when they were living beneath the shadows of war. The spirit of independence, of resisting against the tyranny of an impolitic prince, was growing apace, to culminate finally in the Revolution. With the laurels of their success still fresh, the citizens of the new-born American republic were confronted with the War of 1812. It was, indeed, a time that tried men's souls, and left them little time for the luxuries of peace. But peace did come, and with it came the mighty expansion of the United States. The pioneer's axe rang as it blazed the way through the forests of Kentucky and Tennessee; the creaking wains trailed in long caravans across the rolling plains; the Argonauts of '49 steered their barks around the Horn to the gold fields of California.

The smoke of battle had cleared away, and, as the course of empire swept westward, in its wake were born hundreds of tales of the wars; of Indian conflicts; of border life; of the peril of the sea; of the conquest of the gold-veined hills; of all the trials and tribulations which brave men and heroic women endured in the struggle for the winning of the west. An Irving had written the classic story of *Rip Van Winkle*, and had so steeped his tale of *Sleepy Hollow* in the warmth and joyous beauty of Dutch life that one may never fail to breathe the aroma of a dead yesterday that arises from the old legend. A Cooper had told the tale of the sea, and had sung the epic of the once *Last Frontier*. Poe had first written the short-story with any attempt at unified form. With the name of Bret Harte we long conjured as a symbol for the glamor and irresistible fascination of the golden west. These men wrote not for children, but many a youth and many a maid have drunk inspiration and patriotism and wisdom from the wells of their writing.

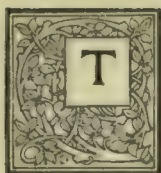
These and many more beside labored in America; quite naturally they were vastly outnumbered by their English contemporaries. Though the British novelists very obviously did not write for child readers, the younger folk early learned to like some of their works. If Scott had but known how boys and girls of future ages would thank him for *Rob Roy* and the *Disinherited Knight*, his bankruptcy would have rested less heavily on his shoulders; for inaccurate and misguided as he sometimes was in history, Scott cast the spell of romance over the freshness and beauty of a bygone day as it had never been achieved before him. And Dickens—what a debt we owe him for the little forms that flit back and forth across his pages; the little faces that wistfully ask our sympathy. What an un-Christian delight we once took in Oliver's assault on Noah Claypole, and how glad we were that Davy met Little Emily! Pick up Thackeray again and revive the memories of the day you first sat with Harry Esmond in the big library, or the afternoon you first fell captive to the glances of one, Ethel Newcombe. Can you not imagine yourself, now, climbing, toiling patiently up that turbulent stream near the Doone Valley, an unseen companion of the little John Ridd? And Lorna above, your unsuspected guerdon? Will one ever forget Long John Silver as he manfully tunes his "sixteen men on the dead man's chest," or the interest one took in the murder of the Red Fox? The Samoan tale-bearer deserves well at the hands of our younger people, and the well-thumbed volumes on the shelves of the public libraries attest the fact that the

debt is being paid in full. But an unfeeling heart it would be to ask all of our good friends to file past us in never-ending procession. Let us take leave of them all, not forgetting to allow our affections to twine most lovingly about the little form of Alice as she slips back into Wonderland. She was, indeed, a creation to win the heart of a child. Each of us can almost recall the precise hour we first accompanied her in fancy to the Mad Tea-party, or breathlessly awaited the long, sad tale of the Mouse.

All this was ten, twenty years ago—perhaps thrice that period. And as life gleamed for us in that vale of yesterday, so it now offers its rainbow lights to those who do not yet look back with lingering eyes over the receding path, who still read with hearts full of the joy that is only given to childhood. But they should remember who pray Time to give them back the years he has garnered, to let them once more wear the rose of youth, that they can win much of their souls' desiring if they but at times re-read the tales they loved in boyhood and girlhood; if, too, they but lend a helping hand to the efforts of their younger friends in sailing the *Santa Maria* on the uncertain seas of book lore. Let us remember who offer such assistance that we need not ever and always hark back to Scott and Lamb, but have at our bidding hundreds of delightful little works which have seen a later birth. This little venture in friendship will make our juvenile acquaintances love us, and will make us love and understand them the more. It will keep our hearts youthful; and a heart that is young is a beautiful thing in the eyes of heaven and earth.

JÖRGENSEN'S ST. FRANCIS.*

BY PASCHAL ROBINSON, O.F.M.



THOSE who have followed the trend of historical study and research during the last three decades need not be told that it has been characterized by a truly remarkable upgrowth of interest in the life and work of St. Francis of Assisi. This interest, for the most part a literary and an academic one, may be said, roughly speaking, to date from 1882. The celebrations in that year, commemorative of the seventh centenary of the Saint's birth, appear to have occasioned, if they did not actually inspire, the publication of several important studies by men like Tocco, Bonghi, Thode, Müller, and Gebhart,† which appeared soon afterwards, and which deal either directly or indirectly with the wonderful Umbrian *Poverello*. But the *Vie de S. François*, by Paul Sabatier, issued in 1894, gave a far greater impetus to the study of St. Francis. However much the purely biographical portion of this work may be marred by the author's entire lack of sympathy with the religious standpoint of St. Francis, and with the supernatural order as a whole, that part of the book which treats of the sources of early Franciscan history can never be overlooked by any future writers on this subject, be their opinions what they may, for it has served to open up a new era in this particular field of study.

Witness the loving, anxious care with which seasoned scholars, irrespective of creed or nationality, have ever since been intent upon seeking out, gathering apart and treasuring up every authentic detail, however trifling, which has to do with the life-story of St.

**Saint Francis of Assisi: A Biography*. By Johannes Jörgensen. Translated from the Danish with the author's sanction, by T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D. Illustrated. Pp. ix. 410. Longmans, Green & Co.: New York, 1912.

†Cf. Felice Tocco: *L'Eresia nel Medio Evo* (Florence, 1884); Ruggero Bonghi: *Francesco d'Assisi*; *Studio* (Citta di Castello), (1884); Heinrich Thode: *Franz von Assisi und die Anfänge der Kunst der Renaissance in Italien* (Berlin, 1885); Karl Müller: *Die Anfänge des Minoritenordens und der Bussbruderschaften* (Freiburg, 1885); Emile Gebhart: *L'Italie Mystique; histoire de la Renaissance religieuse au Moyen Age* (Paris, 1890). Cf. also Ernest Renan: *Nowvelles Études d'Histoire Religieuse* (Paris, 1884), pp. 323-351.

Francis. With a view to furthering this work of Franciscan research, special societies have been organized in different countries, among them being the Società Internazionale di Studi Francescani in Assisi, the British Society of Franciscan Studies, and the new Société Franciscaine d'Histoire et d'Archéologie. Series of learned works have also been established, like the *Analecta Franciscana*, and periodicals, such as the *Miscellanea Francescana*, the *Études Franciscaines*, and the *Archivum Franciscanum Historicum*, have been founded for the publication of Franciscan documents exclusively. Perhaps the most striking feature of the large literature which has grown up round about the sources of the history of St. Francis* has been the predominance of what might be called purely documentary questions—the enumeration of codices and description of manuscripts.† As for the books, pamphlets, and magazine articles on or about St. Francis written during the past twenty years, and which do not belong to the documented order, who can count them? And this two-fold current of Franciscan literature—scientific and popular—still flows on in an ever-widening stream.‡

Although this momentous movement of Franciscan study did not indeed originate with M. Sabatier, yet he it is most assuredly who has given it form and volume. Had the French critic not written his *Vie de S. François*, and the other volumes with which he has followed it up in the *Collection d'Études* and in the *Opuscules de Critique Historique*, it is safe to say that a large per cent of what has been written of late years about St. Francis and the Franciscans would never have seen the light. However, be this as it may, it is too early as yet to forecast the results likely to accrue in the long run from the present movement. But, I suppose, anyone whose opinion is worth noticing, will grant that up to date nothing that is essentially new concerning St. Francis has been added to what was known all along to the few patient workers whose lives were largely devoted to spelling out crabbed mediaeval MSS., and poring

*For an admirable synopsis of the literature in question, see *The Sources of the History of St. Francis of Assisi*, by Prof. A. G. Little, in *English Historical Review* for October, 1902, pp. 643-677. See also *Les Sources de l'Histoire de Saint François d'Assise*, by Léon de Kerval, in *Bullettino Critico di Cose Francescane* (Florence, 1905), three articles; *Rassegna Francescana*, by Prof. Umberto Cosmo, in *Giornale Stor. della letterat. ital.* xxiv. (1902), pp. 142 ff.; *Appunti Bibliografici di Studi Francescani*, by Luigi Suttina [Erlangen, 1904], 8vo. pp. 28.

†On this head see Fierens, *La Question Franciscaine* (Louvain, 1909), pp. 3-4.

‡An attempt to classify the principal works in this field has been made by the present writer in *A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature*. (New York: Tennant & Ward, 1907.)

over half-forgotten volumes of Franciscan lore before that study became the vogue in very different quarters.

It must not be supposed, then, that there has been any recent rehabilitation of the personality of St. Francis by means of hitherto unpublished documents. Nothing of the kind. On the other hand, it would be very shortsighted, to say the least, to belittle in any sort the energetic research work and literary activity of late years in this domain. For one thing, it has resulted not only in the recovery of several important early texts bearing on Franciscan origins, and in the careful re-editing and translation of all or nearly all the contemporary authorities upon the subject, but it has also called forth many really fine critical studies by different scholars of note.

All this is surely a distinct asset, inasmuch as the new theories advanced, not less than the lost MSS. refound and the old works republished, offer so much fresh data for a more complete and more accurate history of the life and work of St. Francis. That seems to be what is most needed. For it is, I trust, no disparagement to the Saint's many biographers to say, however regretfully, what we cannot help saying, namely, that the finally acceptable life of the real St. Francis, "in his habit as he lived," has not yet been written at least in English nor, as far as I am aware, in any other language. In default of such a work there is, perhaps, no volume within reach of the general reader that gives as satisfactory an account of the life and work of the Poor Man of Assisi as the one under review.

Its author, Johannes Jörgensen, now in his forty-sixth year, is doubtless the most remarkable, as he is undoubtedly the most prolific, of contemporary Danish poets. The story of his conversion to Catholicism, which took place in 1895, is full of beauty and of interest, but we may not dwell upon it here. It is enough to note in passing that Jörgensen was led—like Görres and others before him—through St. Francis to God and His Holy Church.* A great part of his subsequent literary work has had to do with things Franciscan. Following upon his conversion, Jörgensen wrote his *Book of Travel*,† the second part of which is entitled *An Umbric Chronicle*.‡ Soon afterwards he translated the ever-fra-

*For the story of his conversion, see *Jörgensen et Saint François*, by Père Hilarin Felder, O.M. Cap. in *Études Franciscaines*, xx.-118 (Oct., 1908), pp. 337-387. A translation of this article by Imelda Chambers, entitled *A Convert of St. Francis*, appeared in the *Ave Maria*, vol. lxix.-23. Dec. 4, 1909, pp. 705-710.

†*Rejsebogen*, Copenhagen, 1895.

‡*En Umbric Kroenike*, *ibid.*, (2nd. edition, 1905).

grant *Fioretti di S. Francesco* into his native tongue.* This was succeeded by *The Book of the Pilgrim in Franciscan Italy*,† and then came his biography of St. Francis.‡ As a sort of continuation of this last work, he subsequently issued a monograph dealing with the lives of Blessed Angela of Foligno, St. Margaret of Cortona, and Blessed Battista Varani.§ All these productions were received with enthusiasm in the poet's own country, and they soon became widely known in Germany through the translation of Countess Henrietta Holstein-Ledreborg,|| herself a recent convert to Catholicism. Jörgensen's *Life of St. Francis*, and our concern here is with that work only, was soon done into French, Dutch, Italian, and Spanish.¶ At length it has come to us in an English dress, in Dr. O'Connor Sloane's authorized translation from the Danish, which is now before us, and which will serve to introduce this the latest continental biography of the *Poverello* to a new, and it is to be hoped, a large circle of readers.

For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with Jörgensen's "St. Francis" in the original, it may be well to observe that its author is fully equipped, so far as concerns the knowledge of his sources, whether this be in the land of St. Francis itself or in printed form. He does not indeed appear to have frequented the archives: there is at least no evidence of any first-hand research among the MSS. authorities or the discovery of any material not published already. But other authorities in abundance—history, legend, monuments, and local tradition—have been carefully consulted by Jörgensen in preparation for his task. Several topics hardly touched on in most

**Fioretti, det er den hellige Frans af Assisis Smaaebloemster*, fra Grundtexten ved Johannes Jørgensen, med Forord af Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson (Copenhagen, 1902), 1 vol. in 12mo. pp. xiv.-194.

†*Pilgrimsbogen* (Copenhagen, 1903), 1 vol. in 12mo., pp. 271. This work has been translated into French and other continental languages. Portions of it have been done into English under the title of *Pilgrim Walks in Franciscan Italy*. (Sands & Co., London, 1908, 16mo, pp. 176.)

‡*Den hellige Frans af Assisi: En Levnedskildring* (Copenhagen and Christiana, 1907), 1 vol. in 8mo, pp. lxiv.-384.

§*I det Høje, ibid.*, 1908.

||These translations appeared as follows: *Das Reisebuch*, Mayence, 1898; *Das Pilgerbuch: Aus dem franziskanischen Italien*, Munich, 1905; *Der hl. Franz von Assisi, ibid.*, 1908.

¶*Saint François d'Assise sa vie et son oeuvre: traduits du Danois par Teodor de Wyzewa* (Paris, 1909), 16mo, pp. cii.-532; *De H. Franciscus von Assisie naar het Deensch door P. Stanislaus Van de Velde, O.F.M.* Tongeren, 1909, in 8mo, pp. xcii.-392; *Vita di S. Francesco d'Assisi* trad. pel Anna M. Vallino, Palermo, 1910, in 8mo, pp. viii.-633. I am not aware whether or not the Spanish version by Ramon y Tenreiro, announced for publication in Madrid, has appeared.

other lives of St. Francis are discussed by him in a most illuminating way, and a few questions which are in controversy, such as the historical origin of the Porziuncola Indulgence, are explained with wonderful clearness (pp. 166-174). Better still, Jörgensen never fails to see and admit that the shield may have two sides. That he is in touch with all the modern developments in the wide field of Franciscan literature and criticism is abundantly clear from the seventy odd pages (pp. 339-410) in the present volume devoted to the "Authorities for the Life of St. Francis of Assisi." First in order among these are, of course, the Saint's own writings, among which Jörgensen attaches most importance to the Religious Poems (pp. 341-349). Then come the primitive biographies, properly so-called, which he classifies (pp. 351-395) under four groups, as follows: the Thomas of Celano group (about 1230); the Brother Leo group (about 1245); the St. Bonaventure group (about 1265); and the *Speculum* group (about 1320). These biographies are supplemented by several contemporary chronicles and other later works (pp. 395-409). Some of the questions dealt with by Jörgensen under this head are by no means lacking of interest, even for those who are unfamiliar with the intricacies and technicalities of early Franciscan documents. In this connection it may be noted that in the original work, and in the continental translations of it, I have seen this all-important chapter on the Sources put as an Introduction to the biography proper—and that is where one would be most likely to look for it. Nevertheless, Dr. O'Connor Sloane has seen fit in the present English translation to place this chapter at the end of the volume in the form of an Appendix (pp. 339-410). The advisability of this somewhat arbitrary departure from the author's plan is open to question, and this for more than one reason. Still, if the new arrangement is more satisfactory to the general reader—to whom all details as to dates and manuscripts and editions and the like are caviare indeed—then it ought, I suppose, to be so to everybody else. This is by the way.

Jörgensen's biography of St. Francis bears not only the hall mark of scholarship; it bears also the far rarer impress of original thought. The very division of the Life into four books: 1. "Francis, the Church Builder," 1182-1209 (pp. 3-57); 2. "Francis, the Evangelist," 1209-1212 (pp. 145-262); 3. "God's Singer," 1212-1223 (pp. 145-262); 4. "Francis, the Hermit," 1224-1226 (pp. 265-335), is highly original. There is, indeed, a marked element of

originality throughout the volume, and it is nowhere more noticeable, perhaps, than in the highly poetic account of the convalescence of St. Francis (pp. 3-7), with which Jörgensen's biography begins. To follow the story of St. Francis, as it is found in this biography, would require more space than the Editor of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* is at all likely to give me, so I must content myself here by giving merely the principal dates in the Saint's life, according to Jörgensen: St. Francis was born (Sept. 26?), 1182; he falls seriously ill, 1204; he desires to join Walter de Brienne, 1205; after a pilgrimage to Rome, he receives in the chapel of San Damiano the command to repair that edifice, and he retires to a cave not far from it, 1207; having in April, 1207, despoiled himself of everything before his father, he becomes the "Herald of God," and founds the order of Friars Minor, February 24, 1209; he writes a rule of life for his first disciples assembled at Rivo Torto, 1210; he traverses Italy, 1211-1213, and meanwhile St. Clare joins the Order, March 18, 1212; he preaches at Montefeltro, May 8, 1213, and goes to Spain during the winter of 1213-14; he attends the Council of the Lateran, 1215; he sets out for the Orient, June 29, 1219, preaches to the Crusaders at Damietta and to the Sultan Malek-el-Kamel, 1219; visits Syria and thence returns suddenly to Rome, 1220 (?); he convokes the famous chapter of "Mats" at Pentecost, 1221, after which the so-called Rule of 1221 is drawn up; he preaches at Bologna, August 15, 1222, is taken ill in 1224; receives the Stigmata (September 14?), 1224, and dies worn out by his austerities, October 3, 1226.

Such in barest outline is the main chronology of the life of St. Francis as it is given by Jörgensen.* Let those alike who do not know the story of that marvelous life, or those who are fain to know it better still, go to the book itself, and they will be amply repaid. For they will find that its author, while possessing all the enthusiasm needed to do full justice to his hero, has, in addition, those higher qualities without which no biographer can excel—fair-mindedness, truthfulness, and the story-teller's gift.

Perhaps there are pages in the book in which the historian seems to become merged in the poet. Never mind. The one inspires the other, and, thanks to their combined labor, we have in the present volume a blending of thoughtful criticism and literary charm which

*It is only fair to note that not all will accept the chronology of Jörgensen, which presents not a few grave difficulties.

it would be hard to match in any recent biography. One only wonders that we have had to wait until now for an English translation of it. But Dr. O'Connor Sloane's version was well worth waiting for. It is in every way deserving of a place on the same shelf with the original. And this is no faint praise.

There are, however, a few points we should like to discuss with the translator if space allowed of it. For example, Clare has long been a favorite and a familiar name amongst English-speaking people. It is not quite clear, therefore, why Dr. O'Connor Sloane uses the Latin form of the name *Clara* throughout the book, instead of giving us its recognized English equivalent. And this is but one of several instances of the same sort. But let that pass. Taking it as a whole, Dr. O'Connor Sloane's rendering of Jørgensen's "St. Francis" is an admirable piece of work. Assuredly all the lovers of St. Francis—and who is there that loves him not!—will thank Dr. O'Connor Sloane for making the Saint's latest biography accessible to those who read only English. The full and informing index gives the volume a completeness which too many works of this kind lack. The five illustrations have been well selected and reproduced, and the format of the book reflects great credit on the publishers. Paper, typography, and binding leave nothing to be desired.

New Books.

LEO XIII. AND ANGLICAN ORDERS. By Viscount Halifax.
New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50 net.

In the winter of 1889-90, Lord Halifax met in Madeira the French Lazarist, the Abbé Portal, a professor in the seminary of Cahors. They became quite friendly, and in their walks together discussed the status of the English Church, and the possibility of reunion between Rome and Canterbury. The Abbé Portal, who had hitherto regarded the Church of England as a Calvinistic sect, was won over by the special pleading of his High Church friend to the cause of corporate reunion. Finally both agreed to reopen the discussion on the validity of Anglican Orders, with a view to having Rome reverse her tradition of the past four hundred years.

In 1894, the Abbé Portal, under the *nom de plume* of Dalbus, opened the campaign with a pamphlet, which caused quite a stir in France, England, and Rome. Canonists like Gasparri, and historians like Duchesne, commented favorably upon it, while the English Catholics, under the leadership of Cardinal Vaughan, bitterly attacked it. At Rome Cardinal Rampolla and Pope Leo XIII. held a number of conferences with the Abbé, and there was question for a time of a letter from the Pope to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the appointment of a joint commission of Catholics and Anglicans to discuss the validity of Anglican Orders.

The Pope was utterly misled with regard to the prospects of reunion. As the Abbot Gasquet wrote: "the Holy Father did not seem to have any idea of the difference between Ritualists and others, or indeed any real knowledge of the actual state of religious feeling in England."* Luckily Cardinal Vaughan intervened, and, in a famous interview, said to Leo XIII.: "Your Holiness has evidently been entirely misinformed as to the real attitude of the English people to the Roman Church. The vast majority of Englishmen are, without question, thoroughly Protestant in every sense. A small and energetic minority, it is true, against the protests of the majority, now call themselves Catholics....but even these are unanimous in rejecting what we hold to be the foundation of the Catholic religion, the authority of the Church, and the Supreme Pontiff." (p. 164.)

Lord Halifax, in the present volume, is continually harping

* *Leaves from My Diary*, p. 8.

on the opposition of Cardinal Vaughan to his impossible scheme of corporate reunion (pp. 11, 31, 37, 64, 70, 105, 139, 167, 214, 298, 326, 372, 424, 445). He seems from his mental makeup incapable of appreciating the stern uncompromising logic of the loyal and saintly English churchman. Cardinal Vaughan knew full well that Lord Halifax and his friends were continually giving a false picture of the present and past status of the Church of England; and he therefore deemed it his duty to tell the truth bluntly and openly, no matter how deeply it might offend the lovers of compromise. Zeal for souls was his one motive.

How ignorant must the Abbé Portal have been of the entire *status questionis* when he could swallow such preposterous statements of Lord Halifax, as "apart from the dislocation of the canon there was a practical identity of the service for Holy Communion in the English Prayer Book with the form of saying Mass in the Roman Missal!" (p. 9.) Mr. Lacey's pamphlet, *De Re Anglicana*, would leave anyone not versed in English history under the impression that England had never been a Protestant country, and that the Reformation, apart from the denial of the papacy, had made no change whatever in the Catholic faith. Yet the *Risposta* of Mgr. Moyes and Abbot Gasquet, which put the historical facts in their true perspective, is forsooth "valueless in itself, unworthy, purely political, and founded on nothing but temporary expediency" (pp. 360, 367).

The Abbot Gasquet is frequently and unjustly called to task for his "errors, misleading accounts, incorrect statements, misunderstandings," etc. (pp. 126, 163, 165, 210, 239.) Again he committed a most unpardonable offense when he dared state "in our opinion, the question of Orders is a purely domestic one, and only concerns us Catholics" (p. 285). How this gave a special color to the Commission, which even Anglicans considered most fair in its makeup prior to its adverse decision (pp. 278, 281, 287, 316, etc.), we fail to understand.

Lord Halifax repeats the false assertion made by Mr. Lacey* that "the consulters of the Commission could not go behind the Gordon decision;" that, therefore, "there could be no real and free discussion of a question which was held to have been definitely settled already" (p. 30). Mgr. Moyes denied this absolutely in the *Tablet* of Jan. 2, 1911, and the Abbot Gasquet in the *Tablet* of April 13, 1912. Mgr. Moyes wrote, "the Commission not only

went behind the Gordon case to consider the case of 1685, and the action of the Church under Cardinal Pole, but entered minutely *ab initio* into these three possible sources of invalidity, discussing especially the various parts of the Anglican Ordinal, and its comparison with the most primitive form of ordination."

Lord Halifax's book reveals the disappointment and anger of a small illogical minority of the English Church, who desired to quote Rome in favor of their pseudo-Orders and their imitation Mass. When the learned and impartial Pope Leo decided against them, and insisted on the out and out Protestantism of the Established Church, they became angry, and declared the deciding tribunal hasty, uncritical, and unfair.

The Catholic Church while praying for the reunion of Christendom, and deploring the evil of heresy and schism, cannot accept reunion on the basis of compromise. She cannot change her Divine Constitution, modify Her Divine Worship, or set aside any one doctrine of the deposit of faith. She is always sceptical of men who talk lightly of "interpreting the Anglican formularies by the teaching of the Council of Trent" (p. 249, 337). Submission—"a hard word to English ears" (p. 115)—must always be the basis of reunion.

THE COWARD. By Robert Hugh Benson. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.50.

Mgr. Benson's astonishingly tireless pen has written another new story, called *The Coward*. For this the author has taken rather a narrower scope than usual, limiting himself practically to the workings of one mind, and, for the most part, to its workings under the emotion of fear. "The Coward," who is Valentine Medd, younger son of a fine, old English family, is, at the beginning, only a boy, and a dear, lovable boy. But he is of an emotional, sensitive and highly imaginative temperament. This it is that leads him to alternate acts of reckless courage and of cowardice. Twice it overcomes him hopelessly and publicly; first when he is mountain-climbing in Switzerland and "funks" a dangerous jump, and again in Rome, when at the last moment he refuses to fight in an arranged duel, and allows his older brother to take his place. But that Val is really and by nature a coward, the author does not for an instant let us believe. The trouble is that his will is weak, and has never been strengthened by training to safeguard him against his nervous imagination. The end of his struggles come

in a swift climax that is artistic, satisfactory, but painful almost beyond forgiveness. Mgr. Benson has made a mind-study that is wonderful, and in the writing he has, as usual, managed to combine his charming peculiarity of style with an unfailing charity.

PSYCHOLOGY WITHOUT A SOUL. By Robert Gruender, S.J.
St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00.

To the naïve reader this title will seem a unique verbal paradox. The question that will most likely come to his mind will be, "Can there be such a thing as 'psychology without a soul?'" Father Gruender's book is only too cogent a proof that such a psychology not only exists, but, that advocated or vouched for by some of the most eminent psychologists of the day, it is exerting an ever-widening influence upon the thinking masses.

The general thesis of the book is on the old metaphysical question of the relation of the soul and body. Its particular aim is to establish the facts of the substantiality, the simplicity, and the spirituality of the soul. Its method is that of a critical analysis of the attempts at a materialistic conception of correlations of mind and body, as expressed by such authorities in psychology as Professors James, Wundt, and Titchener.

Father Gruender does not mince his words. He calls a spade a spade, not only in his own writings, but in translating the context of the brilliant essays of Professor James and the "scientific" treatises of Titchener and many others. These men, with the aid of a delightful style, continual recourse to picturesque analogies, and the use of most figurative terms, persuade the average reader to believe the question "scientifically" settled; but, in reality, they only beat about the bush, restating incompatible evidences of consciousness. The dogmatism with which they clothe the looseness of their thinking is but a natural consequence of the hypnotic power which the idea of "Continuity" exercises upon them.

Under the heading "Evolving Evolution," Father Gruender tells us that the evolutionary theory no longer appeals to the testimony of natural phenomena, but that the facts of nature must now be dogmatically interpreted in accordance with the theory. He goes on to elucidate such vague conceptions as the "mind-stuff-theory," the "stream of thought," "fringes of consciousness," "psycho-physical parallelism," so that we can distinguish the kernel of truth, which their title so aptly conveys, from the erroneous philosophy in which their authors have imbedded them. He weighs

and finds wanting the evidences drawn from physiological psychology. Finally, he proves that the still open questions concerning abiding, personal identity, rational thought as compared with sense perception, perfect psychological reflection and free will, are veritable stumbling blocks in the way of materialistic psychology. His arguments make it very evident that scholastic philosophy, instead of possessing only an historical interest, yielding "nothing but unfruitful repetitions," has proven its great "inner vitality" by its power of adaption. Father Gruender can, therefore, assert with right that "it alone can stem the tide of materialism and agnosticism, which are sapping the life-blood of modern society."

The author quotes abundantly from the best source books of psychological data. Had he seen the latest edition (1911) of Ladd and Woodworth's *Elements of Physiological Psychology*, he would no doubt have added the positive assertions therein expressed: "The fundamental problems with regard to the nature of man's mind and its relation to the organism, its place in the scale of development and its destiny, remain essentially unchanged.... All the researches of physiological and experimental psychology, thus far conducted, do not contradict, but rather confirm the naïve metaphysics of what an expert in philosophy and its history would call an 'uncritical dualism.'" This critical analysis of a convenient text-book size should be a welcome companion to that other recent exposition of "unwarrantably extended generalizations"—*Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist*, by Dr. Thomas Dwight.

MANALIVE. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane & Co. \$1.30 net.

Mr. Chesterton's truths play leapfrog with one another, but they always land squarely on their feet. Nowhere is this more apparent than in his new story—this boyish and hilarious story—to which he has given the characteristic title, *Manalive*. His fat, bulky, boisterous hero (is Mr. Chesterton at all subjective?) calls himself Innocent Smith, and

is happy because he is innocent. . . . He seeks to remind himself, by every electric shock to the intellect, that he is still a man alive, walking on two legs about the world. For this reason he fires bullets at his best friends; for this reason he arranges ladders and collapsible chimneys to steal his own property; for this reason he goes plodding round a whole planet to get back to his own home. And for this reason he

has been in the habit of taking the woman whom he loved with a permanent loyalty, and leaving her about (so to speak) at schools, boarding-houses, and places of business, so that he might recover her again and again with a raid and a romantic elopement. He seriously sought, by a perpetual recapture of his bride, to keep alive the sense of her perpetual value, and the perils that should be run for her sake.

Who but Mr. Chesterton could have built up a story around such a theme, like a charming edifice of painted blocks? And, moreover, the colors are fast. We are tempted to call the book brilliant, but forego the obvious adjective in deference to Mr. Chesterton's pathetic statement, that his enemies always call him "brilliant" after exhausting their other epithets. So we will simply say that it is in the author's liveliest vein; that it bumps us up against obvious, forgotten truths, and that it is, incidentally, screamingly funny.

EVE TRIUMPHANT. By Pierre de Coulevain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

That very clever French woman who writes under the name of Pierre de Coulevain, and whose books, *On The Branch*, *The Unknown Isle*, and *The Heart of Life*, have recently become rather a fad in this country, is publishing just now a new edition of her story called *Eve Triumphant*. It will doubtless be popular. A newly-discovered "genius" (the quotation marks are careful) is exploited by the really delightful unanimity of the press, and becomes the vogue, just like the hobble skirt, daffodils, and mission furniture. And the critics who extol these books signed Pierre de Coulevain can really claim cleverness for them—cleverness and wit and cosmopolitan culture. But let them scratch the veneer, and they will find flippancy, superficiality, emptiness.

This story of *Eve Triumphant* tells of two American women in Europe, portraying them—the society type—skilfully, faithfully, and, perhaps, a bit maliciously, and showing their reaction on an Old World atmosphere. If the author would confine herself to the drawing-room she might succeed in entertaining us with her very French cleverness, but she reverts obstinately to the pseudo-philosophical, and so exposes the yawning cavities in her brain. We will pass over in silence her dissertations on the Church, and the conversion of her heroine, which is "funny without being vulgar." But we really must file a protest against such near-culture as im-

ported with the laurel of the French Academy. All is not gold that bears the "made in France" sign.

GARIBALDI AND THE MAKING OF ITALY. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25 net.

This volume, a sequence to *Garibaldi and the Thousand* by the same author, deals with an important historical episode in the re-making of modern Europe.

It embraces the Italian revolutionary movements, mostly in Southern Italy, during the year 1860, which occasioned the collapse of the Bourbon dynasty in the kingdom of Naples and the Two Sicilies, and which had the effect of despoiling the Pope of a part of his temporal possessions.

From the author's view-point, it is the record of glorious happenings; the manifestation of admirable characters; the display of heroic bravery and patriotic motives on the revolutionary side, of course; all of which culminated in the final triumph of *Italia Unita*.

We frankly and entirely dissent from this view, and from the author's laudation of it, both as Catholics and as honest men. We feel ourselves warranted in so doing, if for no other reason than that advanced by Cavour, the leading mover in it all, and quoted on page twenty-three of this volume, "if we had done for ourselves the things we are doing for Italy, we should be great rascals."

There in a phrase is the keynote of the whole awakening of Italy, viz., that the end justifies the means.

As we do not accept that principle, how can we view, except with reprobation, the application of it in the broken promises; the lying intrigues; the force and invasion of rights; the spoliation of the weak carried on by Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, abetted by the chicanery of Lord John Russell, and of which Garibaldi was only a catspaw.

Mr. Trevelyan has labored to little purpose as far as Catholics are concerned. The pity of it is that despite his industry, which is very considerable, despite the clarity and the interest of his narrative, he has harked back to the one-sidedness, the partisanship of his illustrious namesake and kinsman in his history of England. In William of Orange Macaulay could see no fault; Mr. Trevelyan finds a noble poetic hero in Garibaldi, whose name will live when Cavour and Victor Emmanuel are forgotten. Had the author came

nearer home, he would have found in his father's history of the American Revolution a lesson of impartiality, a measure by which to award praise and blame, which is wanting to this volume.

THE SQUIRREL CAGE. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35 net.

This story aroused some interest during its appearance in *Everybody's Magazine*, and is now published in book form. It is a story of a middle-western town, and a very true account of the life of average Americans of the tolerably wealthy classes. Its complaint and contention, as voiced rather too ceaselessly by the heroine, Lydia Emery, is that the social and business ambitions of American men and women are not worth the toil and struggle which they cost, or the family companionship which they destroy. And there is, of course, much truth in the contention. There are many households like Lydia's, where the father concentrates all his attention on money-getting, and the mother all hers on social affairs, to the exclusion of a pleasant domesticity. Lydia rebels against such a system, but instead of marrying a similar rebel in the person of a socialistic cabinet-maker, she marries Paul Hollister, a business man of her own father's stamp. Paul is always ambitious, financially and socially, while Lydia tries in vain to pull him in the direction of "the simple life," so the result is not harmony. In theory Lydia is generally right, but she nags her husband like Mrs. Varden in her worst moments, and we cannot but feel that the saving grace of humor in the author, as well as in the heroine herself, would have rescued the latter from her melancholy rôle of *femme incomprise*.

STOVER AT YALE. By Owen Johnson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.35 net.

In a book which might fairly be called a sugar-coated essay on college life—although it is at the same time an interesting story—Mr. Johnson discusses many of the features that are most significant in the career of the American under-graduate of to-day. Football has its place, but does not absorb as much attention as the college societies do. The questionable influence of the frat, and the general insufficiency of the usual college education, are the prominent topics. Comments and suggestions, rather than conclusions, abound in the author's pages. Some lessons on manliness are

encouraged in a way that will be very telling with the average youth.

GIRLS' CLUBS AND MOTHERS' MEETINGS. By Madame Cecilia. New York: Benziger Brothers. 60 cents.

This little volume of less than two hundred pages is a veritable compendium of information for the Catholic club-worker. Madame Cecilia has not written solely out of the thirty-seven years experience of her religious life, but, after painstaking and thorough investigation, has also placed at the command of "the earnest worker in the small town or country district" the large and varied experience of the ablest Catholic and non-Catholic club-workers in the United Kingdom.

No detail of practical or economic value has been omitted. Suggestions abound as to books, amusements, sources of supply, price lists, etc.; directions given as to non-sectarian organizations with which Catholics may wisely affiliate; and the whole is uplifted into that sphere of Catholic inspiration—the abounding, self-sacrificing charity of Christ.

Much of the practical information applies only to Great Britain; nevertheless we cannot recommend Madame Cecilia's book too highly to American Catholic social workers. Everyone must profit by its hopeful, common-sense spirituality, and someone, perhaps, inspired to compile an equally complete *Vade Mecum* for American Catholic club-workers.

THE HEART OF THE GOSPEL; TRAITS OF THE SACRED HEART. By Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. New York: Apostleship of Prayer. 50 cents.

The earlier books on devotion to the Sacred Heart were chiefly theological, being mainly taken up with developing the grounds upon which this devotion rested; or treating of reparation, attracted, no doubt, by the thorn-wreathed, cross-burdened heart which was the symbol chosen by Our Lord Himself.

Here, however, we have, in this little book, devotion to the Sacred Heart, brought to the surest proof of all admiration and love—imitation. The title is the least attractive part of it, being, we think, somewhat cumbersome for so small a book, and not doing justice to its contents, which are solid, practical, and worthy of much praise. The Heart of Christ is taken as the model of our human hearts; not virtue by virtue, but rather in its characteristics.

In eighteen chapters the author shows us these, and leads us gently to compare our poor hearts with the Divine Heart.

Old familiar texts take on new meanings in the light of their adaptations; illustrations from the daily life about us bring home each truth; and a few searching words of application reveal a deep insight into the wounds which our sins have inflicted on our nature. Once or twice clearness is sacrificed to terseness, but for the most part the terseness tells and strikes home.

MODERN MIRACLE PLAYS: SACRED DRAMAS. By Augusta Theodosia Drane. (Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D.) St. Louis: B. Herder. 90 cents.

THE DEAR SAINT ELIZABETH. By Eliza O'B. Lummis. Boston: Richard Badger. \$1.00 net.

Obviously, the religious drama is not yet dead: it has not alone survived, but even among English-speaking peoples it shows portents of a new and varied fruitfulness. Twenty-five to fifty years ago, the story of *Our Lady's Juggler*, as of *Sister Beatrice*, would have been well-nigh impossible upon an English stage. It was only in quiet convent schools that the old, fine drama of hagiography held modest but persistent place. These Sacred plays were not ambitious—they made no bid for publicity—but some of them were too good to fall into oblivion: and of these are the dramatic legends of St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Dorothea, as put into English verse by Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D. It is hard, indeed, to find anything from the pen of this scholarly convent-prioress which is *not* too good to fall into oblivion. The *Christmas Mystery* of the present volume suffers, to be sure, by comparison with Katharine Tynan's lovely Nativity plays, or with the beautiful and spectacular *Bethlehem* of Lawrence Housman. But one has really no right to draw the comparison. Mother Drane wrote for amateur performance, with the *entourage* of the convent school in view; and within this field her work deserves a warm, practical welcome.

In quite another vein is our newest miracle play, *The Dear Saint Elizabeth*. Written by Miss Eliza Lummis (founder of the Daughters of the Faith, and writer upon many subjects of interest to Catholic women), this life of the sainted Thuringian queen is designed neither for convent performance nor "closet" reading,

but for the public stage. Its opportunities for pageantry are extraordinary, and there is vital drama in the old, beautiful story. The opening scene of Miss Lummis' drama gives us the festive preparations for Elizabeth's marriage to the Landgrave Louis, and includes some charming bridal hymns in verse. In the second act, we are shown Elizabeth's ministry to the poor—with that gracious miracle of the roses—and Louis' departure for the Crusade. After his untimely death, the young queen and mother is pictured driven from her Court, seeking vainly for shelter in the asylums she herself had founded. Gradually is traced the *Via Crucis* which led her on to sainthood; and in the final scene, Elizabeth—wrapped in St. Francis' cloak of poverty—dies in her humble hut at Marburg, mourned by the Church and the people she had served so well. "A broken heart," cries her intrepid director, Conrad, "that garnered closely up in one small crimson cup life's wealth of love—until it burst and spilled the fragrant store at Jesus' feet." A concluding musical tableau, within the cathedral of Marburg, shows the canonization of "the dear Saint Elizabeth" announced to her people.

Beyond any shadow of doubt, this play is blazing a trail toward new and rich things in the dramatic literature of Catholics. " 'Twere a consummation devoutly to be wished"—not merely that Miss Lummis' drama see early presentation upon the stage, but that worthy successors, holy and human in theme, artistic in treatment, preach to our modern world—alike Catholic and non-Catholic—the everlasting *science of the saints!*

THE SINCERE CHRISTIAN. By Bishop Hay. Revised by the Very Rev. Canon Stuart. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.75.

This century-old book may, indeed, be somewhat out of fashion in method and style, but it is none the less clear, pointed, instructive, convincing, and, therefore, well worthy of a long life. It would be a pity to have so sound, so scriptural, and so cogent an explanation of the Faith discarded or neglected because its gait is a trifle heavy and slow. Most of us value books, especially those that deal with serious questions, for the accuracy of their statements, the thoroughness of their methods, the strength and soundness of their reasoning, more than for brilliancy or sprightliness of style. While such qualities are esteemed, this book is sure to retain the high place it has held since its first appearance among Catholic books of instruction.

THE SOCIAL EVIL, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO CONDITIONS EXISTING IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK. Report of the Committee of Fifteen (1902). Edited, with additions, by Prof. E. R. A. Seligman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75 net.

"In consequence of the awakening of public interest in the sex problem, a deluge of so-called sex books is now flooding the country—a few of them good, more of them indifferent, and most of them positively bad. This multiplication of harmful literature constitutes a real danger. It is important to separate the wheat from the chaff—to recommend what is good and to condemn what is bad."

Among the few good books on this question may be ranked the present work. The original report of the Committee of Fifteen was almost entirely historical. It attempted to prove, from the experience of those countries that had tried it, that the licensing of vice simply aggravates the corruption. This report is now reprinted, and, with several chapters by Prof. Seligman, brings down to date the history of the fight against state licensing of houses of ill-fame. A bibliography of thirty pages is added.

THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY. Being an Examination of the More Important Arguments For and Against Believing in that Religion. Compiled from various sources by Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton, D.S.O. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Lieutenant-Colonel Turton's book is so unusual in plan, and so successful in construction, that we gladly draw attention to the seventh edition, which has undergone a careful revision at the hands of the author. The volume has excited general admiration, and is already appreciated by many of our readers; hence a mere word of comment is all that seems fitting just at present.

In three parts, the author clearly and thoroughly discusses the reasonableness of natural religion, of the Jewish revelation, and of Christianity. Good-tempered, moderate, well-informed, and perfectly logical throughout, he leads his readers by most persuasive inducements to proceed with him to the conclusions: that the existence of God and of a revelation is credible; that the Jewish revelation is probably true, and, finally, that the truth of the Christian religion is extremely probable. Even sceptics will respect the method of the author. To many an inquirer his pages must prove to be an easily followed path from darkness to light. The book is the more

useful to the Catholic apologist because of the steadily increasing number of people who are ready to agree that if the Christian religion is true at all, then the Catholic Church is the one legitimate form of Christianity.

THE LIFE OF ST. TERESA. Taken from the French of "A Carmelite Nun." By Alice Lady Lovat, with a preface by Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$3.00.

St. Teresa has probably left more autobiographical material than any other Saint. She has given us a history of her life, relations of her spiritual experiences, an account of her foundations, and numerous letters. Her life was written, too, by several contemporaries who knew her intimately.

We cordially welcome this work by Lady Lovat, and trust that it will have a generous share in extending a knowledge of and a devotion to the great Saint of Carmel. The biography does not aim at any new presentation of the Saint's life and work. But it will undoubtedly lead many to become acquainted with the Saint's own inimitable writings. Monsignor Benson's preface is also worthy of a special word of praise.

CASES OF CONSCIENCE. Volume II. By Rev. Thomas Slater, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.75 net.

This second volume of Father Slater's *Cases of Conscience* deals with the duties of particular states of life, the administration of the Sacraments and ecclesiastical censures. Half of them have to do with difficulties connected with Penance and Matrimony. The cases are all practical and interesting—exactly such as are frequently met in the confessional. In solving them Father Slater first states briefly, but clearly, the principles involved, and then gives his reasoned judgment on the case in hand. For the benefit of those who desire fuller discussions of the principles, he gives frequent references to his own *Manual of Theology*, and occasional references to such well-known authorities as St. Alphonsus, Gaspaori, Lemkuhl, and Genicot.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY. By Grace MacGowan Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20.

Now that public interest has been so widely aroused in the life of the factory-worker, through the Lawrence, Massachusetts, strike, it seems especially timely to call attention to this volume.

It is the story of a girl who comes down from her native mountains, radiant and joyous, resolved to "cross the bridge of toil," to the "power and the glory" beyond. The bridge of toil in this case is the cotton-mill of an industrial town in the valley.

Into the girl's story many incidents are woven—tragic, romantic, humorous. The feature of the book which has the greatest human interest is the picture of the mill-child, "straggling to work in the gray dawn, sleepy, shivering, unkempt," working bravely on, although faint for lack of air and deafened by the roar of machinery. A series of pathetic scenes follow, culminating in the heartrending one which shows us the little sister of the heroine caught up and almost killed by the great wheel of the loom. But the gloom is relieved by the brightness of the heroine's personality, which quickens into stronger life everything with which she comes in contact.

GESCHICHTE DER WELTLITERATUR. VI. Band. Die Italienische Literatur. By Von Alexander Baumgartner, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$5.15 net.

Father Baumgartner's death occurred while the volume before us was still unfinished, but so near completion that as it stands it is really his. As scholar and critic the author's high standard of uniform excellence is so widely recognized that no work of his needs commendation. This, the sixth volume of his monumental *History of the Literature of the World*, was to have been followed by four more volumes on Spanish, Portuguese, and Romance Literature; English, Flemish, and Scandinavian Literature; Slavonic and Magyar Literature; and German Literature. These will be undertaken by confrères of the deceased scholar, but it is questionable if even a group of men will bring together so rare a combination of gifts as was displayed by the originator of the series.

In nine hundred pages we are carried from the Sicilian minnesingers and the court of Frederick II. down to Ada Negri and Matilde Serao. To Fogazzaro is given fifty pages—and little sympathy. Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio are the subjects of extended critical essays; Father Baumgartner's methods being that of a rather exhaustive treatment of the great representative writers. Extracts from the authors discussed are given with fair abundance, almost uselessly in the case of a poet, for who could, with any show of success, convert rippling Italian verse into rumbling German?

The book is a fine specimen of patient and critical scholarship. As a sound and comprehensive treatment of the history of Italian letters, it leaves little to be desired that a single volume could aim to achieve.

BEACON LIGHTS, MAXIMS OF CARDINAL GIBBONS. Selected and arranged by Cora Payne Shriver. Baltimore: John Murphy Company. \$1.00.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM CARDINAL GIBBONS. Baltimore: John Murphy Company. \$1.00.

These two books are very much alike in form, in purpose, and in the spirit of their contents. As the titles indicate, they are compilations. They were made partly to show forth the mind and character of the churchman from whose writings they have been gathered, and partly to provide readers with wholesome, suggestive thoughts. A wide range of subjects is covered in both books, but the view-point remains always the same, namely, that of a devout Christian mind. The selections contained in the *Beacon Lights* have to do chiefly with the progress of the soul in the ways of perfection, while the *Words of Wisdom* deal almost entirely with the relations between men and the various institutions at work in civilized society.

DAILY READINGS FROM ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.
Compiled by J. H. A. (St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00.)
We most cordially welcome this publication, which is most suitable for spiritual reading. The compiler has an intimate knowledge of the writings of the holy Bishop of Geneva, and we feel that no further word of recommendation is needed for the little work.

BOOKS by Christian Reid are always deservedly popular, and her new story, *The Light of the Vision*, will doubtless prove no exception. In Madeleine Raynor the author has moulded an unusually lovable heroine. After divorcing her husband—for ample reason—Madeleine is looking forward to happiness in a second marriage, when conversion to the Church demands its sacrifice. Later, when her husband's death legitimately opens for her the door to happiness, she turns aside, and follows "the light of the vision" that leads her to the joy of renunciation. (Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria Press. \$1.25.)

POEMS, by Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. (Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Press. \$1.00.) It is with many a poem, and prose tale, too, that Father Blunt has brightened the pages of our magazines; and it is pleasant now to see the more permanent collection of his verses going into a second edition.

The *Poems* are, in the main, songs of Irish life and songs of faith. A quite "lovesome" grace and melody have stolen into lyrics like "Our Lady's Rose Garden"—indeed, into very many of those addressed to the Virgin—as also into the Easter ballad of Magdalene Mary. The pathos and the comedy of the Irish verses strike a more popular note; but in one or two of them, as, for instance, in the "Lament for an Irish Mother," Father Blunt has pierced through the simplicity of the commonplace to the simplicity of a sweet and elemental reality. Godspeed to the young soggarth's labors and to his songs!

THE woods are full of historical novels. A fairly good specimen is *The Fighting Blade*, by Beulah Marie Dix, the story of a young German soldier in Cromwell's army, and his love for a Royalist heiress. (New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.30 net.)

MARIAM'NE OF THE CEDARS, by Ida Helen McCarty, is a story woven around the events of Our Lord's life. The heroine is supposed to be the sinner who annointed the feet of Christ at the Last Supper. The author, evidently not a Catholic, writes reverently, and doubtless means well, but no very high praise can be accorded her work. (New York: The Shakespeare Press. \$1.20 net.)

THERE are a number of French books in which our readers may be interested, and which speak of the active work done in France in the line of Catholic instruction and defence:

Y a-t-il un Dieu? by Henri Hugon (Pierre Téqui), is a short but comprehensive collection of direct proofs that all peoples have believed in the existence of God and in the immortality of the soul, and that even those who make a practice and a boast of irreligion have not wholly let go of those truths.

J'ai Perdu la Foi! by Father Ramon Ruiz Amado, S.J., translated from the Spanish by L'Abbé Gerbeaud (Pierre Téqui), treats philosophically and scientifically of the rational foundations of religion.

Father Drexelius, court-preacher of Bavaria three hundred years ago, enjoyed a wonderful popularity throughout Central Europe. His works passed rapidly through many extraordinarily large editions, reaching in Munich alone a sale of 170,000 copies. One of his works, *Considerations sur l'Eternité*, has been recently translated by Mgr. Belet (Pierre Téqui). Judged by this work, one of four recently translated into French, the author possessed an attractive and interesting way of presenting truth. Accurate in statement and serious in purpose, he drew largely on Sacred Scripture, on history, and on biography for illustrations and examples.

Two other publications of Pierre Téqui, of Paris, *Entretiens Eucharistiques*, by L'Abbé Jean Vaudon, and *L'Education Eucharistique*, by J. C. Broussolle; and one of Lethielleux, of Paris, *Discours Eucharistiques*, give abundant material, together with helpful suggestions, for meditations or for discourses on the Blessed Sacrament. The first contains eight sermons on the Holy Eucharist, and eighteen on the Priesthood—half of the latter on the occasion of first Masses. The second consists of talks given to children preparing for their first Communion. The third is a compilation of twenty-three doctrinal discourses delivered at the Eucharistic Congresses of Jerusalem, Rheims, Paray-le-Monial, Brussels, and Lourdes. It is a particularly valuable work.

In the same class may be placed *Le Pain Evangélique*, by L'Abbé E. Duplessy (Pierre Téqui). It is a catechetical explanation of the Sunday and Holyday gospels from the First Sunday of Advent to the First Sunday of Lent. Written primarily for children, it is also highly serviceable to old folks.

L'Education Chrétienne, by M. L'Abbé Henri Le Camus (Pierre Téqui), is a series of twelve thoughtful, practical, suggestive conferences on child-training and education.

A thorough, critical, and impartial examination of the textbooks condemned by the French Bishops in 1909, together with a refutation of their chief errors, is given in *Ce qui on Enseigne aux Enfants*, by J. Bricout (Letouzey et Ané). The book shows clearly, by copious citations from their works, that those authors, and the educational authorities who selected their books for use in the public schools of France, are wholly unjust and dishonest in their treatment of the Church, and are almost incredibly irreligious in their spirit and purpose.

Foreign Periodicals.

Anglican Orders. By Rev. Sydney F. Smith. An opportune review, in the light of the recent publication of some contemporary records, of Leo XIII.'s decision against Anglican Orders. Lord Halifax and Abbé Portal, in their desire for union between Rome and England, hit on the question of these orders as a starting point by which the Pope could show his willingness to entertain proposals of reunion. They had persuaded Cardinal Rampolla and Pope Leo that the English Church was thoroughly Catholic at heart, and the Pope was on the point of writing a personal letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, when Cardinal Vaughan arrived on the scene. He and Abbot Gasquet were able to show conclusively that the great body of Anglicans would never accept the fundamental dogma of papal supremacy. The publication of the work of Lord Halifax may be looked upon as the final word on the question from the Anglican side.—*The Month*, April.

A Forward Movement in Social Work. By Rev. T. Wright. Social Reform is defined as Catholicism in action; practical Christianity; the search for the Kingdom of God and His justice; the fulfillment of the second commandment of the Law. The author welcomes the Social programme of Bishop Keating of Northampton, embracing the Living Wage, Housing Problem, Trade Unions, Poor Law Reform, etc. He then points out the necessity of organization, which he thinks will probably come through the activities of the Catholic Social Guild.—*The Month*, May.

The Uniats in Galicia. By N. A certain Count Vladimir Bobrinsky recently wrote at length to the London *Times* deliberately charging the Poles of Galicia with persecuting the Ruthenian peasants of that section. Their political superiors have oppressed these poor people, so he claims, in every way to prevent their joining the Orthodox Russian Church. Nevertheless, he says, whole villages have seceded from Rome. As a matter of fact, the Poles are in a minority in Eastern Hungary, and any oppression is due to Masonic politicians. And where the Poles are powerful, they are bitterly opposed to the Uniat Church. The loyalty of the Uniats to Rome may be guessed from the bravery with which they have borne persecution in Russia.—*The Month*, May.

The Question of the Hour. This article is a study of Irish Home Rule, now being hotly debated in the English Parliament. The Act of Union of 1800 was passed by buying the English and Scotch vote in Ireland. The consequent misrule excited the indignation even of some of the Protestant Irish, such as Grattan, Burke, Lecky, and the Lord Chancellor, Plunket.

The question resolves itself to-day into a religious one. All the important political offices are held by Protestants, and in the North of Ireland the Orange Society holds full sway, while the expenses for conducting the different departments of the National Government in Ireland are greater than those of England or Scotland.

The answers of the Protestants as to why they are opposed to Home Rule may be divided into three classes: (1) That the country would be ruined by a Parliament at Dublin; (2) Racial differences make a just Home Rule impossible. They (the Protestants) are always Scotch or English, and do not wish to be governed by the Irish; (3) They are Protestants and do not wish to be governed by Rome. The article deals at length with Mr. Hocking's book, *Is Home Rule, Rome Rule?* (London, 1912.) It is well known that Mr. Joseph Hocking was sent by the Protestants of Ulster to Ireland to investigate the question. Mr. Hocking's long-standing anti-Catholic animus is equally well-known. He reviews all the questions that have been so bitterly debated; yet Mr. Hocking, as a result of his investigations, became a convert to the cause of Home Rule, and asserted that there was no intolerance of Protestants on the part of Catholics. Nevertheless mass meetings are being held in Belfast, and leaders, such as Sir E. Carson, are urging the Protestants to begin a civil war in case of the passing of the Home Rule Bill. And, in Ulster, the Protestants are organizing for battle. Their newspapers bear the motto, "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right." Their columns are filled with denunciations of the Pope, the Jesuits, etc., and the reiteration of their determination to fight to a finish. Yet the so-called Loyalists do not hesitate to sing, "God save the King."—*Le Correspondant*, April 25.

A Sea Disaster. The writer, Edgar de Geoffroy, reviews the growth in tonnage and length of ocean vessels from the time of the *Great Eastern* to that of the *Titanic*. The palatial furnishings and equipment of the latter are described in detail. The author gives also an account of various recent disasters at sea—the

sinking of the *Republic*, and the collision of the *Hawke* and the *Olympic* (sister-ship to the *Titanic*) off Southampton on Sept. 20, 1911. The writer is a French naval engineer, is an ardent believer in submarine signalling, which he thinks should be installed in all ocean-liners. Such apparatus, he claims, would leave no doubt in the mind of the captain of the vessel summoned as to the direction which he ought to take to give aid. Had this been installed on the *Titanic*, the writer believes that all on board would have been saved.—*Le Correspondant*, April 25.

Schemes for Colonizing. The history of France's endeavors to colonize Northern Africa is presented in this article by Raymond Aynard. At the time of the Second Empire, in order to rid Paris of its vagrants and poor, schemes were devised to induce them to emigrate to Algiers. Again those Frenchmen, who after the Franco-Prussian War lived under the German rule, were also encouraged to settle in Africa. The history and outcome up to date are reviewed.—*Le Correspondant*, April 25.

Greek Philosophy and Christianity. By Dunin-Borkowsky, S.J. There is a tendency on the part of some in our day to speak of the "Hellenizing of Christianity," and to imply that Christianity was indebted to Greek philosophy for the origin and development of some of its dogmas. Textual critics of St. Paul and St. John present at times plausible arguments for such a plea, but they fail to see and understand that it is but natural for writers to use, as far as possible, the language best understood by their hearers, so long as there is no danger of misunderstanding the truth to be conveyed. The real scientific searcher does not interpret similarities as necessary dependancies. Movements and tendencies influence the preacher of Christian truth, yet such influence does not impair the integrity of his preaching, nor substantially influence him in the delivery of his message. The article is to be continued.—*Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, No. 4.

Short Hours and Increased Production. By H. Koch, S.J. The invention of machinery led many to forget a law of nature—that man's powers need time to recuperate. Desire to get the highest interest from capital invested led employers to demand nineteen or even twenty hours of labor out of the twenty-four. J. S. Mill, Hume, and Ricardo advocated long hours; they were opposed by

Smith, Mörser, and Owen. The state took the matter into its hands, and limited the hours to ten or twelve. Capitalists have repeatedly objected to a shortening of hours, claiming that shorter hours meant less production. After scientific investigation, it has been found that just the opposite is the case.—*Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, No. 4.

Protestantism and Liberty. By G. Bourguine. The author opposes de Laveleye, who attributed to the democratic inspiration of the Reformation the prosperity, order, and liberty of many Protestant countries of the present day. In the Middle Ages were laid the foundations of modern liberties. The Italian Republics enjoyed so great a freedom that it sometimes became license. England possessed its Magna Charta; France had no need of the Reformation to develop the germs of liberty and social order already vigorously sprouting. The reaction of Luther and his supporters against the peasants, who had followed his own principles, reduced the lower class to servitude. In 1692 Lord Molesworth wrote: "All the people of the Protestant countries have lost their liberty since they changed their religion." In Calvinistic countries a less complete despotism was engendered on account of certain internal antagonisms. In England the poor were robbed, and, through certain laws of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, could be made the slaves of the magistrates. Even in the United States, while the religion of a particular colony was distinctively Protestant, liberty was denied. In later times Catholics were among the foremost in securing it.—*Revue du Clergé Français*, April 15.

Catholic Ethics of Taxation. By J. F. Hogan, D.D. The State has the right to levy taxes for the promotion of the common good. Catholic writers simply "demand justice, moderation, proportion, precision, sufficient publicity, and economy in collection." As a rule, however, the Church is loath to fix the amount, object or incidence of the tax. Income, excise, graduated, and inheritance taxes, are all allowable. Even taxation of the unearned increment may be just. But it should be applied to all such increase, whether of railways, professional practice, or land.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, April.

Work of the Catholic Workingmen's "Circles." By M. Charles Calippe. Within the last two years Count Albert de Mun has revived these "circles" or clubs. They were first established

by M. Le Prevost, a co-worker of Frederick Ozanam. Deeply impressed by the misery he noticed among the laboring classes, he attributed its cause to the industrial conditions of the time. Under his inspiration there grew up an organization to remedy the evils then existing, to add a new work of mercy to the seven corporal works, *i. e.*, the prevention of the evils with which they deal. The new organization became known as the "Catholic Workingmen's Circle of Mont-Parnasse." Its new director, M. Maurice Maignen, made the acquaintance of Count René de la Tour du Pin-Chambly, who introduced him to Count Albert de Mun. These two soldiers later took up the work, broadening its scope, and making the "Circles," in addition to being schools for the study and practical solution of social questions in the light of Catholic doctrine, kinds of forums for the meeting and harmonious coöperation of employers and employed. The work prospered and multiplied for a time, but on account of divergences of opinion among its leaders, of social polemics, and political discussions, the organization disintegrated. But during its fifteen years sleep its ideas continued to work their way in the minds of many, until about a year ago Count de Mun was able to awaken it and give it new inspiration, and now the work gives promise of a career most productive of excellent results.—*Revue du Clergé Français*, May 1.

The Criminal and Pain. In the judgment of most people, the punishment inflicted on a criminal should be of a remedial nature. According to J. Verdier, such an opinion is a dangerous one. In his present article he advances the reasons for his conclusion.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, April 15.

The Encyclopedia of Islam. By Jean Calès. Professor Houtsma, of the University of Utrecht, with the assistance of the principal Orientalists of the world, is publishing a thorough and scholarly encyclopedia of things Mohammedan. It is to be printed in English, French, and German. Though called *A Geographical, Ethnographical, and Biographical Dictionary of the Mussulman Races*, it embraces religious and literary questions too. The eleventh fascicule, carrying the work down to Bedel-i'-Askeri, has just appeared. Under Allah, Duncan B. Macdonald gives an interesting sketch of development of the idea of God among Mussulmans. Previous to Mahomet, Allah was the supreme god surrounded by lesser deities. The great service of Mahomet was to insist upon God's

unity. As time went on three schools arose in Mahommedan theology: the traditionalist, which was content with the Koran and certain other sayings of the Prophet; the rationalist; and the mystical, which supplemented the Koran by private revelation. The articles are said to be of general appeal, and to be written without bias.—*Études*, April 20.

Revue Thomiste (March-April): *A Model of Scholastic Exposition*, by T. Richard. The form of St. Thomas' presentation largely accounts for his supreme rank as a Doctor of the Church.—*Modernist Philosophy*, by R. P. Cazes, O.P. This fourth article deals with agnosticism.—*Art and Apologetics*, by R. P. Marlheus, O.P., treats of the latest International Exposition of Christian Art at the Louvre.

Le Correspondant (April 10): *The Tripolitan Delusion*, by Vte. Combes de Lestrade, discusses conditions in Italy and Tripoli due to annexation.—*Victor Hugo et Sainte-Beuve*, by Léon Séché.—*The Landscape Artist, Théodore Rousseau*, by Léandre Vaillat, contrasts Rousseau's work with that of Millet.—J. Bricout reviews a recent life of Mgr. d'Hulst.—*A New Book on Mozart*, by Michel Brinet, is a laudatory review of a biography of the noted composer by T. de Wyzewa and G. de Saint Foix.

(April 25): Jean Monval reviews the letters of François Coppée to his sister, Annette. They show great attachment and contain striking descriptions of the continental cities visited. *The Golden Key*, by Charles de Moüy, is the beginning of a new novel which deals with diplomatic circles.—Nelly Mellin reviews the romantic courtship of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning as gleaned from their letters.

Revue du Clergé Français (April 15): *The Redemption in Modern Thought*, by J. Rivière. A sketch of various theories held by Anglican writers.—*Abyssinia and the Primacy of Rome*, by P. Godet. Abyssinia admits the supremacy of Rome, but separated from her on the theory that the Roman Church fell into heresy in the controversy regarding the wills and the Person of Christ.—*Jesus or Paul*, by L. Cl. Fillion, refutes modern critics who maintain that St. Paul introduced a new world religion, and forced a novel interpretation of the work of our Lord as the Messiah upon mankind.

Recent Events.

France.

For many months, something like a reign of terror has been caused by a gang of bandits.

Motor-car bandits they are called, because in one or two cases they have made use of motor-cars to reach and escape from the scene of their robberies. These were committed in open daylight, and were accompanied by murder, not merely of the owners of the goods seized, but of passers-by in the open streets. For several weeks every effort to discover the guilty parties proved fruitless. At last, however, the leader was discovered. But for his capture not merely the police, but numbers of sappers, engineers, and of the Garde Républicaine had to give their services. Even then it was only after he had been fatally wounded, and had held his enemies at bay for some six or eight hours, that the leader of the band was captured. Almost a page of this magazine might be filled with a list of the crimes which have recently been committed. Even the press, which is in favor of the secular education to which the present generation of Frenchmen has been subjected, is beginning to ask what is the cause of its manifest failure. By one paper advanced democrats are warned that the kind of popular instruction which encourages human pride, though one of the sources of human progress, has sometimes a perilous effect in producing wild ideas. The more ambitious democracies are, the more strict ought they to be in the enforcement of the law. Greater strictness is in fact needed, for in France long delays between arrest and conviction often occur, and what is called humanitarianism has greatly influenced both judges and juries. Of course the real cause is the widespread irreligion. This naturally involves the fruits of the flesh—the violence of *sabotage* and of the *apâches*, debauchery, depopulation, and, most notable of all, alcoholism. The drinking of absinthe has made France the most drunken nation on earth. For large numbers of the people there is no law of God to confront human passions, and hence, as a prominent Frenchman lately said: "We are making for the pit." Her novelists, her artists, her professors, and men of science, seem powerless to save her.

The cordiality of the relations existing between Great Britain

and France was shown by the fêtes which were held on the occasion of the inauguration of statues to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. in the South of France. For the first time recorded in history a British military force—the Naval Brigade—marched in peaceful association on French soil in the company of French troops. Ministers, Senators, and Deputies from all parts assembled to do honor to the memory of the two British monarchs. M. Poincaré, the Prime Minister, made speeches at the two celebrations, in which he paid a warm tribute to the Queen and the King, attributing to the latter a great share in the removal of the misunderstandings which formerly existed between France and Great Britain. To his influence, constitutionally exercised, was largely due the friendly coöperation between the two countries, which has made the balance of power in Europe less insecure and peace less precarious. The fact that the Prince of Wales, King George's eldest son, has been sent to France to perfect his study of the language, forms an additional bond of friendship of the two countries.

The treaty with the Sultan of Morocco, recently signed at Fez, establishes the protectorate of France over the whole of that country, with the exception of the zone which is reserved to Spain. The exact extent of this region, and the precise relations between it and that under more direct French control, have been the subject of the long-protracted negotiations not yet concluded. The Sultan's authority will be nominally preserved, but he is precluded from entering into any contract, direct or indirect, from making any public or private loan, and from granting in any form whatever any concession, without the authorization of the French government. The right is given to France, to effect the military occupation of any part of the Moroccan territory, which it considers necessary for the maintenance of order, or the security of commerce.

The mutiny of the troops of the Sultan, which took place at Fez a few weeks after the signing of this treaty, might be thought to indicate their dissatisfaction at the loss of their country's independence. But even the soldiers of an absolute ruler like the Sultan have lost all sense of patriotism. Their revolt was due merely to personal grievances. It has had the effect, however, of leading the government to make a change in policy generally adopted. The Resident-General recently appointed belongs to the rank of the military, not of the civil servants of the State, and will consequently be better fitted to keep the country under strict control. Such control may be necessary, not merely on account of the unruliness of

the Moors, but to correct certain abuses which have been permitted for some time. Native chiefs, who have rendered services to France, have been allowed to repay themselves for these services by extortion, and by pillaging the lands of their fellow-countrymen. In some cases this policy was extended, and even permitted, to Frenchmen on the same grounds. Confidence is felt in the new Resident General, that he will put an end to these unjust proceedings, and make reparation for the wrong that has been done.

Germany.

The Defence Bills, which involve so large an increase of expenditure upon the Army and Navy, have been referred to the consideration of the Budget Committee, by which, with closed doors, the details of the Bills will be discussed. The feeling in their favor was so strong that no division was taken, even the Socialists offering no opposition at this stage. The government hopes that the large increase of expenditure involved will not necessitate any increase of taxation. A certain re-adjustment of the duties on spirits is the only change proposed. The balance is found by giving a higher estimate of the yield of the taxes already in existence—an estimate thought by many high authorities altogether too sanguine. Other questions of a less material character have excited considerable attention. The repeal of the law for the expulsion of the Jesuits has been talked of. The Centre, the Poles, and the Socialists, who are strong enough, if united, to effect this, are said to have agreed upon this course. It is not, of course, from any love for the Jesuits that the Social Democrats are willing to recall them. It is because they object to any laws which impose exceptional penalties upon German subjects. In another form the question of the Jesuits has been raised. The law of 1872 excluded them from Germany, but did not absolutely forbid individual activity, the Federal Council having interpreted this law as forbidding all corporate activity, “especially in church and school.” The new Bavarian government proposes to interpret the activity permitted in a wider and more liberal sense. This interpretation is held to be in conflict with the interpretation of the law held in Prussia, and with the regulations of the Federal Council. Considerable opposition has arisen, and the Bavarian government has had to refer the question to the Federal Council, with which body rests the right to give an authoritative interpretation of the law.

The double capacity of the Emperor, both as head of the Army

and the Evangelical Church, places His Majesty in a somewhat difficult position. As head of the Church he is called upon to condemn the practice of duelling, while as head of the Army he is required by its regulations to visit with certain penalties those who refuse to fight. The question has been raised through the refusal of a Catholic officer to challenge a person who had wronged him. The Minister of War in the Reichstag stated that an officer who, on these grounds, refused to fight should not be brought before a Court of Honor, but that such a man does not belong to the social circles of the Corps of Officers. This statement called forth the long and prolonged protests of the Centre and the Left. The Minister of War's statement was based upon a Cabinet Order signed by the Emperor two years ago. The spokesman of the Centre declared that this procedure deprived Catholics of their lawful rights. *The Germania*, a Catholic organ, declared it to be the duty of Christian officers to pay more regard to God than to men, whether those men were Ministers of War or something still higher. The Minister of War subsequently modified and corrected the terms of his statement, but adhered to the substance of it. The Cabinet Order represented, he said, the views which always prevailed, and still prevail in the German army. The refusal to fight a duel was so sharply opposed to the views of the Army, and in wide circles outside it, that officers who refused in a given case placed themselves in an impossible antagonism to the deepest conviction of their comrades. Duelling he regarded as an evil, but it was impossible to stop it by force. The Centre party insists that the present state of things calls for a fresh expression of the will of the Emperor.

It is not easy to discern any noticeable improvement in the relations between Germany and Great Britain. The Defence Bills make it evident that Germany is determined to rely only on the strong arm. The British Premier declared that the relations between the two governments were on such a footing as to enable them to discuss in a frank and friendly way matters of mutual interest. If that amounted to an amicable understanding, it had been achieved, and would, he trusted and believed, be continued. The idea entertained by some Germans, and common among soldiers, that Great Britain is preparing for a preventive war is being more and more recognized to have no foundation. There are doubtless those in England who would be willing to strike a blow while the German navy is comparatively weak, but the vast majority is altogether opposed to such a proceeding.

Austria-Hungary.

The new Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, the successor of Count Aehrenthal, has made his first statement—a statement which is considered pleasingly honest in tone. He affirmed his loyalty to the principles of his predecessor, in whose footsteps he proposed to tread. The Triple Alliance is to be maintained in its spirit, its letter, in the ideal of peace for which it was made. With the German Empire the relations are those of the most intimate agreement. With Italy the alliance of the closest kind is to be maintained. Continued efforts, notwithstanding the recent repulse, will be made to mediate between Italy and Turkey to bring the war to an end. Adhesion is given to the Balkan *status quo*, although some misgiving is expressed as to the results of the extension of Italian naval action to the Aegean. With Russia, France, and Great Britain good relations exist, and are to be fostered. It is with Turkey that lies the chief point of interest; with it the traditional neighboring friendliness is to be maintained, and every effort made to avoid or to limit complications. The Foreign Minister's view of the Monarchy's foreign affairs was "in general not unfavorable," although he felt it to be his duty to point out that a great change had been wrought in the system of international relations, by the British abandonment of splendid isolation, by the entrance of Japan into an European alliance, by the Russo-Japanese settlements, and by the establishment of extensive spheres of influence in Africa and Asia. Thus complications of international relationships created points of friction, and brought an element of unrest into foreign affairs. The Dual Monarchy had no aggressive policy, no ideas of expansion, but because it was situated geographically in the midst of military States, he felt it necessary to appeal to the delegations to grant the means to strengthen the army and the navy. It is curious to notice the same contradictory line of argument in all the appeals made to European Parliaments. The prospect is all peaceful: no anxiety need be felt, but the armies and the navies must be increased.

In spite of all his efforts, Count Khuen Hedervary was unable to maintain his position as Premier, and has had to give place to Dr. Lukacs, who held in his Cabinet the Ministry of Finance. The new Cabinet is almost of the same composition as its predecessor. The factious character of Hungarian politics is shown by the fact that the Emperor's threat to abdicate was treated as a political dodge, or at least the use which was made of that threat by the Count. What the new Premier will be able to do is very hard to

see. On the one hand, as to the Army, he has the Crown insisting on its prerogatives, and on the other the Parliament on its rights. The Universal Suffrage Bill is demanded by one group, and as stoutly (although stealthily) resisted by another. The destruction by decree of constitutional government in Croatia has stirred up all the Serbs, both within and outside the Dual Monarchy, to the most embittered opposition. Every party seems bent in seeking its own interests, rather than the good of the country; or, as commonly happens, identifying the country's best interests with those of the party.

Russia.

The highest authority, the Premier himself, has recently declared that the idea of popular representation has taken a firm root in the national consciousness of Russia, and that no one will to-day think of returning to the old system of legislation. This result he attributed to the excellent work accomplished by the third Duma. No longer did anyone of the men engaged in the government dream of returning to the old order of things, or strive to thwart the work which had been begun on the Emperor's initiative. The third Duma had not, of course, been able to settle all pending questions, but it had done a valuable preparatory work, which must be taken up by the Duma which is now beginning its sessions. Of this work commercial treaties, and the development of commerce, would be an important part. Free trade, however, is not to be a means to this end; on the contrary, the future, he was convinced, belonged to protection.

Since the conclusion of the war with Japan, there has been a progressive increase in the material prosperity of the Empire. The government has succeeded in remodelling the economic life of the country. This year, for the first time, the Budget has exceeded the sum of fifteen hundred millions of dollars, and although expenditure has increased, equilibrium is not endangered. For the third time, in fact, there is no deficit. The five years labors of the Duma have resulted in receipts exceeding expenditure by more than five hundred millions of dollars. A larger proportion of the increased expenditure has been used for education and natural development than for the army and navy. Special efforts are being made to develop the resources of the country, and for the fostering of good relations, political, social, and economic, with Great Britain. The visit paid at the end of last February to Russia by a party of Englishmen, formed the occasion for the manifestation of the

friendly feelings now existing between the two countries. Nothing could exceed the warmth of the reception given by the hosts, or the satisfaction felt by the guests. Every effort is being made to promote that extension of education which the conditions of modern life render necessary. A Bill has been passed by the Duma, and accepted by the Council of the Empire, although in a greatly modified form, for introducing general elementary education throughout the empire.

There are, however, certain unsolved questions which still have to be faced. Among these the treatment of the Finns seems the most likely to give trouble. A Bill has been passed to give to Russian subjects, who are not Finnish citizens, the same rights in Finland as the local citizens. This Bill is declared by the Finns to be in conflict with Finnish laws and the Finnish Constitution, in conflict, in fact, with what the Tsar had himself recognized as an irrevocable fundamental law. A Commission, too, has been appointed to draw up a programme for Imperial legislation concerning Finland. The subjects embraced in this programme are very numerous, and it would seem that if carried into effect, a very small share of legislation will be left to the Finnish Diet. The Finnish Pilot and Lighthouse Department has been by decree made subordinate to the Russian Ministry of Marine. A large number of pilots at once resigned. These and other proceedings of the Russian government have embittered the feelings of the Finnish people. The Diet passed a solemn protest, calling upon the Tsar to reverse a policy which gives precedence to might over right, and which is standing in the way of peaceful development of Finland's prosperity. The Poles, too, have been experiencing the effects of the new zeal of the Russian Nationalists, but have not suffered to the same degree.

A recent strike at the Lena gold fields makes it evident that while there has been a considerable improvement in the Russian methods, these methods cannot yet be looked upon as reaching a civilized standard. On this occasion some three thousand miners went on strike for reasons recognized as perfectly just. With scarcely any warning the troops shot dead on the spot one hundred and seven of these strikers. Of the wounded eighty-four have since died, leaving some two hundred and ten more suffering from more or less serious wounds. The Press has made a great outcry; one of the papers calling attention to the fact that in England a strike had taken place of more than a million of men, which had lasted

several weeks, while not a shot had been fired nor a single man injured. The intense reprobation expressed by the public shows that it is not the Russian people, but the government that is to blame. All sections, save the Extreme Right, both inside and outside the Duma, have united in deploring and censuring the method adopted by the authorities as belonging to another age, and as unworthy of a civilized government.

M. Sazonoff, the successor of M. Isvolsky as Foreign Minister, having recovered from his illness, a few weeks ago made before the Duma an exposition of the foreign policy of the Empire. A remarkable feature of this policy is to be found in the fact that it contains nothing new to those acquainted with the lines on which that policy has of late been conducted. The old adventurous methods, and often disastrous novelties, have happily passed away. This is the peculiar merit of the present *régime*. All desires for dismembering Persia are disclaimed. Help, in fact, is being given, along with Great Britain, to the Persian government to organize a small army, and to establish her finances. An assurance has been given to the Teheran Cabinet that the Russian troops will be withdrawn as soon as order is restored. The alliance with France and the Entente with Great Britain are re-affirmed, while with Germany the existing good relations are to be maintained. With Austria-Hungary a better understanding has been reached. Confidence is expressed that Italy will confine the war within such limits that the Balkan States will not be brought into the conflict. The *status quo* in the Balkan States is to be maintained. Our own is the only country between whom and Russia a conflict exists. M. Sazonoff evoked the approval of his hearers by declaring that Russia would not tolerate interference in her internal affairs. When the Dardanelles were bombarded by Italy, it was surmised by many that an understanding, or perhaps even an agreement for common action, had been arrived at with Italy. For this, however, there seems to be no real foundation.

Turkey.

In the conflict with Italy, not only the Turks, but the Arabs, their often unwilling subjects, have shown an undaunted front. There has been no sign of hesitation, or of divided counsels. The only regret that has been felt is that no opportunity has been offered of meeting the enemy on land. At sea the Turks are so weak as to make resistance hopeless. The wonder is that not merely the sub-

ject-races in Macedonia, but also the independent States, Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, have made no effort to take advantage of the existing situation. This is due, doubtless, to the pressure brought upon them by the Great Powers, and to the restriction, up to within a recent date, of the sphere of the conflict. Whether the extension of the operations to the Aegean will lead to a change cannot at present be foretold.

The peaceful attitude that has been maintained in Macedonia may be due to the work of a Commission of Reforms that has been sent by the Turkish government for the redress of the grievances to which these races have so long been subjected. These have been so great that even the warmest friends of the new *régime* in Turkey have become disheartened. The Balkan Committee in April issued a Manifesto which states that it had incontrovertible evidence of outrages on a large and increasing scale in Macedonia and Albania. The novel and most sinister aspect of these outrages was the implication in them of Government officials. Under Abdul Hamid the murders were indeed more numerous, but his government, the Committee think, was less responsible. The existing authorities are warned that unless real reforms are adopted and carried out, the agitation will be revived to establish international control, and for the forcible supersession of Turkish rule. This Manifesto of the Balkan Committee has been reinforced by an appeal of the Internal Macedonian Committee, which has renewed its activity. The appeal states that the sufferings of the Christians in Turkey bid to surpass even the Hamidian record. "The population is at the mercy of innumerable lord-tyrants. Plunders, murders, abduction, and violation of women and children, are of daily occurrence. The laws of the land are a dead letter. . . . the assassination of leading Bulgarians has become a regular system." The peasants are driven from their lands in order that Moslem immigrants may be introduced. A striking feature of the situation is that the Christians are better educated than the Turks. This fact makes the latter afraid of their progress and the increase of their power. This affords the real reason for the adoption of the brutal means just mentioned.

In the elections which have been taking place for the new Parliament, the chief question at issue has been whether an end is to be put to the unconstitutional domination, not only of the legislature, but also of the executive, which has been practiced so long by the Committee of Union and Progress. To its arbitrary proceedings,

for the Ottomanization of all races, is due the oppression to which those races have been subjected under the new *régime*. A Liberal party has come into existence in opposition to the Committee. It has, however, met with but little success in the contest that has just taken place. The Committee of Union and Progress has made every effort to maintain its position, and these efforts have been so effectually supported by the authorities that there has been no real freedom to vote. Constitutional government is rather a name in Turkey than a reality. In Crete there has been a revival of the efforts to effect the long-desired union with Greece. For a time something like chaos has prevailed in the Island, the government having resigned. For a brief interval no one was found willing to rule. A provisional executive was at last formed. Delegates to the Greek Parliament were chosen, but when they set out for Athens a British war vessel seized the ship upon which they had embarked, and took it back to the Island. The Powers, who have undertaken to "protect" the Island, threaten to take possession of it for a second time if the Cretans do not desist from their attempt to send delegates to Athens. The Greek government is giving no encouragement to these efforts. The meeting of Parliament has been adjourned in hopes that a settlement of the question may be found.

Persia.

On Mr. Shuster's departure from Teheran, Russia and Great Britain addressed a note to the Cabinet, in which they offered to advance to Persia a million of dollars at seven per cent interest, for the purpose of restoring order in the country, upon the condition that the government should spend the money under the control of the new Treasurer-General, and with the approval of the Russian and British Legations. In return for this none too generous help, the two governments required, among other things, an undertaking from Persia to act in conformity with the principles of the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907—a convention which had hitherto been treated by the Persians as an impertinent interference with the affairs of their country. This convention, however, gives expression to the intention of the parties between whom it is made to respect the integrity and independence of Persia. After some hesitation, the Teheran Cabinet recognized the necessity of kissing the rod that has been smiting them. By accepting the proffered million, and giving the required assurances, Persia becomes by this act a party to the Anglo-Russian Convention, and will shape its

policy according to its principles. Its constitutional experiment has so far left the country with an empty treasury, nor have any of the old problems been solved; in fact they have become more difficult of solution. Anarchy exists in many parts. The authorities have proved themselves unable to enforce the elementary rights which are necessary for the existence of human society. The money just borrowed is for the purpose of forming a small army to repress the existing disorder. Whether this purpose will be carried out, is not at all certain. Those who claim to be well acquainted with the situation denounce the highest officials as corrupt to the core, greedy seekers of their own personal advantage, and utterly indifferent to the well-being of the country. The constitutional experiment seemed for a time to be at an end, for although new elections have been promised, there was no sign of any real intention to hold them. But recently it has been announced that elections will be held in certain districts. The ex-Shah has taken his departure, but his brother, Salar-ed-Dowleh, who has a large following, and is in possession of a considerable district, has announced his intention to found a vassal state in Western Persia. No attention is he paying to the advice given him by Russia and Great Britain, that he should leave the country. His forces have in fact been gaining ground against those of the government. Strange to say the Regent it is who proposed to depart from Persia, being dismayed at the difficulties of the situation. He has, however, been prevailed on to remain. Unfortunately, in spite of his Oxford education, he, or at least his government, has reverted to the wonted vices of an absolute ruler. A series of arbitrary arrests has taken place of members of the late Mejliss and other constitutional leaders. As no agitation is in progress, the arrests appear to be due to personal vindictiveness. The Regent, it is said, is obsessed by the idea that plots are being made against his life. It looks as if, taking account of all that has recently occurred, the era of liberty and independence, of which the country has had a short dream, was on the point of departing. To use the words of a Persian: "We have been like the thieves that found themselves in heaven—we have looted Paradise instead of living in it."

China.

Little progress has been made in the restoration of order in China. Opinions differ as to the prospects for the future. The first need is money. The revolution was mainly due to the military

forces; and now that their efforts have been successful, they have become exacting—they are not willing, even for the good of the country, to disband without being paid. In default of payment, they have been guilty of many outrages in various parts. For the purpose of satisfying the demands of the soldiers, the government secured a loan. The Powers, however, with whom China had already entered into an engagement, declared this loan to be a breach of that engagement. Negotiations have been proceeding for some time, and it is reported, although the reports are somewhat contradictory, that an arrangement satisfactory to all parties has at last been made—an arrangement which will put at China's disposal the requisite funds.

An Advisory Council, which is a feature of the new order in China, has recently been opened. This Council is to consist of representatives of all the provinces of the Empire, and of Mongolia, Tibet, and Kokonor. Among its members were many Chinese who had been educated in Japan, and several graduates of our own universities. The opening ceremony made a great impression; the character of the assembly appearing such a contrast to the antiquated reactionaries who have for so long a time misgoverned the country. The opening address of the President of the Republic, Yuan Shih-Kai, was worthy of the occasion. Nothing so statesmanlike has ever yet been heard in China. He reviewed the present day conditions, and outlined the pressing reforms essential for the country's welfare. He urged the necessity of strengthening friendly relations with foreign powers; the necessity of reforming land taxation and revising mining regulations; of improving education, legal procedure, and means of communication; advised the employment of foreign experts in reforming finance, agriculture, and forestry. While great difficulties undoubtedly stand in the way of the new government, arising from the lawlessness recently manifested by the troops, persons intimately acquainted with the country see no reason to fear that they are irremediable. The situation is getting under control; the forces tending to consolidation are thought to be infinitely stronger than those making for disintegration.

With Our Readers.

THEORY and practice are oftentimes inconsistent, but we have seldom seen a more glaring example of opposition between the two than that given in the Presbyterian organ, *The Continent*, of April 18, 1912. Practice is shown in the account of how certain Ruthenian Catholics in Newark, N. J., were robbed of the faith most dear to them by the machinations of a minister of the gospel, Dr. Lusk. His unabashed confession of duplicity is equalled only by the evident approval of a journal of the high standing of *The Continent*. We give below under "Practice" *The Continent's* account of Dr. Lusk's process. Under "Theory" we place some extracts from a praiseworthy contribution to the same number of *The Continent* from the pen of Dr. Jowett. Dr. Jowett's own words are a sufficient commentary on Dr. Lusk's statement.

PRACTICE.

THAT RUTHENIAN MASS AND THE OUTCOME.

If anybody of consequence has been disturbed by published complaints about Catholic services held in a Presbyterian mission in Newark, New Jersey, he will assuredly feel his fears allayed by the simple but sufficient explanation which Dr. Lusk, Newark Presbytery's statesmanlike superintendent of extension work, put into the annual report distributed to congregations of the presbytery Easter morning:

"For over two years I have had the oversight of the Ruthenian work. When I first knew them they were using the service of the Old Church from which they came. I made myself familiar with the service and the customs and the peculiarities of the people. I saw it would not do to start a revolution, but rather a process of elimination. I had learned from experience how deep-seated and strong are religious prejudices. I knew that the customs of generations were not easily given up.

"So we advanced step by step—one thing after another was thrown out. It was a rather slow process, but it went steadily on. I gave no ear to the critics, but held fast to the purpose and the object to be attained. We were assailed—savagely assailed—by the emissaries of the Old Church, and they did not hesitate to enlist with them some who bear our own name.

"But there was some friendly advice also. A professor in one of our best and most orthodox theological seminaries wrote me to make haste slowly, and not too rapidly cut these people off from the things that had meant so much to them. However, I pressed forward just as rapidly as I thought was wise.

"What is the result? Why, this: To-day we have a thoroughly Christian and Protestant service. The minister faces the people; he wears a black gown like other Presbyterian ministers; and the reformed service only is used—this is a service with everything distinctly Catholic eliminated.

"These people deserve our encouragement. They are studying their Bibles. They knew no Bible in the Old Church. If we have faith in the old book we should trust it here.

"It took over seven years in Canada to get these people away from their darkness; in Newark we have been at the work less than half that time, and many of them are now walking in the light. These people are facing toward the light. Give them a chance to advance! Besides, they came to us; we did not seek them."

THEORY.

. THE FUTILE WEAVER.

"Their webs shall not become garments." These words were spoken of an intensely busy people.....We see men making haste. All is significant of a restless people abounding in feverish activity. But the activity is possessed by no holy inspiration. It is pervaded by the spirit of falsehood. Its creations are built upon lies and perverseness. "None calleth for justice, nor any pleadeth for truth.".....All their goings are governed by subtlety and publicity.they are a busy people: always on the go, the shuttles of activity never silent.....But an evil spirit sits at the loom.

"Your webs shall not become garments," thus saith the Lord. There shall be a momentous stop in the process. The work of the weaver shall be futile. There shall be a tragic lack of attainment. It shall fail just when it seemed about to succeed. The preliminaries may be successfully accomplished, the initial stages may be safely passed, the ultimate triumph may be in sight, but it shall never be reached. The shuttles have been cleverly handled, the strands have been woven, but "their webs shall not become garments, neither shall they cover themselves with their works." Busy weavers indeed! But the spirit of iniquity is in the loom, and at the end of the long day there shall be no strong garments to clothe the weaver and to shield him from the judgment of shame.....our fabric may be power, but the power obtained by subterfuge will not clothe us with the garments of peace.....if we have woven it with deceitfulness and treachery, it shall never clothe us in the fine, satisfying habit of enduring joy. The things we wanted will never arrive. It may seem as though they are coming nearer, but we shall never meet.

And thus it is that all iniquity ends in exposure, the exposure of the naked soul to the blasts of judgment. Falsehood fails in the long run. It cannot possibly win. It can never perfect its purpose. Its really finished work is death. In the last stages it faints and falls. "The wicked shall not stand in the judgment." All its gayly designed purposes, all its clever means and expediences, all its seeming accomplishments, shall fall into wreck and confusion, like a house whose foundation has not been "truly laid," a house built upon rottenness and iniquity. In the moment of apparent final triumph weakness topples over into disorder and desolation. It is a matter of sanity to weave the fabric of our lives with sound and healthy thread. Rotten strands never pay. A lie is a costly expedient. One bit of crookedness affects the stability of the entire building. Falsehood has very remote influences. We may think we have left it far behind. We may even forget it. We may go on with our building, but the evil thing reappears in the insecurity of the entire pile. Or, to return to the figure of the prophet, if we weave with rotten threads our webs shall never become garments.

Somewhere or other we meet our God, and in that crisis every man's work shall be tried of what sort it is. Rottenness shall be tried by God's holiness, and in that pure and sacred flame it shall pass away like dry stubble. All our life, with all its purposes and activities, is every moment in that fire, "the unquenchable fire," and the good and the bad are every moment exposed to the influences of its burning. "Now is the judgment."

Our rotten work is even now being tried, and judged, and sentenced, and even now the sentence is being surely carried out, although the climax of final eclipse may seem to tarry. "God is not slack as some count slackness." The execution of judgment is proceeding; eclipse is on its way. There is a wood-worm which eats out the insides of trees, and leaves only a skeleton standing. Outwardly there is no appearance of destruction, but the tragedy is proceeding in secret. And some day the sound of a tempest is heard, and in its violent

grip the tree will shiver into ruin. Thus it is with the destructive antagonisms of God. They work in present judgment to the sure if slow revelation of disaster. God is at work upon our falsehoods; they shall come to nothing! These webs shall never become garments. The secret Presence is unraveling our subtle weavings, and the end of the day shall bring confusion and shame.

UNDER the title *Everybody's St. Francis*, Dr. Maurice Francis Egan begins a life of the Saint in the May *Century*. This first installment deals with the Saint's youth. The biography covers much ground, but is attractively done, and speaks of the growth of an interest in the Saint which is already very great.

The same number of the *Century* has a humorous letter by Hilaire Belloc, entitled *On a Very Special Calling*.

SOME months ago a quotation said to be taken from THE CATHOLIC WORLD appeared in several papers through the country. We had intended not to speak of it to our readers, for it was false on its very face. We had denied its genuineness to inquirers, and had endeavored to run it down and kill it. But it found in certain quarters very fertile soil, and spread as rapidly as the proverbial rank weed. They who quoted it stated it was from THE CATHOLIC WORLD: they never gave the volume and page. Asked to substantiate the statement, they invariably quoted some other paper, and to the other paper they shifted all responsibility. It would be impossible for us to give the entire story of how this vicious falsehood, so readily accepted and repeated by a number of Protestant journals, has grown. From the evidences already received, it will, we fear, be repeated in journals, in pulpits or on platforms, where neither reader nor hearer will be able to contradict it; and where the emphasis of statement will carry conviction to minds only too ready to believe anything against the Catholic Church.

The quotation attributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD is as follows:

"The Roman Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Catholic ascendancy in this country. All legislation must be governed by the will of God unerringly indicated by the Pope. Education must be controlled by the Catholic authorities, and under education the opinions of the individual and the utterances of the press are included. Many opinions are to be forbidden by the secular arm, under the authority of the Church, even to war and bloodshed."

We give one example of how the falsehood grows, and of how some Christians make an apology and eagerly (?) seek to undo the wrong they have done.

The *Christian Observer*, of Louisville, Ky., in its issue of April 17th, published the quotation given above, and prefaced it with the words: "We quote from THE CATHOLIC WORLD." Shortly after its appearance the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD asked the Editor of the *Christian Observer* for the volume and page from which he quoted.

The answer returned was "the paragraph was copied by us from the *Herald and Presbyter* of Cincinnati, Ohio." To this we replied, "the quotation is absolutely false: it is a gross calumny, and we ask you in simple justice to publish this statement of ours in as equally a conspicuous place as you published the falsehood."

The *Christian Observer* then in its issue of May 15th, under the unpleasant title of "The Spirit of Romanism," said:

"The accuracy of the quotation has been called in question, and the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD has written asking from what number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD the quotation was taken.

"The quotation was published in the *Herald and Presbyter* of November 15, 1911, and credited to THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The *Christian Observer* had no reason to doubt the accuracy of the quotation, in view of the fact that it had always found this particular exchange more than usually careful and painstaking in their quotations.

"The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD now enters a specific denial, saying: 'The quotation never appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD.' We are also in receipt of a letter from Mr. John J. Wynne, Editor of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, who says: 'I follow this publication (THE CATHOLIC WORLD) very carefully, and I should surely have noticed such a statement had it appeared therein. Moreover, I have assurance of the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD that the statement was never contained in its pages.'

"The *Herald and Presbyter*, from which the quotation was made, does not recall the date of the paper from which it quoted. In view of the fact that both we and the *Herald and Presbyter* quoted the statement in good faith, and THE CATHOLIC WORLD feels that an injustice has been done to it, we gladly give space to the publication of the statement of the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD that this particular quotation did not appear in that paper."

They who breathe this atmosphere of "The Spirit of Romanism" will, we fear, think that, although this particular quotation did not appear in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, something very similar and equally as strong will be found in its pages if one were to search long enough. We regret to say that we do not think that the *Christian Observer* has in this matter met the demands of Christian justice.

We regret this the more because some readers of the *Observer*, who trust its quotations, have allowed themselves to be unduly agitated over the matter. We quote, as an illustration, a letter written to the Anderson (S. C.) *Daily Mail*. The letter repeated the quotation wrongly attributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and then continued:

"This paper is the recognized organ of the Romish church, and it is both a challenge and a threat. A challenge to all non-Romanists to be on guard, and a threat as to what that church will do if it ever gets the power. Our country was founded and built upon the bed rock of civil and religious liberty, the absolute separation of church and state, and here is a paper claiming the right for a mere man, a piece of flesh and blood like the rest of us, who happens to be the head of a great church, with seat of his power in a city more than three thousand miles away from here, the right to dictate in matters of education, religion, and the right of free speech, 'even to war and bloodshed.' Isn't that a monstrous claim to put forth in this twentieth century civilization?"

It may do in Italy, but it won't do in these United States. Now, we have some as fine people in the Romish church here in South Carolina as are to be found anywhere, but they are not types of the Romish church. The boast of Rome is that she never changes, and her history shows her to be the enemy of civil and religious liberty. And this quotation from their church organ but sustains that claim, and Americans being thus forewarned should be forearmed.

ANDERSON, S. C., April 30.

D. H. RUSSELL."

The writer of this heated letter was immediately requested by Father A. K. Gwynn, of St. Joseph's Church, Anderson, S. C., to give the volume and page of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* from which the quotation was taken.

But Mr. Russell's source of information had been the *Christian Observer*. To it he hastened by mail for help. The answer he received was that they could not help him, for they had copied from the *Herald and Presbyter*, and this last could not help because they had not the copy of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* from which it was clipped. Father Gwynn has offered \$100.00 to Mr. Russell if he will substantiate his statement. Mr. Russell is silent.

We might give other instances of the wrong done by the thoughtless avidity of certain Protestants to believe anything and everything in line with their unfounded prejudices against the Catholic Church. But we have given enough; and will not this exposure of the wrong, and the injustice which their misrepresentations work, lead them to cultivate a kindlier and fairer spirit of Christian charity. "Charity is kind and thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth."

Such a spirit of true Christian charity was shown by the Editor of the Presbyterian organ, *The Continent*, who in this matter under discussion wrote as follows. We are happy to close the account of this incident with his letter:

EDITOR *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*:

Permit me to call your attention to the fact that in a Protestant missionary magazine of rather wide circulation I find the following printed as a quotation from *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*:

(Then follows the quotation given on page 429.)

I may add that as the Editor of a Protestant paper, I am a pretty thorough-going Protestant myself, and do not think myself at all free from anti-Catholic prejudices; but I know something of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* and its spirit, and I cannot readily believe that this quotation, which I certainly never saw in your pages, is accurate. I am sure at the same time that your magazine says nothing cryptic or secret, and if this is really a sentiment which has been editorially expressed in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, you will be good enough to verify it for me, and cite me to the issue from which it is quoted. I will appreciate the courtesy if I may hear from you authoritatively whether this is an utterance of yours, or of any contributor for whom you would wish to be responsible.

Thanking you for the courtesy, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

NOLAN R. BEST.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:**
Spoiling the Divine Feast. By F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. 5 cents. *The Little Communicant.* Compiled by Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.F.M. 25 cents. *Angels of the Sanctuary.* By B. F. Musser. 25 cents.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:**
The Smaller Cambridge Bible for Schools. Edited by T. H. Hennessy, M.A. 30 cents.
- F. FISCHER & BROTHERS, New York:**
Catholic Church Hymnal. Edited by Edmonds Tozer. \$1.00.
- THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:**
Almayer's Folly. By Joseph Conrad. \$1.25.
- HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:**
The Fighting Blade. By Beulah Marie Dix. \$1.30 net.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:**
The Good Shepherd and His Little Lambs. By Mrs. Herman Bosch. 75 cents. *The Friendship of Christ.* By Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.20 net.
- THE AMERICAN PRESS, New York:**
Loretto: Annals of the Century. By Anna C. Minogue. \$1.50.
- STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, New York:**
South American Problems. By Robert E. Speer. *The Chinese Revolution.* By Arthur Judson Brown.
- FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., New York:**
Economic and Moral Aspects of the Liquor Business. By Robert Bagnell. 75 cents.
- P. J. KENEDY'S SONS, New York:**
Margaret's Travels. By Anthony Yorke. \$1.25.
- FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:**
Organ Accompaniment to the Cantate. By J. Singenberger. \$3.50 net.
- THE IRVINGTON PUBLISHING CO., New York:**
Lawyers, Doctors and Preachers. By George H. Bruce, A.M. \$1.00.
- THE RUMFORD PRESS, Concord, N. H.:**
Poems. By Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. \$1.00.
- GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:**
Report of the Committee of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1911.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia:**
Fate Knocks at the Door. By Will Levington Comfort. \$1.25.
- THE DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia:**
The Rule of St. Clare: Its Observances in the Light of Early Documents. By Fr. Paschal Robinson. 10 cents.
- HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN CO., Boston:**
The Promised Land. By Mary Antin. \$1.75 net. *Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's.* By Grace Fallow Morton. \$1.00 net.
- L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston:**
Our Little Polish Cousin. By Florence E. Mendel. 60 cents. *The Girls of Friendly Terrace.* By Harriet Lummis Smith. \$1.50. *Alma at Hadley Hall.* By Louise M. Breitenbach. \$1.50.
- RICHARD G. BADGER, Boston:**
The Dear Saint Elizabeth. By Eliza O'B. Lummis. \$1.00 net.
- B. HERDER, St. Louis:**
History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages. By Hartmann Crisar, S.J. \$4.50.
- ELKIN MATTHEWS, London:**
The Campagna of Rome. By Stanhope Bayley. 1s. 6d. net.
- AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:**
The Church and Socialism. By J. A. Scott, M.A. *Little Nelly of Holy God.* By A Priest of the Diocese of Cork. Pamphlets 1 penny each.
- GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:**
Saint François Xavier. Par R. P. A. Brou, S.J. 2 Vols. 12 fr. each.
- ALPHONSE PICARD, Paris:**
Palladius, Histoire Lausiàque. Translated par A. Lucot. 5 fr.
- PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris:**
Newman Catholique. Par Paul Thurcau-Dangin. 3 fr.
- LIBRAIRIE ARMAND COLIN, Paris:**
Mon Filleul Au "Jardin D'Enfants." Par Felix Klein. 3 fr. 50.
- SCUOLA TIPOGRAFICA ARTIGIANELLI, Monza, Italy:**
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THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XCV.

JULY, 1912.

No. 568.

MODERN THEORIES AND MORAL DISASTER.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.



THING cannot be and not be at the same time. This is the sublime and eternal truth which has to be hammered into the heads of all those modern purveyors of thought who seek to establish a monistic conception of the universe. The multitude of common-sense folk who do not trouble themselves deeply with theories of life, but who are accustomed to look upon things as they are, all agree to this truth, and express their belief in it by saying that you cannot have your cake and eat it. The particular cake which the monist wants to keep is his identity with the universe. But then he wants to eat it by asserting his own individuality. He recognizes that in some measure he is responsible for his actions. They are his own. He is himself and not another. But all this hard experience runs counter to his pet theory: that the universe consists of one principle alone. It may be that he is a materialistic monist, believing matter to be the ultimate reality of the universe; or he may be an idealistic monist, believing mind to be the ultimate principle. But whichever line he takes he must sooner or later come face to face with the solid fact that if he has eaten his cake, the only pleasure which it can offer to him in the future is that of a blest memory. He cannot renounce his individuality, and consequently his personality and responsibility, and then hope to keep these endowments for his future delight.

Here then is the radical disease from which modern thought is suffering. In denying a dualistic universe, in which the Creator is transcendently distinct from the creature, it asserts that man is

self-perfectible, and that he is a law unto himself. If there is no Supreme Being above nature, then there is no universal lawgiver and ruler. Or if nature is identical with God, then man, being God, is his own supreme lawgiver and ruler. In both cases he is unable to rise higher than himself, for he cannot give what he has not got.

Nor need the monistic concept be altogether explicit in the mind of the monist. There is a practical, as well as an academic, monism which may distress, even if it does not seduce, the unwary man of common sense. Over and over again the Catholic workingman has been nonplussed by a popular presentment of the fallacy. He has been able to hold his own on the rights of property and the exigencies of the living wage, but he has been completely taken aback when told: "Your aims are no use to us. They belong too much to the other world. The kingdom of heaven is here on earth. Your kingdom of heaven is fit only for the angels and the sparrows."

Yet out of the depths of the monist chaos a cry is audible, a cry of dissatisfaction. The notorious atheist, for instance, Mr. Robert Blatchford, writing in his English journal, *The Clarion*, thus laments the poverty of life into which Socialism has already fallen:

Socialism is become too much a matter of politics. Let us beware lest we lose our souls.

The morality of our pastors and masters is as mean as their economics; the poor have the priest as well as the capitalist upon their backs.

Why does a child steal toys or a woman kisses? Can you tell me that? There is a hunger of the soul as well as a hunger of the stomach. Our moral standard is debased.

But do you believe that labor politics are going to save our souls? No. We want political freedom; we want economic emancipation; but we want more than these: we want a new religion.

Human beings want more than wages; they want life.

Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea.

The guinea is not enough. Man cannot live by bread alone. A mere labor programme will not save our souls. A religion of mere economics will not save the people. You may raise a wave of enthusiasm over tariff reform or the budget, but when you have elected honorable members for Park Lane and Bermondsey the wave will recede. Fight for a decade for

a few beggarly seats in a house of shams, and at the end you will still have the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs" to hurt and humble you.....

What then will it profit us if we win the by-elections and lose our souls?

We want a new religion. The Socialism I believe in and work for is a new religion; it is the religion of humanism; not the religion of class legislation and the minimum wage. We want something more than mere machines for making money; we want to be women and men—and children.

The professional Socialist has got past the merely mechanical and materialist doctrine of Karl Marx. Nevertheless that doctrine still retains a hold on thousands of workingmen. Nor does the professional Socialist fail to fall back upon it, if he be addressing a crowd in the market-place and can thereby appear to advantage. But, as we have seen, it is sterilizing in its effect on life. It paints its picture grey in grey. Then the taste becomes so insipid that something other and better is asked for. Humanism is taken up as a substitute for mechanism. That is a better life, but still not a religion. It is monist in principle, and so does not recognize that transcendent God who alone is a sufficient sanction against the many ethical anomalies in the economic world.

Further, this is the very vice which has brought Capital and Labor to such desperate grips as we see to-day. On the one hand, there is a Capital which can prove itself the most heartless tyrant in the world's history. By raising the price of the poor man's food it can produce an artificial famine. The Standard Oil Trust and its allies may be cited as example. On the other hand, there is a labor which can organize a strike in such proportions as to paralyze a whole country. Certainly a strike is a legitimate means by which labor may enforce its rights. But before labor can know when precisely it may not bring further pressure to bear on Capital, and before Capital can recognize a similar duty towards Labor, there must be some mutual acknowledgment of a Supreme Arbiter. If monism is to prevail, then the contending parties may endeavor to postpone the issue by friendly conversations, but the ultimate way of settlement will be an appeal to brute force. The passions of men here come largely into play. They can be controlled only by intelligent wills. And if a vast number of wills, intelligent and free, are to be reduced to harmony with each other, it can only be by a mutual acknowledgment of an outside Will overruling all.

I have said there is a practical monism as well as an academic one. The principle of Protestantism is a variety of this. When the visible vicarious authority of God was rejected, the door was opened for the rejection of the invisible direct authority of God. There is indeed now a Lutheran sect in Germany which has changed the Lord's Prayer from *Vater unser* to *Unser Vater*, in order to assert that man comes before God as arbiter of his own destiny. Consequently, whilst, on the one hand, we have an observant atheism asking for a higher life, albeit not knowing what it asks; on the other hand we have a Protestant subjectivism professing its impotence to save the situation.

Dr. Inge, the noted Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, speaking lately on the relations between his Church, the Anglican, and the spirit of the age, said that the Anglican Church as an institution had always been disposed to truckle to the powers that be. Three hundred years ago its pulpits rang with the divine right of kings. Now that the masses were becoming conscious of the power which democracy put in their hands, that same Church was making the most of the obviously socialistic leanings of her Founder, as Dr. Inge put it. Much of the present labor movement was opposed to Christianity, Dr. Inge maintained, and was materialistic. The workingman would ultimately find that the leaders who were promising him an earthly paradise at the end of a flowery path, were really conducting him to a premature hell at the end of the way of blood.

Now if the signs of decadence are so insistent in the elemental experiences of life, in the hunger of the body and the hunger of the soul, in economics and in religion, much more so are they in the freer experiences of life, in the liberal arts, in sculpture, painting, drama, literature, music. Whether we call the artist a sculptor, a painter, a poet, or a musician, the quality of his work will depend on his artistic instincts. If these are fed only from within, if they are the result chiefly of brooding over subjective moods, then the work produced must needs be impoverished. For art is the translation of ideas into work. A rich, varied, and universal art therefore can only be wrought when the mind of the artist has absorbed much from universal experience. He may bring to his work all the talent of his native genius, but his eccentricities must be corrected by reference to the universal feeling and judgment of humanity.

Further, if the artistic instinct is to produce permanent work, it must be nurtured from the spirit world. The function of art is

not merely to describe the material, but also and chiefly the spiritual; the spiritual indeed through the material. The true artist, then, will regard himself, last of all, as self-perfectible. He will learn his technique in the art schools. Even there he will be correcting his eccentricities by reference to masters who have plumbed the depths of universal experience. Then when he leaves the schools his progress as a master will be proportionate to the measure in which he becomes less provincial and more catholic. And communion with the Infinite Spirit will be the source of his finest inspirations, for God is the archetype and origin of everything that is beautiful.

But this is precisely what is not observed in modern art. To get into some eccentric mood, rather, and to express it somehow in one's chosen branch of art, seems to be the governing aim.

An example in the sphere of sculpture is that of the young American, George Grey Barnard. He has shown us his intentions in words as well as in stone. His early habits were formed in an atmosphere of extremely exaggerated subjectivism.

I was dreadfully and habitually introspective [he says speaking of his student days in Paris]. The concrete facts of life meant little to me. I was steeped in the contemplation and considerations of abstraction. Men, women, children, architecture, and machinery were merely examples of lines, light, and shadow to me. I was roused from this state by falling in love with the young woman who is now my wife. She took me out of myself into the real world of life. But for her I might have remained satisfied with watching the things in which I was interested without trying to reproduce them. After meeting her I ceased for ever to indulge my introspective moods.

This shifting of his center from the *ego* to the *nos*, from the first person singular to the first person plural, although it brought him more into touch with reality, failed to establish a communication between him and the spiritual world. Whatever of the universal he might have gathered from Greek art he wilfully shut off from himself.

I saw [he says] that the ideal of the Greeks was to make gods. They created beautiful forms, beautiful symbols, which they set on pedestals. But, in their statuary, they stopped short, deliberately, at anything that was individual or characteristic of humanity. The day of the gods is past. This is the day of the people. It is the people, and the characteristics of the people,

that I want to fix in sculpture. They say: What is the use of making statues? Everything has been done. I answer, No. We are only at the beginning of sculpture. All humanity is waiting to be expressed in bronze and stone.

What painting has recently done to express humanity, we may be excused from relating. The grossness to which the cult of the flesh has fallen may be inferred from two pictures which were exhibited this last summer, one at Darmstadt, the other at Baden-Baden. The one represented simply two sides of beef, the other a veal bone, an onion, and two flies. The purpose of the pictures was, so I was told by an artist who approved of them, to express the spirit of the slaughter-house or the larder, as the case might be, as it entered into the soul of the painter.

So, too, in a similar strain, we have the perpetrations of the whole post-impressionist school. Corot, in giving a new accent to the subjective side of art, bid fair to provide a pleasing relief from the exaggerated realism into which it had fallen. But alas, his followers drifted with the time spirit. They were not content with giving expression to some impression received from without. They were not satisfied with taking some external beautiful reality and reading into it something of their own reflexions. They wanted to create things irrespective of objective truth. Hence they had not the patience to wait until they knew their technique. The vagueness and barrenness of morbid subjective moods could be represented by a blur and a smudge, and a blur and a smudge they painted.

In the realm of literature we need only mention the tribe of writers who count Emile Zola and Anatole France as their more luminous stars.

The symptoms of the drama are Ibsen, Shaw, Pinero, Galsworthy, Barker, and Brieux. The decadent movement began in 1889, when *The Doll's House* was produced. It would seem to have reached the nether hell in *Man and Superman*, a play which still attracts large audiences nightly in London. There is certainly a growing feeling that Shaw is becoming played out. His brilliant style ensures him the success which is his. But style, however brilliant, soon palls if it be not the vehicle of truth and goodness; since the intellect was made for truth and the will for the good. There is just a modicum of truth and goodness in Shaw's work, and this it is which serves as substance to support his style. He does, for instance, lay bare crying evils. But he does not suggest the

right remedies. He will empty the water out of a dirty bath, but he will also empty the baby out with it.

There is, for instance, a semblance of truth in Shaw's proposal—and the idea runs through the whole of modern decadent thought—that a man shall realize himself by conquering his environment. But when we see the idea being worked out in practice we observe that it is fraught with the most subtle of psychological fallacies. The natural impulse of conduct may derive its motive power either from the rational will or from a blind passion. In the effort to attain to superman no such distinction is made. If a man wants a thing, let him get it honestly if he can, only let him get it. The exaggerated subjectivism of the day takes account only of the subjective mood of the moment. But the mood of the moment is only too frequently the flame of passion. When that is ablaze the intellect is darkened and the will weakened. If it be allowed to have its way habitually, the intellect and the will gradually lose their keenness and become atrophied. Thus is life poisoned at the wells. Not only is the transcendent Guide and Ruler disowned, but the very instruments of perfectibility are cast aside. Sensuality, having become the norm of conduct, drags every sphere of human life down to its own brutish level.

So also in music. For example, we need not go beyond our own doors. The strong and watchful Pontiff has been successfully active even here. For what is the stuff which has been cast out? It is the solo in every sense of the word. It is the soloist composer—the Wagner, the Berlioz, the Gounod—the artist who is absorbed in his own moods, thinking rather of the glory of himself than of the glory of God. It is the soloist singer who, almost by reason of her environment and perhaps in spite of her better self, is so self-conscious as to distract the whole congregation from their prayers to her sentimental melody. Yes, that is what the solo in music inevitably comes to express, sheer sentimentality.

And what is the ideal which is set before us instead? It is the humble splendor of the plain chant. Its authorship is almost unknown. It was composed in the silence of the cloister, where prayer was the medium of inspiration. Other artists were permitted to translate the sacred text into figured music, but they were kept subordinate to the mind and sentiment of the Universal Church. Palestrina, Orlando di Lasso, Vittoria, Josquin de Prés, Bach, these are the great experts in that musical composition which is at once an expression of the universal and the spiritual. Their work was no sensuous dream, no mere replica in sound of oriental

perfume and color—"scented toilet water" is the description of Gounod by another decadent—it was the working out of ideas, of universals according to universal laws. Those composers died in order that they might live. Mere sentimentality was mortified. The spirit being then more free, could commune more deeply with the Great Spirit and with the whole hierarchy of the spirit world. Hence the inspirations which they were able to embody in such sublime musical form.

Turning to the sphere of philosophy, the figure which seems to demand our first attention is that of Professor Henri Bergson.* He is really the giant among the moderns. He is supple to perfection. He has glided through the whole regiment of heavy Germans, *von Kant bis Nietzsche*, wielding a rapier as he passed. But his very litheness has beguiled him into some of the worst fallacies of exaggerated subjectivism.

Bergson, in contrast to most pantheistic writers, insists on the free will of man. He proves conclusively that all mechanistic explanations of the universe in general, and of humanity in particular, are absurd. But then, on the other hand, he will not admit a doctrine of final causes. Teleology has no place in his system. "The theory of final causes," he says, "goes too far when it supposes a pre-existence of the future in the present in the form of idea." An original impetus of life was given to the primordial matter of the world, and the function of this life was to put some indetermination into matter. Therefore the forms which it creates in the course of its evolution are indeterminate, that is, unforeseeable. Intellect itself, indeed, is one of the forms which it has created. So this impetus of life goes on, acting in man through his free will, yet without any final purpose.

*Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.*

Life as a whole [writes Bergson], from the initial impulse that thrust it into the world, will appear as a wave which rises, and which is opposed by the descending movement of matter. On the greater part of its surface, at different heights, the current is created by matter into a vortex. At one point alone it passes freely, dragging with it the obstacles which will weigh on its progress but will not stop it. At this point is humanity; it is our privileged situation.†

*We have arranged for Father Gerrard to write a series of articles dealing more fully with the philosophy of Bergson from the scholastic viewpoint.—*Ed. C. W.*

†*Creative Evolution*, p. 284.

He claims that there is a God who is the center of all things, and from whom all worlds shoot out. But such a God is not a being who is already perfect being, but one who is a perpetual becoming.

Apply now the foregoing doctrine to conduct. Man is simply bound down by his subjective moods and imaginings. His efforts to realize himself or to evolve into something better are, at most, impulses of the mood he is in for the time being. If there is no final purpose for which he is made, how can he strive to attain it? If there is no pre-determined end for which he must strive, how is he to select suitable means and reject hindrances? How is man to know what is good and what is bad if he has not an unchanging standard by which to judge? Refuse to accept teleology or a final purpose in life, and there is no alternative but to follow whim and fancy. Whim and fancy, however, ever tend to minister to the sensual part of man. If a man is a law to himself, he will choose that which satisfies his animal appetites. The due order of his nature will be reversed, intelligence and volition being made ministrant to passion. Perhaps a comparatively few men, whose profession compels them to exercise their intellects, may be able to keep their intellects uppermost; but for the multitudes the theory spells nothing else but self-indulgence, and consequently racial decadence.

One would surmise that the plain man would have enough common sense to see through the fallacy. But unfortunately it is now being sugared over with the usual promises of the Socialist utopia. Quite recently a man asked the well-known strike-leader, Sorel, what he and his followers would do if they really succeeded in overthrowing the present order of society. The answer was this: "Bergson has taught us that we need not worry about that, for all we need to do is to trust to the creative impulse." Translated into disagreeably plain language, this means simply that we should have to muddle through the fiasco the best way we could. This creative "evolution," "drive," "impulse," "effort," or whatever else we like to call it, professedly aims at nothing. And he who aims at nothing is extremely likely to hit it.

Mr. Balfour, in a recent number of the *Hibbert Journal*, has well exposed this fallacy of aimless endeavor. But, in the latest number of the same review, Sir Oliver Lodge comes forward to champion it against Mr. Balfour. Mr. Balfour had pointed out that "the vital impulse has no goal more definite than that of acquiring an ever fuller volume of free creative activity." To this

Sir Oliver Lodge replies: "Well, but that is a good enough goal, a real end in view, a sufficiently controlling and stimulating impulse."

I mention this incident by way of introducing another exponent of the monist fallacy, the Rev. R. J. Campbell; for this leader of the New Theology movement owes his reputation largely to the patronage accorded to him in the beginning by Sir Oliver Lodge. Mr. Campbell, preaching on the prologue of the Fourth Gospel, spoke as follows:

Here it is evident that the writer identifies the *logos* with Jesus, or at least considers that He was in a special way an incarnation of the *logos* or eternal word of God. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." This assertion amounts to nothing less than saying that Jesus made the world and everything in it, that He was the source and sustenance of every human life, and that when He Himself took flesh and became a dweller in the midst of human kind, He did so with the special object of helping those who had fallen under the dominion of the evil inherent in material evidence. . . . This is a most stupendous assertion when we come to look into what it really means. Can it possibly be true? The Christian Church has accepted it as true, but can we reasonably admit it to be true in any intelligible sense which relates it to experience and illuminates our destiny? I may as well say quite frankly that I should not feel obliged to believe it merely because it was written here (pointing to the Bible). . . . But it is not false; it is true, although the truth of it is larger than we are at present able to realize. It is this: There is no life that is not in some degree an expression of the eternal Word. What has been seen to be grandly and centrally true of Jesus is true also in some measure of the humblest thing that breathes in God's wide universe. But in a higher sense it is truer of man than of the lower creation; all life that comes to self-consciousness is a ray of the eternal wisdom, a spark from the eternal fire. The Word has been made flesh in you and me as well as in our Lord and Master; the difference between us and Him is *one not of kind but of degree*.*

Yet Mr. Campbell asserts that he is not a pantheist. He does, however, admit that he is a monist; so we will not quarrel over words. The fact is that he feels that a pantheistic theology is no

guide for moral conduct. If every man alive is essentially the Word made flesh, then every man alive is a law unto himself, and is responsible to no one for his conduct. If he chooses to steal, for instance, all he need do to justify himself is to say: "I am the eternal Word, and without me is nothing made that is made. All things therefore are mine. What I take therefore for my own use is my own and cannot be theft."

But, as I have suggested, the New Theologians have not been going long enough to carry their premises to practical and ultimate conclusions. The younger thinkers already begin to see the inconvenient absurdities with which the doctrine is fraught. Whilst themselves well on the move away from the old landmarks, they are on the alert against drifting altogether in the stream with Mr. Campbell. They speak of him in this wise: his philosophy is pantheistic, whilst his theology is theistic.

This aphorism holds the answer to the difficulties against our thesis. How is it that monist systems have seemed to flourish? And how is it that dualist systems have fallen into decadence? It is because that, *in conduct*, neither monist nor dualist was wholly consistent with his professed principles. Man was made for a double good, his own particular good, and the universal good. His highest particular good, however, was to be obtained by subordinating it to the universal good. Let a man strive for either of these ends apart from the other, and his effort must issue in a confusion both of thought and of conduct. If he strives for the particular good alone, he fails to understand himself, for so many of his particular aims have their meaning only in regard to their final aim. A blind eye, for instance, is a complete failure with regard to its particular purpose. But it may save a man from the gallows or from hell fire. On the other hand, if a man strives for the universal good alone he becomes merely a more inflated *ego*. Translating his desire into action he must try to make the world fit on to him rather than make himself fit into the world. In either case he is radically a monist, and in either case he comes to grief. It is in serving ourselves rightly that we do the best thing for others, and contribute the largest share to the universal good.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of a dualist system coming to naught through the intrusion of practical monism, is that of the Greek culture. Almost throughout its history, Greek religion remained dualist, ranging from a highly variegated polytheism to a much simplified theism. It stirred the imagination and

the emotion of the people to such an extent as to produce an art and a drama unequaled in the history of the world. No other age or race can boast of genius like that of Homer, Aeschylus, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, Pheidias, Mnesikles, and Iktinos. Then that outburst of aesthetic enthusiasm was followed by a period of intellectual activity. The mind reflected on experience. The outcome was the work of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

Yet, side by side with excellence in the artistic and intellectual spheres of life, there was always a low tone of morality. Nay, the Greeks had no moral code at all. Each man followed his own inclinations, sacrificing every ethical instinct for the sake of intellectual and artistic form. His morals were strictly monist.

The human spirit could not bear to be cleft thus, as it were, with a hatchet. The human spirit is organically at one with itself, and if the intellectual and aesthetic faculties are not in harmony with the moral faculty, they must needs fall into decadence. And this is precisely what happened with the Greeks. Socrates was killed, and Plato left Athens in disgust. The majestic simplicity of the finest sculptor gave way to florid and flaccid banality. The lofty spirit of the best tragedy gave way to neurotic sentimentality. Never in the history of mankind did the fallacy of self-perfectibility work itself out to such utter absurdity.

The Church, however, has saved some precious salvage from the wreck. St. Augustine has taken Plato's *Republic* and transformed it into the *City of God*. Plato had tried hard to work out a doctrine of a transcendent God, who should be so infinitely beautiful as to be infinitely loveable. But that accomplishment was only to be effected by one who had other light to guide him than that of mere reason. This was the privilege of Augustine, who, after much moral tribulation and purification, at last grasped the true *eros* doctrine and exclaimed: "Too late have I loved Thee, O Ancient Beauty."

St. Thomas Aquinas has taken practically the whole of the philosophy of Aristotle, and has transformed it into the official philosophy of the Church. And here we have the true antidote against monism and the decadence which inevitably follows in its train.

The system begins with the *ego* certainly. Man's first intuition is his own identity. He is himself and not another. A thing cannot be and not be at the same time. The outward world, too, is normally what it appears to be. It is not a kaleidoscopic

picture-show, the creation of man's subjective moods. It is an objective reality. Being as certain of that as he is of his own identity, man can argue from the existence of the world to the existence of a transcendent God. The flux of the universe is evident. That in itself is a proof of a being who is immoveable and uncaused. The uncaused God, however, must be the Cause of all the finite good that is. He is present everywhere by His essence, presence, and power. This presence, moreover, is an effective loving presence, loving all things, loving us, and causing us to love what He loves.

Here then is the secret of that double tendency which we all more or less feel within us. If God is exciting us to love what He loves, we have the double inclination to love both the self and the non-self. In the professedly selfish monist the instinct cannot find adequate expression, because he has set a veil upon his heart and blotted out the chief object of love. In the monist professing to be altruistic, it cannot find adequate expression, because his altruistic enthusiasm is but a phase of exalted confusion. Not being explicitly aware of the relations between the self and the non-self he cannot order his love aright. In the scholastic, however, dualism is all-insistent, and consequently an ineradicable optimism. *Omne ens est bonum*. Every being is good, and each higher stage of being is better than the lower one, because there is more being in it.

More, the scholastic, sees in the transcendent will of God the power to endow human nature with an obedient capacity to be raised to a good surpassingly higher than its own highest natural good. Dim reason cannot penetrate this supernatural cosmos. But as with Augustine, so with Aquinas. There is a heart-restlessness which betokens some transcendent object of desire. Another light breaks through the clouded reason and reveals the Man on the Cross. There is the Figure to Whom all creation moves, and in Whom every finite ray of beauty, goodness, and truth is focused and summed up. There is the incarnate expression also of the uncreated Beauty, Goodness, and Truth, which is the archetype of all that is created. The divine and human natures are united in one Person, one Individual, Who is distinct, and infinitely distinct, from every other individual. There is the grand refutation of the monist concept. And there is the grand redemption from all the moral aberrations which have issued from the fatal exaltation of self and exaggeration of subjective moods and tendencies.

A NEW CURIOSITY SHOP.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

I.



THE old year lay a-dying, and his shivering successor was within an hour of his arrival. He would have a chilly journey, for the Weald of Kent lay deep in snow, and a little bitter wind sobbed and gasped round the chimney-stacks and gables of Frampton Court, so that the naked trees outside in the desolate park flung and tossed their black arms wildly up towards the high, cold heavens, where the moon rode clear and white and sad. It had been a bad year for many in all this great, round world of ours, a merry prosperous year for others; but such as it was, good or bad, it was done with. It only had about fifty minutes to do any further mischief in; and yet those were to prove long enough for the ruin of Marston Street. Old Jabez Street lay dying, like the year, and he tossed and turned uneasily on his fine bed, for his ears and mind were full of the Voices of the Night. Upbraidings, calm but insistent reproaches, breathed themselves into the dying ears, and would not be ignored.

"Has the carriage gone to meet the train yet?" he suddenly asks, leaning up, with terrible difficulty, on his quaking elbow.

The attendant comes forward gently with admirable quietness and respectful solicitude.

"The carriage started nearly half an hour ago, sir. It went direct from the stables, so as not to disturb you by coming to the front. Is the pain easier, sir?"

The old man growled what might have been an assent or a denial, and turned away as though to close the conversation.

The attendant went back to the armchair by the fire.

Presently one of the doctors (two slept in the house, but twenty could not prevent the millionaire from starting on his journey, from going out into the wild wintry night to keep his tryst with the inexorable King that we shuddering creatures christen Death) entered the room.

"Any easier?" inquires the physician, softly taking the withered hand and pressing the feeble, vacillating pulse.

The old man shakes his head impatiently.

"It's never very easy dying," he snaps, "as you'll find when your time comes. It's as bad for me as for others."

"Trenchant to the last!" declares the doctor, appealing, as it would seem, to the heavy canopy of damask over the patient's head.

To this the old man vouchsafes no retort.

"What o'clock is it?" he demands presently.

The physician consults a very resplendent presentation watch, and announces that it wants twenty-nine minutes of midnight.

"And the train's due at Horley at eleven twenty-five. They ought to be here in half an hour."

He spoke more to himself than to the doctor, and again turned to the wall.

The doctor nodded and smiled to the attendant, nodded and smiled as though there was something specially sweet and noble in the old man's doing this, and left the room on tiptoe.

He found his chief, Sir Junket Paine, fallen into a light doze.

"Our dear friend," he whispered, having jogged the great man awake, "our dear friend is as easy as can be expected."

Sir Junket Paine tried to combine in his expression his professional interest in a patient who was reputed to have amassed a fortune of a million and a half, and his recollection that it was usually in the ante-chambers of dukes and princes that he awaited "the end."

"He keeps asking for the son," continued the junior. "He seems very impatient to see him."

"He has got on without seeing him for more than twenty years," remarks Sir Junket. "They have never met since the son's marriage. The old fellow expected him to marry a title, and he married for love—a young person of much their own rank."

"Mr. Street began in a very small way, I suppose?" inquired the junior, who thought Sir Junket looked as if he wanted to tell the story.

"He was a bargeman. But he was wonderfully clever, and plucky and industrious, and above all fortunate. He had the true trade instincts, always knowing what to buy and where to sell. And his larger investments were unprecedentedly lucky. He doubled his capital in five months over the American war. He is worth at least a million and a half now."

"And only one child!"

Sir Junket shook his head.

"To whom he has not spoken for nearly quarter of a century."

"But he has sent for him now," urged the junior.

"Certainly. Oh, quite so; but he has not commanded the presence of a lawyer: there is no sign of his intending to revoke any unfavorable will, and it is known that there is something of the kind."

The two doctors sighed. They had a pleasant comfortable sympathy for the only son of the millionaire.

The gentlemen had dined well, and found Mr. Street's port undeniable. It was sleepy work, waiting and doing nothing. Presently they were both dozing. But the dying man could not sleep. With muttered peevish ejaculations of impatience he tossed and twisted in his bed, and listened for the sound of carriage wheels. He wanted to set right a great and cruel injustice. Would there be time?

Again he suddenly raises himself, but with still greater difficulty, on to his weak and quivering elbow, and peers out of the shadow of the bed to the ever-wakeful attendant.

A slight sound makes the latter turn. In a moment she is by the bed.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?" she asks, rearranging a pillow.

But the old man frowns impatiently. Then a thought strikes him.

"Open the door into the next room," he says.

The next room is his private study, where he was used to do his writing, where his writing bureau stood. He peers towards the opened door inquisitively. He sees that the room is not in darkness. The attendant has in fact been sleeping there for a night or two. How he would like to be there now alone for five, nay, for three minutes.

Far, far away down some distant corridor a door bangs.

"Go, go!" shouts the old man. "Go at once and stop that banging; find out where it is, and stop it instantly."

The nurse looks half doubtful about leaving him, and makes a gesture as if to ring for someone else.

"Go!" shrieks the old man. "If you wait it may bang again, and it will *kill* me. Go, I tell you!"

And so violent was he, so peremptory, that she went.

It was not at all easy to find the door; she was gone five or six minutes. She had scarcely left the room before the dying man dragged himself, with incalculable difficulty and pain, from the soft and warm bed, and staggered towards the inner room.

His legs quaked beneath him, his hands shook and quivered, his head swam, and he thought he would reel and tumble. But somehow he reached the goal of his desires—the splendid Louis XV. cabinet where his most private papers were locked up. He dragged a chair to it, and fumbled for the key that hung around his neck on a thin chain of old-fashioned gold work. As he fitted the key in the lock there came the crushing sound of the gravel beneath the wheels and horses' feet. The carriage from the station had come.

The two wills were easy to find, being in fact tied up together. One was nearly twenty-five years old; it had been executed after the death of his wife. In it everything that he possessed, without reserve, was left to his dear and only child, Marston Street.

The other was two years more recent. In it all his property, real and personal, was bequeathed to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, in trust for twenty years after his own demise; the money to be allowed during that time to increase by natural process of compound interest, at the end of which period it should, as thus augmented, be applied to the reduction of the National Debt.

Externally the two wills were precisely alike. The old man's eyes were blurred with the gathering gloom of death. He wished, standing on that silent threshold, to undo the mischief planned in the petty spite of health. Close at hand was the red heart of the pleasant flickering fire. Very, very painfully he tottered towards it, almost falling more than once. But without accident he reached the hearth rug, and was able to clutch the mantle for support, with his quavering left hand. With the right he dropped into the throbbing flame the will, which, if undestroyed, would do so much and such hard injustice. Then he turned to regain his room and bed; it was slower work now, the flickering feeble lamp of life had been so roughly shaken that it must soon, soon burn out.

Other steps, hurried and nervous, were hastening down the corridor. As the old man reached the door of communication between the two rooms, his son stood in that leading into the corridor. For the first time for three-and-twenty years they looked in one another's faces. The son trembled at the near presence of the cold King Death, who peered so chilly over his father's shoulder.

For a moment the dying man leaned against the door jamb, steadying himself with his tremulous left hand; in his right he held out a folded document to his son.

"I sent for you," he stammered, "to—to give you this!" and staggering he fell forward.

They were his last words. Henceforth he must keep the great silence that is laid upon the lips of all who have been before us, the wise who taught it, and the fools who filled it with their babbling folly, the silence that soon or late comes to the kindly tongues who comfort, and the bitter, wounding tongues that make us smart.

They lifted the old man in their arms and laid him in his bed, and gently drew from the dead fingers the paper that they held.

It was his will. In which all he possessed of real or personal property was devised to the Commissioners of the National Debt. *He had burned the wrong one.*

The horses that had brought his son were not yet stabled before the rider on the Pale Horse had taken the father to ride with him out into the wild night; out into the Unknown Waste that lies beyond our life.

II.

It was only too true that the whole of the late Jabez Street's colossal fortune was lost to his natural heir. By the death of his father Marston Street was only the richer by a thousand pounds, which had belonged to his late mother. This she had herself left to her husband for his life, afterwards it was to go to her son.

"Well," said Marston Street to his wife, "a thousand pounds is better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick."

But the lady did not seem to think such an accident the necessary and only alternative.

"Fifteen hundred thousand would have been even better," she remarked with some asperity.

"Yes. But then, you know, we never expected him to leave it to me!"

"Not till he sent for you; but why should he have sent for you, if he did not mean to do the right thing by you?"

"Perhaps he did. Perhaps he meant to destroy that will and make a new one. But he had not time."

"He was ill three weeks."

"Yes. But he was a very obstinate, proud man. It was only,

as I think, at the last that he thought better of it; only that last day when he sent for me."

Mrs. Marston Street had her own opinion. She believed the old man had kept his spite to the last, and had deliberately sent for his only son to bring his ill-treatment of him to a climax by thus handing him the will that was to disinherit him. It was of a piece, she declared to herself, with his whole behavior towards them, and people, she said, do not change their natures on their deathbeds.

She did not reason amiss, but she was wrong. Her husband shrank from the plain and apparent explanation of his father's action, and so doing he was right.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Marston Street was not also disinherited of the small legacy that his mother had left him. One afternoon he was coming home from his counting-house when he was overtaken by a gentleman he knew well—a cousin, in fact, of his wife's.

"Hulloa, Street! Awful business this!"

"What business?"

"Why, the Galwegian and Caledonian Bank."

"What's up with it?"

"It has gone smash," remarked Mr. Brand familiarly. "I have just left Harcourt Brown," he continued; "he's all smiles, for he had shares in it and sold out six months ago."

"I've got ten shares in it," observed Marston Street. "Its a bore to lose a thousand pounds. But I only got it—a legacy from my mother—after my father's death four months ago. So after all I shall not miss it much."

"I remember Carry saying you had a thousand under your mother's will," said Mr. Brand, in a low tone; "but you do not mean to say it was invested in that bank?"

"It was, though. It seemed a goodish thing, too."

"And you never sold the shares?"

"Sold them? No. Why should I sell them? There was no suspicion of this smash up. You're uncommon cautious after the event. And they were regular dividend payers."

Mr. Brand looked straight in front of him, then hailed a hansom. They got into it together. He kept peeping guiltily at his companion out of the corner of his eye.

Presently the latter caught him.

"What is the matter with you, Brand?" he exclaimed irritably. "As I said before, nobody exactly cares to lose a thousand pounds,

but though my father did not leave me his fortune, I am not going to break over a thousand."

"Unfortunately," thought the other, "that is precisely what you are going to do. That's the tragedy!" But aloud he said nothing. He had not the moral courage.

At the railway station the boys were crying the evening papers:

"Scotch bank stopped payment, sir! *Evening 'Erald*, sir! Galwegian and Caledonian Bank stopped payment, sir! Hunlimited liability, sir!"

"What's that they're calling out?" asked Marston, turning suddenly giddy.

"Unlimited liability, I think," responded Brand, "but perhaps it's a mistake." He found it very hard to say anything. He did not flatter himself that what he did say was very brilliant. His throat felt dry; he wished himself, as he said, at Jericho. How populous a resort that little oriental city would become if everyone who wished himself there, or was wished there by his friends, could be there in reality! Unlimited liability! What a simple thing to say; what a terrible thing to realize in the results it may imply. By those two little words together Marston Street found himself reduced from affluence to beggary.

III.

When Sir Junket Paine discussed the fortunes of Jabez Street with Dr. Urban Bland he fell, like other great men before and since, into some errors, of which I would like to set the reader right as regards two of them.

In saying that Jabez Street had been a bargeman he was a generation out, for the bargee was not Jabez, but his father, old Hiram Street, who was the first member of his family, as he was apt, at a later period of his life, to boast, who had ever worn a collar.

Still Sir Junket was right as to the beginnings of the millionaire having been very obscure.

He was, however, again wrong in giving his colleague to understand that Mrs. Marston Street had also belonged to the bargee class. She was the pretty and almost penniless daughter of a Sussex parson of good family, and about as lacking in the qualities that make up a useful wife as she could have been. Fortunately her husband had already made some way in life at the time his father quarreled with him for marrying her, and he had risen to partner-

ship in a well-known house. He had since gone on making money, and had lately bought out the son of his late partner, who had no taste for business.

Mrs. Marston Street took her husband's ruin very hardly. It seemed as if she was impressed with the notion that he had done it on purpose, and personally rather enjoyed the process. It was, she realized, a most terrible thing for her to be reduced, at her time of life, from affluence to beggary. (Not that Mrs. Street would ever have had the energy to beg for anything.) But she entirely failed to understand that it was quite as terrible for her husband, and not much more agreeable for her children. She wailed persistently, and if reproaches had had any market value, poor Marston might have started a wholesale business of the very largest description.

That he felt he had been foolish in investing that luckless thousand in a concern of unlimited liability, did not make these upbraidings any easier to bear. If he had consulted his own convenience, I think the unlucky gentleman would have quietly broken his heart and died; but he had always been a very unselfish fellow, and he determined to live and work as well as he could, and as long.

If only Mrs. Marston would have taken up the notion of breaking her heart! But she contented herself with doing all in her power to break those of her family.

About two things the world at once made up its mind. That it had been inexcusable of Marston Street to lose his fortune through neglecting to transfer an investment, and that Francis Jabez Marston Street, his eldest son, would certainly never do anything to restore the ruin.

"He has never been taught anything except how to be a fine gentleman," they declared. "What has he learned at Eton, except to dress himself up to the eyes? What has he learned at Cambridge, except to spend as much money on ridiculous fads and extravagances as would keep many of us for the whole year?"

Some declared he was conceited, "though it seems almost impossible," they charitably added.

"Why, what on earth has he but his looks?"

"Looks, indeed? I'd rather have a downright ugly chap than those sort of mamby-pamby good looks."

It was generally agreed that the younger sons, having all along known they would be expected, as is the way with younger sons in England, to make their own way, would shake down into their fallen fortunes much better.

One gentleman came forward and offered to take Hiram, who was nineteen, into his office at a small salary, an offer that was gladly and gratefully accepted. Another friend, who had a West Indian branch, gave Phil, who was a year younger, a berth out at St. Kitts. But no one had anything to offer which the young "swell" would be any good at.

It need hardly be said that Marston himself had no difficulty in finding a billet; but it was pathetic to see the elderly man, who had stood so high, starting again up the ladder of life from the lowest rung. Before the smash Francis Street had lived a good deal in rooms of his own, in one of the smartest parts of the town, for he detested the suburban residence of his family: and when not actually in London liked to be out of it altogether, and was often abroad "mooning round the picture galleries," as his critics scoffingly said.

Of course these rooms were at once given up. But they had been furnished partly by the fittings of Frank's Cambridge quarters, and partly by furniture, pictures, china, etc., he had picked up since. He was five-and-twenty, and he had had an excellent allowance, had even saved a little each year out of it, a fact which would have much surprised his critics. Some people have the art of buying a great deal with their money. And those who only spend their money and never buy anything can never understand it.

When the crash came, Frank was at first very much of the opinion of his critics. What could he do? It was by no means lost on him that not one of all their friends had a word of encouragement for him, though his brothers were patted on the back all round. His mother had always failed to understand him, and was annoyed that he had none of the out-door sporting tastes of her own brothers.

"You may buy a place, Marston," she had often said, "or the old man may relent and leave you Frampton Court after all; but nothing will ever make a squire of Francis. He's finnick!"

Poor Frank! It was well that his gentle, meek little father was kind and tender to him.

"The lad's no fool," began Marston mildly.

"Fool! Why should he be a fool? Goodness knows he takes after you enough in other ways," snapped the lady. "But he's—I'll tell you what he is," she concluded, as if it was quite a new suggestion—"he's finnick!"

Perhaps her husband was not sufficiently instructed to know whether his eldest son was so or not, so he held his peace.

"For my part I can't stand a finnick!" declared the lady, rather pleased with her substantive.

When they moved out of their handsome villa, it was, of course, Mrs. Street who decided where they should go and live, and then what house should be taken.

There was just room in it, as it turned out, for the parents and their younger son (Phil had already sailed for St. Kitts). Marston ventured some remark as to Francis, which his wife snubbed instantly.

"Francis never did care to reside at home when home was home indeed," she observed loftily. "There is no need to provide room for him now, when 'home' is a mere exiguous shelter from the weather!"

For my part I think Mrs. Marston wallowed in her reverses, like a pig in a puddle; she certainly never lost a chance of smacking her lips over them, as it were. If she had to be a martyr, she liked to wear her crown over her bonnet, so to speak, while she could enjoy it.

"But, my dear," murmured Marston, "the boy must live somewhere!"

"By all means, my love. And you may be sure he will reside in the best quarter. He always has!"

"Don't worry about me, dad," said Frank, when his father, with a very red face, made him understand that there was no provision for his reception at Malabar Cottage. "To tell the truth, dad," he continued, "it fits in better. I have a sort of notion of doing something, but would much rather none of them knew anything about it till I see how it turns out. I don't think I shall even tell you!"

"Frank, my boy, I feel very much the breakdown of all your hopes."

"Dad, don't talk nonsense! My hopes are only just beginning. I fancy you have forced me to make my fortune, which otherwise I might have not troubled about. After all, it's in the family—making fortunes, I mean. You will see that I inherit the family taste. Should you be surprised to hear I intend to start shop-keeping?"

"Shop-keeping!"

"Yes. I dare say you think I shall hate it. My tastes have not hitherto seemed commercial. But I shall like it. What is more, I shall succeed at it. I can't run a barge," he added, with a laugh, "or I would try and build the family fortunes afresh from the start."

The allusion to the barge would have infuriated his mother, though she, of course, was not "finnicky."

"His present Grace of Lulworth," the young man went on, with a grin, "used constantly to remind me, at Eton, during his first term, before he had the nonsense knocked out of him, of my bargee ancestor. I blacked his eye once, and I do not think he was a bit grateful to me for it. He was only called Algy Beaudesert then, for the late duke was, as you know, only his uncle."

Marston Street smiled. He liked a quiet chat with his son, who, as we have seen, he believed not to be a fool.

"But, my dear Frank, how are you going to stock a shop? It wants a lot of capital."

"Ah, I suppose it might. All the same I am going to stock one. Will you come and have tea with me behind my counter the first Sunday?"

"If you intend to keep your establishment open on Sundays, I presume you are going to be a tobacconist."

"No, I'm not; nor a stale fruiterer either. In fact, my shop will not be open to the public on Sunday, only to you. That will be my 'at home' day. Mind you come."

"You have not told me the address yet."

"No. Do not be so dreadfully inquisitive, dad. I shall tell you in good time. But, mind, the information is for yourself only. I do not propose to tell the family."

The father promised, and went his way, smiling quietly. He was thinking that, to his mind, Frank did not seem altogether "finnicky."

"I'm sure," he told himself, "none of us have been pluckier about our ruin than Francis. It means to him the loss of every friend, of every hope and expectation of his life. And he has never once groaned or grumbled."

IV.

It is probable that Marston Street hardly took his son literally when he stated his intention of keeping a shop, but it was, nevertheless, true that the young man did seriously propose a venture in that direction.

"Poor dad!" the young man thought to himself, as he watched his father from the window slowly cross to the shady side of the street. "He feels it much worse than our mother, though he says

so much less. It has broken him. He is very brave, but he has finished his life."

The young man turned back into the room with a lump rising in his throat, and a suspicious dimness about the eyes. Like thousands of us he was a much better fellow than people ever thought. Underneath the rather artificial, fine-gentleman manner there was an honest, wholesome heart, and plucky, manly self-reliance. Only hitherto there had, he thought, been really no necessity to rely upon himself. Francis Street was the great grandson of a bargeman, and he had blacked the ducal eye of his schoolfellow for thinking it necessary to remind him of the fact, but the young man was a gentleman, not in mere tastes and training only, but in every thought of his mind.

There was something about his father that always touched him, a sort of appealing deprecation of criticism. His father having so nearly succeeded, had so utterly failed. And what, thought the son, is so wholly pathetic as failure?

Poor Marston Street had failed to secure his natural inheritance; he had lost it to secure, as he fancied, a wife worth all else that the world could offer. And how he had failed there! He had made a fortune, and had failed to keep it.

And he was such a harmless creature! Gentle, sweet-tempered, without a rancorous thought for anyone.

Francis glanced round his room; he had the rooms till the last day of June, so he had stayed on in them, for there would be no economy in moving out. But this was his last day in them. And now he looked round on the beautiful and interesting things he had collected, with so great interest and pleasure, in such various places.

"Please, sir," remarked the landlord of the rooms, who had once been a butler in his father's service, throwing wide the door, "Lord Hounslow wants to see you. I told him 'Not at 'ome,' and he only laughed. He said he saw you just now at the winder. He begs as you'll let him come up."

"Very well, Perkisett," and the man went down much pleased. He had a feeling that it was almost profane to turn away the eldest son of a marquis, and a marquis who would certainly be made a duke at the next change of ministry.

Hitherto Frank had rigorously refused himself to everybody.

"It will have to come," he had told himself; "all that life will have to be dropped, and it will be easier to do it now than later.

It's all part of one thing now. Later on it would seem like a fresh misfortune."

He was rather touched by Lord Hounslow's coming and persistence. They were only fairly good friends. But he had always thought the young man nice.

Perkisett announced "The Hurl of 'Ounslow" with a rolling emphasis that suggested the deliberate tasting of port wine.

Lord Hounslow made no mistakes. He came forward exactly as if nothing had happened since their last meeting. There was no irritating air of compassionate patronage. Still he was perfectly direct.

"Of course we've heard of your worry," he said, sitting down leisurely, as if he meant to remain, and drawing out his cigarette case. "It does seem outrageous—that unlimited liability business. I am not going to bother you about your plans; I expect it's not easy to make up your mind all in a hurry about them. But my father asked me, if I should succeed in catching you, whether you would come and stay with us for a bit. Perkisett tells me he's losing you."

"Of course," replied Frank. "You see, I have really no income at all now. I happened to have saved a hundred or two out of my allowance."

"Saved!" cried the visitor. "In all my days you're the first chap I ever heard say that. And you always seemed pretty extravagant too," he added, with a glance at the opulent surroundings.

Frank laughed.

"Well, my father did give me a ripping screw. And, you see, I was always buying things. Half the fellows one knows only spend and never buy. So everyone thought me extravagant, when I really was saving up."

"Saving up!" ejaculated Lord Hounslow, with another glance at the china and pictures and furniture.

"Certainly. I've got it all. It was bought with money that was my own, and there is no claim, either legal or moral, against all this. It is really mine."

"Yes. Of course. But I fancy the dollars would be more to the point now."

"I do not know. I knew what to buy, and what to give for what I did buy. I think these things are worth a heap more now than when I bought them. I think I will tell you something that was to have been a dark and mysterious secret. I am going to keep a shop."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Lord Hounslow. "By the way, we've wandered from the point. My father wants you to come and stay with us. We are leaving town to-morrow; the rest of the season (it will only be a couple of weeks, they say) we shall stop at Hounslow Court, and my father will drive backwards and forwards. The doctors don't want him to stick in London any longer. Will you come with us? Father thinks if you and he have a talk, he may be of some use to you."

"It is very kind indeed of him to think of me; and, of course, I should enjoy it. But, my dear Hounslow, enjoyment is scarcely to be my object in life yet awhile. And I think I must just say 'No' straight."

"Ah, but this is not merely a pleasure visit. If you talk things over with the governor, it may do some practical good. He thinks he might get you a private secretaryship."

Frank was more upset by this eager friendliness than he had been by all his misfortunes. He could scarcely command his voice to reply. But all the same he was firm.

"Hounslow," he said, "I really do not know how to thank you for this friendliness. But I think my own idea is better. I have, as I told you, a hundred or two; but I have no *income* whatever. Secretaryships are so much sought after nowadays for the sake of the introduction to political life, or diplomatic life, and so on, that they are generally unpaid for some time. I have to *make money*."

"If my father decided to offer you his own secretaryship, he would know about your circumstances, and would, of course, pay."

Frank shook his head.

"No," he said, "that would not do. It would be to suit me, not to suit himself, and I should hate it. Why pay for what you can easily get free?"

"Sometimes one gets a better article by paying for it."

"Yes. Often. But I do not know that I should be a good article. I do not feel at all sure that I should make a good private secretary. The list of things he is supposed to know, and do (in the 'Caxtons,' I think it is) always terrified me. No, I had better stick to my shop."

"Your shop?"

"Yes. I told you I intended starting a shop, and I do. It was not a little joke. After all, it is only a 'Recrudescence of Family Tradition.' As you are doubtless aware, my great grandfather was a bargee."

Lord Hounslow laughed.

"So I've heard. I remember you leathered Algy Beadesert at Eton for saying so, though."

"Certainly. It was horrid cheek his saying so. All the same it was true, only I think he said it was my grandfather. Well, I am going in for trade again. That's my line, I fancy. But navigation isn't, so I am obliged to forsake the traditional line and strike out on a new one."

"Of course you're inventing," observed the hope of the house of Hounslow.

"No, I'm not. But my original idea was to keep it as dark as possible. That I already see was a mistake. A shop like mine wants advertising among the higher classes. So I tell you, 'soliciting the favor of your patronage and recommendation.'"

"What sort of shop are you going in for, anyway?"

"A curiosity shop."

"Ah! We now begin to smell daylight. Your stock-in-trade I see before me, is it not?"

Frank laughed at his friend's English, and admitted the correctness of his surmise.

"I wish," cried Lord Hounslow, "you'd take a partner. I should wallow in it. You should interview all the old lady customers and I would interview—well—all the *new* ones!"

Frank laughed, but did not at once close with his friend's offer.

"'Lord Hounslow, Jokes & Co.' would, of course, sound very well," he admitted, "but at present 'Jokes & Co.' has no partner. I must make my business first, then develop it."

"Is 'Jokes & Co.' the title of your firm?"

Frank nodded.

"Sounds cheery anyway," said Lord Hounslow.

"Would you like to come and see the premises?"

"Ra-ther!" replied this painfully vernacular young man. "Get your chap to call a hansom."

"Hansom! Nonsense. If you come you'll have to come in a green 'bus."

"Forgive my saying," laughed Lord Hounslow, "that *Time is Money*. A sentiment all my own, and hot out of the oven. In business *Time is Everything*."

The window stood open. Outside was a small balcony. Lord Hounslow stepped out, and blew a silver whistle shrilly. Twenty seconds later a hansom was at the door.

V.

"How did you find it?"

"By accident," replied Frank. "Doesn't it look promising?"

"*De la première classe!* Is it dear?"

"No. And, you see, mine is much the bigger half."

The shop was a double one. Half was used as a post office; but, as Mr. Street observed, his was the better half.

"I've got it for three months, with option then to take on for a year. At the back is a small parlor, but that the tenant keeps (his *sub-tenant*), viz., the old lady who has the post office."

"She doesn't look so *very* old!" remarked Lord Hounslow.

Street laughed.

"Oh, the girl you saw downstairs! That's her great-niece. Miss Priddy was not there. I expect she is playing *shut-eye* in the parlor we spoke of."

("Charming game," observed Lord Hounslow. "I play it splendidly myself.")

The latter remarks were not made in the shop, but upstairs, where Frank had two good rooms and a sort of scullery, or housemaid's closet; the rest of the house belonged to Miss Priddy, and a lodger.

"In these upstairs rooms, of course, I shall live," Frank explained. "They will also be my warehouse, for, needless to say, the little shop won't hold a tithe of my things."

"And when they're *all* sold? What then?"

"I intend to buy as well as sell. I have my own ideas as to that. . . . I am always, as it is, getting offers of bric-a-brac, pictures, etc., that people want to sell to me. I shall get many more when I sell them."

"I *do* wish," murmured Lord Hounslow plaintively, "you'd take me as a partner—sleeping partner even. I'm unsurpassed in that line."

But Frank was obdurate. There could be no partner till there was a business to share.

"There's one thing," declared Lord Hounslow, "that I *insist* on, so it's no use your being pig-headed about this. All your things have to be moved from Jermyn Street here. *I'm* going to move them!"

"You!"

"Yes, *me!*" reiterated the ungrammatical young man. "My

father has a lot of big covered wagons like carriers' carts, wherein we send our produce to Covent Garden Market, for we too are shopkeepers, only we haven't exactly got a shop, and we're in the greengrocery and dairy produce line. To-morrow morning, after emptying themselves of the cabbages and things, these will call at Jermyn Street and bring all your stock here. I'll superintend."

And this the good-natured young man did, thereby saving Frank a very considerable expense.

The shop was well stocked, and the rest of the things were taken upstairs to be brought down as required, and meanwhile to furnish Frank's living rooms.

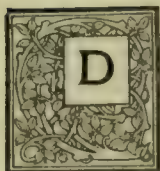
Miss Priddy watched the arrival of the wagons with devouring interest, but she was not permitted to see the shop itself till all was arranged. Between the post office and the shop Frank had had a screen erected, the lower half of wood, the upper of glass. But a long curtain could be drawn across the latter, which was done now, and only when all the quaint and pretty things were in place did Frank allow them to be seen.

By luncheon time all was in order, for they had been at work since six o'clock in the morning, so that Lord Hounslow said he had never sat up quite so late before! Then the two young men had luncheon upstairs, their meal consisting of a veal and ham pie and some fruit. But in the midst of it came an interruption.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

WOMAN'S WORK IN BIBLE STUDY AND TRANSLATION.

BY A. H. JOHNS, A.M.



DURING the past year much has been said and written regarding the King James version of the Bible—a version which, fortunately for our glorious English speech, was made when England, as has happily been expressed, was “a nest of song birds.” The celebration of the tercentenary of the completion of this notable undertaking was, among other things, a tribute to the memory of those who builded a monument of literature that will endure as long as the imperishable creations of Milton and Shakespeare. But, while the Protestant world recalls the labors of those whose purpose, three centuries ago, was to bring the Word of God to the knowledge of the masses, and who, in doing so, fixed for all time the vigorous and solemn character of “English undefiled,” let us not forget those who, twelve centuries before, were engaged in similar labors, and whose efforts, notwithstanding all kinds of handicaps, were crowned with even more signal success.

I refer to the Latin translation of the Bible, usually known as the Vulgate. In the opinion of most people, this stupendous work was wholly and solely the work of one man—the famous father and doctor of the Church, St. Jerome. In a certain sense this opinion is well founded; in another it is entirely erroneous. Most of the actual work of translation, it is true, was performed by St. Jerome, but, had it not been for three Roman women of noblest patrician birth, it is safe to say that the Vulgate, as we now know it, would never have been completed, and most probably never have been begun.

The story of this herculean task reads more like a romance than veritable history. It is the story of genius overcoming untold difficulties, of energy and perseverance in the face of the seemingly impossible. But it is above all a story of the value of woman's co-operation in a noble cause, of the far-reaching effects of woman's influence in something that is, at first blush, without her proper sphere of action. Indeed, it may safely be said that we have not in all history a more extraordinary instance of the paramount importance of feminine collaboration in things of the mind, or of the

efficacy of her benign influence, when guided by affectionate zeal and by keen and lofty intelligence, than in the production of the *Vulgate*. It is above all a story of surpassing interest for people of our own time, when opinions respecting the higher education of women are so divided, and when discussions about the proper sphere of woman's activity are so animated and so contradictory.

The chief characters in our story are Jerome, Marcella, Paula and her daughter Eustochium, all four of whom are honored as saints in the Catholic Church.

The Church of the Household is notable in Church history, for the lectures and instructions on Scripture and cognate subjects which Jerome, after his return from the desert of Syria, gave in it for a period of three years. Never before had Rome witnessed such ardor in the study of Scripture, and never before or since was there assembled for such study so distinguished and so intelligent a group of women of every age. So great progress in the knowledge of Scripture had some of them made—notably Marcella, a woman of remarkable mentality—that they were consulted by laity and clergy alike on difficult passages of Holy Writ. But such was the modesty of Marcella that she never gave an opinion as her own. She always said she but repeated what she had learned from her master.

After the death of his friend and protector, Pope Damasus, Jerome was unable to resist any longer the lure of the Orient, where he had spent so many happy years. The desert and a life of solitude had, during his sojourn in Rome, lost none of its attractions for him. Accordingly, in May, 385, he set sail from Ostia for Antioch, accompanied by the regrets and the tears of the inmates of his loved school on the Aventine. They had all learned to revere him as their father and master in the spiritual life, and for them his departure was regarded as little less than a calamity.

But Jerome was not the only one who had felt the lure of the desert, or who had been impressed by the charms of the life led by the solitaries of the Thebaid. After the death of her husband, and still more after the death of her cherished daughter, the brilliant Blesilla, Paula determined to flee from the distractions and commotions of Rome, and seek peace and tranquility where it had been found by so many thousands of others—in the wilderness of Syria or Egypt. Years previously a noble Roman matron, Melania by name, and a friend of Paula's, and descended from the

same gens as herself, had, with a number of women friends, sought and found peace and happiness in the Thebaid, where they spent ten years. After this Melania built a convent for herself and companions on the Mount of Olives, whence they wrote such glowing accounts of the delights of monastic life, away from the noise and turmoil of the world, that many were induced to follow their example.

It was only a few months after Jerome's departure from Rome, when Paula and Eustochium, accompanied by a large number of consecrated virgins and widows, set sail from Portus Romanus, at the mouth of the Tiber, for Cyprus, where Paula received a cordial welcome from her old friend, St. Epiphanius, bishop of Salamis. After a short visit here, the travelers continued their voyage, and soon arrived at Antioch, where they were met by their father and friend, Jerome.

So eager was Paula to see the holy places in Palestine, and to visit the monasteries in Egypt, about which she had heard so much through her friend Melania, that she made preparations to continue without delay the rest of the journey by land. She induced Jerome to accompany the party, in order that all might profit by his knowledge of the places visited, and of the history and traditions in which the countries to be visited were so rich. They could not have had a better guide, or one more competent to make their pilgrimage interesting and profitable. Their journeyings in the Holy Land and Egypt, in both of which countries, under the guidance of Jerome, they investigated everything with the keen interest and thoroughness of trained Scriptural students, lasted a whole year. The Holy Land first engaged their attention, after which they went to the land of the Nile. So fascinated was Paula with the lives of the anchorets, whom she visited in their desert homes in Nitria and Arsinoe, that she wished to spend the remainder of her days in Egypt in a life of penance and contemplation. Jerome, however, was averse to this, and persuaded her to establish a home for herself and companions in Bethlehem, near the grotto of the Nativity. Returning, then, from Egypt to Bethlehem, Paula had two monasteries erected, one for women—two more were subsequently constructed—over which she presided, and one for men, under the direction of Jerome.

Paula and Eustochium lost no time in resuming those studies, interrupted by their long voyage from Rome. While their monasteries were being built they begged Jerome to read with them,

in Hebrew, the entire Bible from the beginning to the end, and explain all difficulties as they presented themselves. They had hitherto studied the Sacred Books according to their special attraction at the time, now one, now another. Jerome tried, but in vain, to decline this delicate and laborious task. But, as in Rome, he was finally forced to yield to the entreaties of Paula and Eustochium. Writing of Paula many years afterwards, he says, "She compelled me"—*compulit me*—"to read, with explanations, the Old and the New Testament to her and her daughter."

This reading of the Bible together excited in the two women a desire to make a still more profound study of each of the books of the Sacred Text—especially the epistles of St. Paul. In searching for commentaries on the perplexing letters of the Apostle of the Gentiles, they discovered that there was practically nothing in Latin, and that, in Greek, only Origen had written a few authorized tracts. Commentators had hitherto recoiled before the attempt to explain writings that bristled with such countless difficulties. Paula then begged Jerome to undertake an exegesis of the great apostle, but he shrank in terror from so gigantic a task. Unable to overcome his objections directly, Paula tried to secure by address what she so much desired. She accordingly besought him to interpret the short epistle to Philemon, which consists of but a single chapter. In this wise Jerome found himself committed, in spite of himself, to the great work which the noble matron had so much at heart. For, after the exegesis of St. Paul was once begun, she would no longer accept any further excuses from the reluctant master, and thus she obtained one commentary after another on all the books of the Bible.

From this time dates that holy and happy influence which Paula and Eustochium began to exercise over the genius and the labors of St. Jerome, an influence which persisted until the time of their death; an influence which, as we shall soon see, ripened in the most abundant and beautiful fruitage.

Jerome—and shall we not say the same of Paula and Eustochium?—was at last fairly started on his great life-work—the work that has won for him the admiration and the gratitude of all succeeding ages. All that he had previously accomplished was but a preparation for the grand achievements that were to follow, under the inspiration of the two peerless women that were always at his side to assist and encourage him in times of difficulties and trials. It was now that his studies in Rome, his travels and researches in

Gaul, Italy, Greece and Syria, Egypt and Palestine stood him in good stead, and enabled him to achieve what would otherwise have been impossible, and what would have been far beyond the strength and ability of any of his contemporaries.

Jerome was now fifty-five years of age, in the zenith of his magnificent intellect, in the full vigor of a mind stored with the accumulated learning and wisdom of a life devoted to unremitted study and contemplation. But what was incomparably more to him and to the world, he had near him two extraordinarily gifted and sympathetic souls, who thoroughly understood him, and who knew how to direct his prodigious energy and stimulate his genius to the loftiest flights. Most of his work was undertaken at their instance, and completed through their enthusiastic co-operation. Their wish was his pleasure; their request a command which he made haste to execute. This is evidenced everywhere in his letters, and especially in the prefaces to his many translations and commentaries.

On one occasion Paula desired to have a translation of Origen's commentaries on St. Luke for the use of the inmates of her convent. Although Jerome was then engaged in a work by which he set great store, he at once interrupted it in order to comply with Paula's desire. "You see," he writes her, "what weight a wish of yours has with me, for I have, without hesitation, discontinued my great work on *Hebraic Questions* to assume, at your request, the dry and ungrateful role of translator." On another occasion, when, in spite of his ardor, he seemed on the point of losing courage on account of the magnitude of the difficulties which confronted him, he was prevailed on by the incessant entreaties of Eustochium—*Quia tu, Eustochium, indesinenter, flagitas*—to complete one of the great works which had been begun at the request of herself and her mother. On still another occasion, he was on the point of leaving a peculiarly difficult task unfinished, but after listening to Paula's arguments against such a proceeding, he ended by gratifying her wish, remarking, "*Obsequar igitur voluntati tue*—I shall submit to your will."

The intellectual activity of Jerome, while working under the inspiration of his two incomparable friends, was marvelous, and the amount of work which he accomplished under their benign influence, and with their efficient co-operation, was enormous. There were commentaries on the Old and New Testament, translations from the noted Greek doctors, and letters innumerable to all points of the compass. From all parts of the Roman empire Jerome was appealed

to as an oracle on all matters pertaining to Scripture, or to traditions and doctrines based on Scripture. Besides this, he found himself engaged in the violent controversies concerning the teachings of Origen and Pelagius—controversies which demanded much of his time, and withdrew him from his more congenial work on the Bible. But Paula and Eustochium saw to it that these interruptions did not interfere with their plans for an undertaking on which they had so long set their hearts—a work which was to be the culmination of the master's achievements. This was nothing less than a complete Latin version of the Old Testament from the Hebrew original. All Jerome's previous labors, before the inception of this colossal task, had paved the way for this supreme effort, and nothing, after the task was actually begun, was permitted for long to retard its progress or to militate against its ultimate termination.

At the urgent request of Paula, Jerome had, shortly after the completion of the monasteries in Bethlehem, made what was partly a new Latin translation of the Bible from the Septuagint, and partly a revision of the old Italic version, which was in many respects seriously defective. This great work, however, which, unfortunately, has been almost entirely lost, was but a prelude to the more difficult and more important translation from the Hebrew.

M. Ozanam does not hesitate to declare that this version of the Bible from the original text was one of the most daring, as well as one of the greatest, projects ever conceived. It was also one of the most important to the western or Latin Church, for as yet it had no direct translation from the Hebrew, while the Greek Church had no less than three, besides the Septuagint. The old Italic version, as well as Jerome's revision of it, and version from the Septuagint, was nothing more than a translation of a translation. The time had come, however, when a Latin version from the original Hebrew was an imperative necessity. Jerome, with his vast encyclopedic knowledge, was the only man who was then sufficiently versed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Chaldaic to attempt such a work. But no one realized more clearly than he did the magnitude of such a bold and difficult enterprise. Nevertheless, stimulated and encouraged by Paula and Eustochium, he set himself to work with his usual energy, and with all the ardor of one in the bloomy flush of early manhood.

This is not the place to recount the part which Paula and Eustochium had in this huge undertaking, but it can be truthfully said that its history is intimately woven with their own history,

and that the great fecundity of their lives in Bethlehem, or rather their providential mission in the Church, is exhibited at its best in Jerome's version of the Bible, long known as the Vulgate.

When Jerome began actual work on his *opus majus*, he was in his sixtieth year—at an age when, according to certain modern pseudo-economists, men should be retired from the sphere of active life. He was also in delicate health, but his intellect was as clear and his mind as active and as vigorous as ever. But neither weight of years nor impaired health could restrain his impetuous nature, or render him less eager to comply with the wishes of his fervid friends, respecting a work before which any other man of his age and infirmities would have recoiled as before the impossible.

The version from the Hebrew was not made in the usual sequence of the Sacred Books, beginning with the first and ending with the last, but according to the demands of the polemic of the time, or the expressed preferences of Paula and others, to whose wishes he cheerfully deferred.

The part of the Bible first translated was the first Book of Kings. No sooner had he completed this portion of his work than Jerome submitted it to Paula and Eustochium for their criticism, so great was his confidence in their capacity and judgment. "Read my book of Kings," he writes. "Yes, my book, for it is truly ours which has been produced by such profound study and such arduous toil. Read also the Latin and Greek editions and compare them with my version."

And they did read and compare and criticise. And more than this, they frequently suggested modifications and corrections, which the great man accepted with touching humility and incorporated in a revised copy. It may indeed be confidently asserted that no two persons since their time have more thoroughly and more lovingly studied and compared the Latin, Greek and Hebrew texts of the Scriptures, or have more completely made this occupation the work of their lives, than did Paula and Eustochium. And it would be difficult to name any other two persons that possessed a greater mastery of the three languages required, all of which they spoke with precision and fluency. Even that eminent doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, who devoted so much of his life to the study and interpretation of Scripture, was far from being proficient in Greek, and knew practically nothing of Hebrew.

But the service which Paula and Eustochium rendered to the venerable hermit was not limited to their criticism, advice and

encouragement, to which he attached so much importance, and on which he so greatly relied for the perfection of his work. Far from it. It was Paula, who procured for him at her own expense, the books and rare manuscripts which were essential to the successful execution of his work. This was no small assistance, for in those days the books and manuscripts that Jerome most needed—like Origen's *Hexapla* for instance—were exceedingly rare, and were worth their weight in gold.

Yet more. Much as has already been said of the share of these noble women in the great scholar's translations and commentaries, the most remarkable fact—a fact almost unknown—remains to be told. Under Jerome's direction, they undertook the delicate and important work of copying and revising Biblical manuscripts, in which they were aided by the inmates of Paula's convent. This was particularly true in the case of the Psalms, for, wonderful to relate, the Psalter which has been adopted in our Vulgate, is not the translation made by Jerome from the Hebrew, but a corrected version of the Septuagint executed by Paula and Eustochium.

While reading of these arduous labors of Jerome's illustrious friends and collaborators,

one loves [writes Armédée Thierry] to picture them seated before a large table on which are spread numerous manuscripts in Greek, Hebrew, and Latin; here the Hebrew text of the Bible, there the different editions of the Septuagint, the *Hexapla* of Origen, Theodotion, Symmacus, Aquila, and lastly the Italic Vulgate; to observe these learned women controlling, comparing, copying with their own hands—and with piety and joy—this Psalter... which we still chant, at least in great part, in the Latin Church to-day. The mind is then involuntarily carried back to their palaces in Rome, their ceilings of marble and gold, the army of eunuchs, servants and clients, and to their life there, surrounded with all the delicacies of fortune and all the pomps of rank. Like Mary, the sister of Martha, they believed they had chosen the better part, and they rejoiced in all the fullness of their hearts.

It was thus in Paula's convents, which were likewise schools of theology and languages, and in which every one of her religious was obliged to study Scripture, where originated that important occupation of copying manuscripts, which became a universal practice in all the monasteries of succeeding ages—an occupation to which

we are indebted for the preservation of the treasures of Greek and Roman letters and science, as well as of the writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and an occupation, which, when we consider what it has saved for us, was probably one of the most useful which was ever instituted.

The mind dwells with pleasure on the work accomplished during mediæval times in the scriptoriums of the Benedictines, Franciscans and Dominicans, and on those presided over by Hroswitha, St. Hildegarde, and the princess-abbess of Whitby, St. Hilda, the inspirer and patroness of Caedmon, who was the precursor by a thousand years of the author of *Paradise Lost*, but when recalling what we owe to these noble institutions, let us not forget that the origin and exemplar of all of them was the one that owed its existence to Paula and Eustochium in their famous convent in Bethlehem.

So highly did Jerome value the assistance given him by his two devoted co-workers, that he dedicated nearly all his works to them. Those that were not dedicated to them were inscribed to his old friend, Marcella, who, from her convent on the Aventine, kept up a constant correspondence with her friends in Bethlehem, and exhibited an unabated interest in the study of Scripture, and as well as in the labors of her former teacher, in whose achievements she gloried as much almost as did Paula and Eustochium.

The Pharisees of the time reproached Jerome with his persistence in dedicating his books to women, and denounced the aged hermit's action as a scandal. His reply to his accusers, in his preface to the commentary on Sophonias, reveals the character of the man and his nobility of soul so well that I reproduce from it the following paragraph:

There are people, O Paula and Eustochium, who take offence at seeing your names at the beginning of my works. These people do not know that Olda prophesied when the men were mute, that while Barak trembled, Deborah saved Israel, that Judith and Esther delivered from supreme peril the children of God. I pass over in silence Anna and Elizabeth and the other holy women of the Gospel, but humble stars when compared with the great luminary, Mary. Shall I speak now of the illustrious women among the heathen? Does not Plato have Aspasia speak in his dialogues? Does not Sappho hold the lyre at the same time as Alcæus and Pindar? Did not Themista philosophize with the sages of Greece? And the mother of the Gracchi, your Cornelia,

and the daughter of Cato, wife of Brutus, before whom pale the austere virtue of the father and the courage of the husband—are they not the pride of the whole of Rome? I shall add but one word more. Was it not to women that Our Lord appeared after His resurrection? Yes, and the men could then blush for not having sought what women had found.

Could any modern champion of woman be more eloquent and more chivalrous than this roused “Lion of Bethlehem?”

Paula did not live to see the completion of the version from the Hebrew, of which she had been the chief inspirer and promotor. Little, however, remained to be done after her death. This Jerome, although almost crushed by the loss of one who had been his consolation and support in countless trials and difficulties and persecutions, hastened, under the gentle but unceasing stimulation of Eustochium, to bring to a happy termination. When, finally, the last page was finished, he placed it, as it were, on the tomb of his sainted friend as a pious tribute to her memory. “Now,” he writes in the preface of this great work, “now that the blessed and venerable Paula has slept in the Lord, I have not been able to refuse you, Eustochium, virgin of Christ, these books which I promised to your mother.”

Thus, then, after fifteen years of the most strenuous toil, was finally completed, about the year 405, this first and unique version of the Scriptures from the Hebrew into Latin—a version, which, under the name of the Vulgate, was adopted by the Council of Trent as the authorized version for the entire Catholic Church. It was a marvelous achievement, which, all things considered, is without a parallel in the annals of letters.

When Johnson's dictionary was published, “the world,” Boswell informs us, “contemplated with wonder so stupendous a work achieved by one man, while other countries had thought such undertakings fit only for whole academies.” The statement is no doubt warranted, but with how much greater truth could it be made of the Vulgate—a work involving incomparably more preparation and labor, and requiring much greater equipment and a much higher order of genius.

The English “Authorized Version” of the Bible was the joint work of six committees, composed of forty-seven of the most noted scholars of England, who labored nearly five years on a translation which was, in reality, little more than a revision of previous versions.

Compared with the translation of Jerome, a noted Scriptural authority in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* writes as follows: "It"—The Authorized Version—whose genealogy is to be traced up in a direct line through every stage of Biblical revision to the Latin Vulgate—"stands pre-eminent for its accurate representation of the original Hebrew and Greek, and may challenge favorable comparison in this respect....with the Latin Vulgate." Could more be said of the transcendent excellence of Jerome's work, or give a clearer idea of its magnitude than these two statements? But then the translator of the Vulgate had the supreme advantage of laboring under the benign influence of a twin-star—Paula and Eustochium—the most brilliant luminary of the kind that ever appeared in the ecclesiastical firmament during the long course of the Church's history.

Jerome was seventy-five years of age when the Vulgate was given to the world. But his labors were not yet ended. He had promised Paula, during her life, to write commentaries on all the prophets. A part of this task had been completed, but the most difficult part of it still remained untouched. But the weight of years, failing eyesight, and broken health, did not deter him from making good a promise made long years before. With the assistance of Eustochium, who was always near him to sweeten his task and alleviate his sufferings, he labored on with amazing ardor. Paula in the tomb still animated him no less than when she was alive, and acted as his inspiring guardian angel. Under the magic of her name and ever persisting influence, under the spell of her sweet and cherished memory, his indomitable energy never flags, and his wonted activity never abates.

Paula had dreamed of a monument of exegesis in which should be embalmed all the knowledge accumulated by the venerable solitary during his long and busy life, a monument that should forever endure to the glory of the Church and to his own glory. "And shall this monument," queried, with anxious mien, the gentle, ardent Eustochium, "remain unfinished?" "No," exclaimed, in the language of Virgil, the high-minded old man, "*dum spiritus hos regit artus*—while the breath of life remains—I shall remain faithful to my promise."

The day was not long enough for him, so, by the aid of the flickering light of a small lamp, he continued his labors far into the night. Finally enfeebled by his great age, his eyes refused to serve him any longer, and he was unable to decipher his Hebrew

manuscripts without the aid of some of his brethren in the monastery. They read to him the interpreters he could no longer read himself, and he dictated to them his commentaries. At last, in his eightieth year, his task was finished, and he was able to say to Eustochium, who, after her mother's death, had been his unfailing support and comforter: "You force me, O virgin of Christ, Eustochium, to pay you the debt which I owe to your sainted mother. My affection for her is not greater than that which I have for you. But you are present; in obeying you, I acquit myself of the debt I owe both of you." The picture of the venerable octogenarian handing this final volume to Eustochium, Paula's heiress and executrix, and thus acquitting himself of what he considered the most sacred of obligations, is one of the most touching spectacles in the history of letters and sanctity.

Shortly after seeing all of Paula's dreams realized and her own as well, the gentle, ardent, gifted Eustochium, the first of patrician maidens to make the vow of virginity, followed her mother to another world. Jerome's only consolation after her death was the granddaughter of Paula, who, some years previously, had come from Rome and who, like her aunt and grandmother, had the ineffable happiness of studying Scripture under the same master, who, thirty years before, had inaugurated a course of Bible study in the *Ecclesia Domestica* on the Aventine, and who had there, under the inspiration of those who were nearest and dearest to her, as well as to him, begun that brilliant career which issued in his being ranked among the most eminent fathers and doctors of the Church.

Young Paula, who was now a maiden of twenty years, and inheriting all the rare qualities of mind and heart, which so distinguished the other members of her family, was the light and life of the venerable and venerated patriarch during the year which he survived the death of his devoted daughter in Christ, Eustochium. And when the end came, after his long and faithful service in the cause of Biblical science, it was young Paula who closed his eyes in death, and who had his precious remains laid away near the grotto of the Nativity—not far from those of the two exalted souls

"in goodness and power pre-eminent"

—who, for more than a third of a century, had watched over him with the most tender solicitude, and who by developing to the

utmost all the resources of his matchless intellect, had converted the retiring and diffident monk of Chalcis into the brightest luminary in Christendom.

Jerome is usually characterized as a man of exceedingly austere, almost savage, nature. He was indeed an implacable foe to idleness, frivolity and luxury, but the foregoing pages regarding his relations towards his friends and pupils in Rome and Bethlehem exhibit him in a different light. He may not have been of the effusive and demonstrative disposition of his illustrious friend and contemporary, St. Augustine, as portrayed in Ary Scheffer's splendid painting of St. Monica and her son, but he was nevertheless a man of a deeply affectionate nature, of rare generosity and nobility of soul, and, above all, a man of unswerving loyalty to his friends.

No man, probably, was ever so completely under the sublime inspiration of the "eternal womanly" as was this exemplar of penance and mortification. From the time he came under the potent influence of Marcella and her gifted friends in the convent on the Aventine, until he gave young Paula her last lesson in Scripture, it was this inspiring force that kept him on the highest plane of intellectual effort. We admire "the eternal womanly" in St. Hilda, who unsealed the lips of Caedmon and made him the first of English bards; we admire it in Vittoria Colonna, who stimulated Michael Angelo in his sublimest conceptions; we admire it in St. Clare, who sustained St. Francis, the *poverello* of Assisi, in his great, world-embracing work of charity and reform; we admire it in Aspasia, who was the inspiration of the most brilliant geniuses of Attica in the golden age of Greece; we admire it in Beatrice, the sovereign influence in the production of Dante's immortal *Divina Commedia*, but in none of these inspirers of great things do we find that long-continued, ever-present, all-dominating, supremely effective power of the "eternal womanly" that so distinguished Paula and Eustochium, and which has forever identified them with Jerome's masterpiece, the *Vulgate*.

Dante, at the conclusion of his New Life, in referring to his great work—the *Divina Commedia*, which he then had in contemplation—writes concerning Beatrice, the lady of his heart, "I hope to say of her what was never said of any woman." Jerome, in addressing his last farewell to Paula, in his famous funeral eulogy, expresses himself to the same effect, but in a different manner. In words broken by sobs and tears, the grief-stricken old man exclaims, "*Vale, O Paula, Adieu, Paula—sustain by thy prayers*

the declining years of him who has held thee in such veneration and affection. Thy faith and thy works unite thee to Christ. In His presence thy petitions will readily be granted." Then, recalling his life-work, a work which he is always pleased to regard as her work, as well as his own, he is comforted in his deep affliction, for he feels that her memory will endure as long as men shall be moved by the deeds of heroic lives or stirred by the records of pre-eminent merit and achievement. And giving a beautiful turn to a well-known sentiment of Horace and Ovid, he rejoices even in his sorrow, for he can say in the language of solemn prophecy, "*Exegi monumentum tuum aere perennius, quod nulla destruere possit vetustas*—I have raised to thee a monument more durable than bronze, which time shall never destroy."

What a wonderful prophecy, and what a marvelous fulfillment of it has been witnessed during the ages which have elapsed since these words were pronounced! Paula's monument was Jerome's life-work—his letters, his doctrinal treatises, his commentaries, but above all, his Latin version of the Hebrew Scriptures—the Vulgate. And what a unique monument it is!

All the Anglo-Saxon translations, not to speak of others, were made from it, as was also the English version of Wyklif, while its influence in Tyndale's and subsequent English versions was most profound. It was the first book to come from the press of Gutenberg, a copy of which Bible is the most prized volume in the world to-day. But a still more signal honor awaited it, for it was decreed by the Council of Trent, that "the old and Vulgate edition," approved "by the usage of so many ages," should be the only Latin version used in "public lectures, disputations, sermons and expositions." And so far-reaching has been its influence through the centuries that the religious terminology of the languages of Western Europe has in great part been derived from or colored by the Vulgate.

Nor is this all. As is well known, most of the modern languages of Europe have been formed under the influence of, and as the result of the fecundity of, the ancient Latin. But the Latin from which these languages have been fashioned was not the language of Cicero, or of Virgil, popular as he was during the Middle Ages, but the language of the Church and of the Bible—the language of the Vulgate—which was created by Jerome acting under the inspiration of Paula. It is the Vulgate, which was the first book of which the nascent languages of mediaeval times essayed a

translation, the first book of which an attempt at translation was made in the French of the twelfth century, and in the German of the eighth century. It is the Vulgate, with its admirable narratives, with the fascinating simplicity of Genesis, with its charming pictures of the infancy of the human race, that supplied the needed language in which to address the barbarians from the North, when they first came under the beneficent influence of Christian civilization.

Our fathers were wont to cover the Vulgate with gold and precious stones. And they did more. When a council was assembled, the Sacred Scriptures—that is the Vulgate—were placed upon the altar in the midst of the assembly which it, in a certain sense, dominated, while, on the occasions of great and imposing outdoor processions, the Bible was carried in triumph in a golden reliquary.

Our ancestors had good reasons to carry the Vulgate in triumph and covered with gold. For this first of ancient books, is, as Ozanam truly observes, also the first of modern books. It is, as it were, the source of modern books, because from its pages have sprung all the languages, all the eloquence, all the civilization of the later centuries.

St. Jerome was right. The monument he erected to Paula, or rather to Paula and Eustochium—for mother and daughter may not be separated—is imperishable. And the glory of their work, far from diminishing with the passing ages, becomes, on the contrary, greater as the world grows older and wiser. Who, then, that has read the story of the labors of the Dalmatian monk, and of the heiresses of the Scipios and the Gracchi, can any longer question the supreme importance of woman's influence in every sphere of human endeavor, or seriously contend that inspiration, of the kind noted in the preceding pages, is of lesser moment than execution? And who can fail to see that Goethe expressed a profound and beautiful truth when, in the closing verses of Faust, he declared it is "The eternal womanly that leads us on"—

Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan?

THE CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD.*

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.



SEVERAL events of recent years have testified to the growing participation of English Catholics in all that pertains to the public life of their country, and to the development among us of that much-needed quality, the social sense. The marked success of the newly-organized Catholic Congresses—held at Leeds in 1910 and at Newcastle in 1911—with the representative audiences they brought together, and the broadly inclusive programmes they offered, has been an outward manifestation of healthy national life, about which there could be no dispute. Such gatherings would have been impossible even ten years ago. The complete concord between priests and laity, which the long controversies over education and the fight for our schools have had the result both of demonstrating and consolidating, has brought home to Catholics, accustomed to regarding themselves as an almost negligible quantity in public affairs, how much may be achieved by concerted action. Undoubtedly also the religious enthusiasm aroused by the Eucharistic Congress at Westminster (1908), and the deep resentment evoked by Mr. Asquith's prohibition of the procession of the Blessed Sacrament round the precincts of the Cathedral, helped to build up a cohesive Catholic sense. Month by month, too, and year by year, as the old spirit of exclusiveness and self-effacement among Catholics—a relic of penal times—has waned, and the old spirit of anti-papistical intolerance among Protestants has grown less bitter, we have been brought naturally and inevitably into coöperation with all religious denominations in those wide fields of philanthropy and civic activity in which in England, happily, men and women of every creed can work harmoniously and with mutual respect. Thus it was at once as a result and as a cause that over two years

*THE CATHOLIC WORLD aims to make the Catholic world better known to all its readers. From the activities of the faithful in every part of the globe we may gain both instruction and incentive. The rays of Catholic truth and Catholic inspiration wherever shed will energize and warm us. The aims of the Catholic Social Guild in England are the aims of various agencies here, and, keeping intact those national characteristics necessary to make any work effective, we believe that the invitation extended in this article should be heartily welcomed, and that coöperation would yield mutual benefit.—*Ed. C. W.*

ago the Catholic Social Guild* came into existence, a testimony to our concern in social and economic problems, and a recognition of the need for a clearer understanding of the Catholic principles involved in them.

The birth of the Guild indicates, indeed, how great a change has come over the mentality of English Catholics within the last quarter of a century. To-day it seems scarcely credible that when the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* was published, it fell, as far as England was concerned, upon almost deaf ears. With a few notable exceptions—Cardinal Manning, Bishop Hedley, and the late Mr. C. S. Devas—no one seemed to grasp the epoch-making character of the document, or to realize the desirability of studying it. Not only so, but when, two years previously, Cardinal Manning played his great rôle of peacemaker in the dock strike—an event which made his name venerated in every Catholic workingmen's club throughout Europe—his action was looked on as dangerous and quixotic by many of his own flock, and he received neither support nor applause from some who stood nearest to him. At that time neither Leo XIII., with his pen, nor Cardinal Manning, with his fearless advocacy of the rights of labor, was able to stir into any sort of effective life the still dormant social sense of English Catholics.

To-day there is an awakening all along the line. Many new organizations have sprung into existence; there has been a considerable coördination of detached associations and isolated workers, while coöperation with non-Catholics has become the basis of much beneficent activity. The Catholic Federation for men and the Catholic Women's League for women supply useful platforms for the discussion of Catholic interests and the development of a Catholic public spirit. It would be absurd and misleading to give too roseate a picture of our position, or to assume for a moment that we may rest on our laurels, but no one save a confirmed pessimist would deny that in everything concerning our civic and national life substantial progress has been made.

Until very recently Catholics have been manifestly deficient in their realization of the need for definite social study. We have had nothing corresponding to the systematic courses planned by the *Action Populaire* or the *Action Sociale de la Femme*, in France, or by the *Volksverein*, in Germany; no organization prepared to undertake careful research work into industrial conditions such as is

*General Hon. Sec., Mrs. Crawford, 105 Marylebone Road, London, N. W.

carried out both in France and Switzerland by the *Ligue Sociale des Acheteurs*. Hence in the purely charitable field our district visitors and others have been content to exhaust their slender means in somewhat indiscriminate almsgiving; and while bewailing the destitution and squalor of our slum areas, they have made no effort to probe the causes of the misery around them, or to establish the co-relation between poverty on the one hand, and bad housing, a disorganized labor-market, and inefficient education on the other. Our priests have been so absorbed in their heavy parish duties, and often so burdened with debt in their struggle to keep their schools in existence, that they have been unable to give the laity any lead in these matters. We have no Catholic University to serve as a center for the dissemination of Catholic teaching on social ethics, and it is only of quite recent years that the study of social problems has begun to penetrate tentatively into one or two of our seminaries. The need for such study had, indeed, entered so little into the Catholic conscience that even such opportunities as we possessed were not made use of. Thus no effort was made—indeed is still but rarely made—to interest the older pupils of our boys' colleges and our convent schools either in social questions of the day or in practical work among the poor, whereas for years past each of the big English public schools has taken an active share in settlement work in East or South London, with the special object of initiating the boys into social service. Hence it has come about that our young people have grown up more ignorant of and more indifferent to their social and civic duties than their non-Catholic contemporaries, and quite unprepared to take their share in solving those industrial problems—sweating, destitution, overcrowding—that press so heavily to-day on our English poor. Similarly, of our well-to-do Catholic girls it has been asserted, not without truth, that in their conception of life they seem to arrive at no *via media* between a religious vocation and extreme frivolity. In other words, problems of poverty and the duties they entail have been to them as a sealed book. This indifference and ignorance in the upper classes have had their counterpart in the lower, and no one would assert that our Catholic workingmen have been duly equipped by education and training to discriminate between true and false principles of reform, or to discern when and where their faith may be endangered.

For those of us who had been in touch with Catholic activity on the Continent, whether in France or Belgium, in Germany,

Switzerland, or Northern Italy, it was comparatively easy to put a finger on the weak spot in our Catholic armor. The remedy lay in organized study, in the elucidation of Catholic social principles, and in the cultivation of the social sense. A first definite impulse was given by a young Jesuit, at that time not yet ordained, the Rev. Charles Plater, whose name has already penetrated across the Atlantic. In a series of articles in *The Dublin Review*, under the title *Catholic Social Work in Germany*,* Father Plater told the stimulating story of German Catholic achievements during the later half of the nineteenth century. The articles were a revelation to many English readers, and excited widespread interest, all the more as parallels between the two countries were boldly drawn. From the same eloquent pen came a number of articles in the *Month*, and other periodicals, pleading on the intellectual side for organized study, and on the spiritual side for workingmen's Retreats. These, in the writer's opinion, were the means by which the faith in England was to be brought to fruition. Meanwhile, in Manchester, in connection with St. Bede's College, Bishop Casartelli was founding a Catholic school of social science, and from the seminary at Oscott, Monsignor Parkinson was taking an active part in the campaign for the abolition of the Poor Law, and the prevention of destitution organized by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb.

A Catholic Conference, summoned by the Catholic Truth Society, and held that year in Manchester, saw the birth of the new society. A number of prominent Catholic laymen attended the Conference: Mr. J. Britten, Secretary to the Catholic Truth Society; Mr. Leslie Toke, an Oxford man, and an authority on rural housing; Dr. Mooney, a leader of Catholic life in Preston; Mr. B. W. Devas, a son of the well-known writer and himself an energetic social worker, together with two or three ladies—Miss Fletcher, founder of the Catholic Women's League; Mrs. Philip Gibbs, and the present writer, and a handful of clergy headed by Monsignor Parkinson—took the opportunity of meeting together and launching the new venture. The Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Casartelli, gave the scheme his cordial approval, and its inauguration was announced the same day to the Conference, and received an encouraging welcome. Monsignor Parkinson accepted the presidency, a temporary executive was nominated, and the minimum subscription for membership fixed at half a crown, to be lowered later to one shilling. Two months later, under the

*Afterwards reproduced in book form by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

hospitable roof of Oscott College, and the able guidance of its president, progress was carried a step further. A general secretary was secured in the person of Mr. G. C. King, an experimental scheme of work was drawn up, and the infant society had conferred upon it the name of the Catholic Social Guild.

On this occasion, too, the aims of the Guild were officially defined to be as follows:

To facilitate intercourse between Catholic students and workers.

To assist in working out the application of Catholic principles to actual social conditions.

To create a wider interest among Catholics in social questions, and to secure their coöperation in promoting social reform on Catholic lines.

Looking back over the two years of somewhat strenuous life that have intervened since the Oscott Conference, it may be asserted that the aims have been strictly adhered to, although the means adopted have not been precisely those that the founders had in their mind at the outset. Very wisely the Guild set to work with no cut and dried programme, but with a determination to do whatever at the moment might seem most feasible. Hence it has come about that the two information bureaus, with reference libraries, and a staff of competent lecturers attached, which, in Father Plater's buoyant imagination, were to diffuse sound social principles respectively throughout the North and the South of England, still exist only as dreams for the future. The Northern Committee has indeed never properly got to work owing to a variety of causes; the Southern Committee, having London as its basis, has happily developed a useful sphere of activity, though not precisely what was at first anticipated. Again, the idea of local branches of the Guild not having proved very feasible, a plan of affiliating already existing societies has been adopted with success. It would be idle to deny that the work of the Guild has been carried on with some disappointments, and amid very considerable difficulties—lack of means, lack of efficient workers with leisure to devote to the cause, and on the other hand no lack at all of criticism that has not always been friendly. It has had, however, firm friends in the hierarchy and in the religious Orders, notably in Dr. Keating, Bishop of Northampton, who has both written and spoken in its favor, and it has enjoyed the approval of H. E. Cardinal Bourne; it has evoked not a little enthusiasm and a great deal of interest in various quarters, and it is, without question, slowly but

surely taking its place as one of the living forces of the Church in England.

What then, precisely, it may be asked, is the Guild doing at this moment to further its own aims? Briefly it is doing four things:

It is publishing literature on social subjects.

It is developing study-circles.

It is circulating book-boxes.

It is organizing a study scheme with a Board of Examiners and a system of certificates.

Besides these definite undertakings, it is unquestionable that in many intangible ways the Guild by its very existence keeps the social question to the front. One of its most useful functions, which yet does not yield results capable of enumeration, consists in the giving of advice gratis. The President, the various Secretaries, the members of the Executive Committee, all find themselves regarded as experts in social science, and if no information bureau exists in name, between them they carry on many of the functions of such a bureau, answering inquiries concerning books, lectures, and courses of study, and putting students in touch with the organizations they require. It was partly to facilitate this work that the Guild last year resolved on starting a *Quarterly Bulletin*, sent free to every subscriber. The bulletin not only contains all Guild news, and announces the Guild publications, but it notes social developments of interest to Catholics, and provides a carefully compiled bibliography of books, both Catholic and non-Catholic, bearing on social questions. It has already proved itself extremely useful, and may, it is hoped, in the near future take its place among monthly publications.

From the publishing point of view the Guild undoubtedly scored its first success with its *Catholic Social Year Book* (Catholic Truth Society, 6d. net). Nothing of the kind for Catholics had appeared before, and its utility was at once apparent. The little book, whose annual appearance seems assured—the third volume, 1912, is in the press at the moment of writing—aims in the first instance at supplying practical information for students and workers, and in the second at ventilating the ideals of the Guild and urging the need of social study. A variety of expert writers contribute to each volume short articles on topics of the day; the industrial and legislative events of the year, both at home and abroad, are briefly summarized, and the year's progress of the Guild chronicled. The result is a pleasant medley of "actual" topics, which has proved extremely popular.

A number of pamphlets dealing with social principles have also been issued in conjunction with the Catholic Truth Society. Penny pamphlets, essential weapons as they are for popular propaganda, are seldom of more than local and temporary interest. An exception must, however, be made for the penny edition of the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, annotated by Monsignor Parkinson, who also contributes an explanatory introduction; a pamphlet which brings the words of Leo XIII. within reach of every workingman. Another admirable pennyworth is contained in the *Books for Catholic Social Students*, the books being arranged according to subjects and the lists supplemented by useful hints to readers.

A far more important venture is the sixpenny series of *Catholic Social Guild Manuals* (P. S. King, Orchard House, Westminster). Here the aim is to examine "current problems of citizenship in the light of Christian principles, thus furnishing . . . some means of distinguishing what is ethically sound from what is based upon false or distorted ideals." The series will treat successively of the various industrial and social problems of the day by expert Catholic writers, who will first give a sketch of the history of the question, and then indicate to what extent Catholic doctrine is involved; what remedies are in accordance with Christian principles, and what Catholic agencies are already at work. The first to be published, *Destitution and Suggested Remedies*, with an introduction by Monsignor Parkinson, deals with the various aspects of the proposed reform of the Poor Law, a very urgent problem in England at this moment; the second, *Sweated Labour and the Trade Boards Act*, edited by Father Wright, of Hull, claims to present for the first time with any fulness the Catholic aspect of the sweating evil in England. It is an ably edited and outspoken volume, and it contains a masterly exposition of "the traditional Christian view" of a living wage by Mr. Leslie Toke, who, it is needless to add, quotes freely from the standard work on the subject by Dr. J. A. Ryan. Two more volumes, already in preparation, deal with the housing problem and the rights and duties of citizenship. This important series, when complete, will constitute a valuable guide to social students, and should form the basis of that practical programme of reform which it should be the aim of the Guild to evolve and to identify with the Catholic voter. Current problems are thus being provided for one by one. What we need, in addition to the manuals, is a text-book of sociology, something to put into the hands of all the young students in our study circles. So far, unfortunately, no one

has felt equal to supplying the need. Possibly the book may yet come to us from across the Atlantic. The Guild has, however, been the means of supplying a comparatively cheap edition of the late Mr. C. S. Devas' standard work on Political Economy, which, hitherto issued only at seven and sixpence, can now be bought through the Guild for two shillings and ninepence.

Next to the providing of literature comes its distribution into the right hands, often the more difficult task of the two. Among the minor activities of the Guild none has been more successful than the circulation of book-boxes. In the United States this work has been initiated and extended by the Catholic World Press, and is, we understand, doing great good. Here also we have found it an invaluable supplement to our Guild activities. Study circles scattered over the country often encounter real difficulty in securing the books they need, while the multiplicity of works dealing with social and economic questions issued week by week renders the task of selection by no means easy. This duty is undertaken by the Guild librarian. Each solid wooden book-box sent out contains some twenty-two volumes dealing with whatever subject the study circle may be engaged upon—Trade Unionism, Poor Law, Socialism, Women's Work and Wages, Economic History, Unemployment, and so on. Or a box of books on a variety of social subjects suitable for general reading may be supplied. Politics are excluded, and extreme views in any direction are avoided, but an effort is made to give an all-round view of any subject studied, as well as the most recent authorities. Catholic books are included whenever possible—such authors as C. S. Devas, Ming, Cathrein, Charles Plater, Garriguet, and Belloc are in constant demand—but necessarily the majority of books issued are by non-Catholic writers. A box may be retained three months, and the subscription is only five shillings—a sum which covers expenses and serves to replenish the boxes when needful, but not to stock them in the first instance. This can only be done by donations, the value of the books in each box being about £3; hence the Guild does not yet possess as many boxes as it might usefully circulate.

Another and more recent development, always with the aim of fostering social study, is due to the zealous initiative of Mrs. Philip Gibbs and Father Th. Wright. They have devised and circulated a scheme consisting of three separate courses of study, each based on a text-book supplemented by a list of carefully selected reference works. Each course is divided into two stages,

elementary and advanced, and it is intended to set examination papers and grant certificates to those students who pass successfully through both stages. A number of well-known Catholics, such as Monsignor Parkinson, Dr. Mooney, Mr. Leslie Toke, and Mr. F. F. Urquhart, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, are coöperating in the scheme, and have consented to act as examiners. Course A deals with economic theory, and demands the study of several of the Leonine encyclicals and of the various works of Mr. C. S. Devas. It might be specially commended to Catholic Trade Unionists and to workingmen generally. Course B is devoted to the economic history of England in the eighteenth century, and even in the elementary course the student will have to cover a fairly wide field of reading. Indeed this course should only be entered upon by men and women of solid education. Course C, on the other hand, has been planned to meet the needs of the practical social worker anxious to familiarize him or herself with the causes of existing misery and destitution, and would be eminently suitable for the older boys and girls of our colleges and convent schools. In this course the two Catholic Social Guild manuals already published afford most suitable text-books.

This comprehensive scheme is still quite in its infancy. Indeed only the preliminary courses have been issued, and the first examination takes place this July, but it has met with a wider response than its originators dared to hope for. Already there can be no question that it will stimulate and systematize the reading of the study-circles, which, thanks to the Guild, are springing up all over the country. It will help to create an élite of Catholic students, who will become the lecturers and teachers of future years, and it should enable the Catholic workingman to obtain a clear grasp of the principles on which to fight for industrial reform, and of where to join issue with reformers of other schools. That its advantages should have been so quickly seized by students of all ranks is a testimony to the progress already made in the task of kindling the social sense among us. Is it too much to hope that this study-scheme, starting on so unpretentious a basis, may prove in time the nucleus of a real school of social study, with premises of its own and a highly qualified staff of lecturers—such a school as, I am told, is being organized to-day by the Catholics of New York?

Here I am tempted to ask how far it might be possible for the Catholics of the United States and of the British Isles to coöperate in a work, mainly educative, which has been created

in both countries by the exigencies of the time? Judging from the very candid and interesting papers on Catholic Social Reform read at the First National Conference of Catholic Charities at Washington, the problems that the Church has to face in the States are practically identical with those we have in England. I venture to think that Dr. J. A. Ryan, who honored the Catholic Social Guild not only with his presence, but with a weighty contribution to the debate at their sectional meeting at the National Congress of Newcastle last year, found the matters under discussion not dissimilar to those on which a body of his own countrymen might have been engaged. Internationalism is the note of every powerful movement of the present day, and to none should it come more easily and more spontaneously than to members of the Catholic Church. If some connecting links could be forged, if a free exchange of year-books and pamphlets and manuals might be organized, if there could be a frequent interchange of ideas and schemes between Catholic social leaders on both sides of the Atlantic, the results could only prove mutually beneficial. This is specially true as to literary output. Clearly some of the books and pamphlets produced might serve indiscriminately in the Old and the New World, and the translation of standard works from the French or German, such as those of Antoine and Garriguet and Max Turmann, would not need duplication. Catholics in the United States are incomparably more numerous and considerably more wealthy than in England and Ireland, but it is possible at the moment that our social forces are the more thoroughly organized. Towards a fraternal understanding such as I have outlined, the Guild would gladly coöperate. It has itself been inspired in great measure by a knowledge of what Catholics have effected in the field of social reform in Germany and in Switzerland;* hence it is free from any tendency to the insularism with which English Catholics have sometimes been reproached. Moreover we are accustomed to look across the Atlantic for examples of enterprise and democratic progress. To-day, in England as in America, we want to be sure of our social principles, and we want so to better our industrial conditions that they shall no longer prove a hindrance to religious progress. If in any real sense we can join forces in this campaign we shall gain appreciably in influence and in fighting strength.

*See *Switzerland To-day; A Study in Social Progress*, by V. M. Crawford. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

SAYING PRAYERS.

BY CHARLTON BENEDICT WALKER.



THE liturgical prayer of the Church had its origin in the private devotion of the individual. The inspiration given to the Christian prophet, a recognized order in the Christian ministry of the first century, was publicly expressed in the meetings for prayer and worship. Not only publicly but freely. But the presence of authority in the person of the Pontiff is shown by the gathering up, or "collecting," of these divinely inspired utterances into a short prayer which in time, perhaps from the very beginning, was based upon a certain frame-work—the address to God, the reason for making the address, the petition, the ascription to the mediation of Our Lord of the power by which the whole prayer is made efficacious. It is quite clear that the *Prophetic Order* in the Church disappeared from the sphere of practical organization in very early times. How this came about is not so clear, but if I may venture a conjecture that I make with all humility, it did not come to an end at all in any real sense. I believe that the real truth lies in the realization of the promise of the abiding of the Holy Ghost, to a special degree it is true, in the person of those to whom it was imparted as part of their office; the priest, the bishop, but in a far wider sense the prophecy of Joel was realized in the Catholic Church, and is realized at the present day—this Spirit rests upon all. Someone has called Confirmation "the ordination of the laity," and in my view this special gift of the Holy Ghost has incorporated the whole body of Catholic Christians into the order of Prophets. It is a matter of common knowledge that the greatest masters of prayer have no greater claim upon the attention of Almighty God than the smallest child. Our equality before Him is absolute, and we ought to realize our privilege in being admitted to the presence-chamber of His Divine Majesty by constantly addressing Him in our own words. They may not be eloquent, they may even be a jumble of imperfections, but if we realize to Whom we are speaking, this will not dismay us. On the contrary, knowing that practice makes perfect, we shall

go on boldly towards perfection by the constancy of our practice. Whether we ever attain perfection or no is not our immediate concern. In fact to trouble about perfection, apart from feelings of reverence, is likely to lead to scruples. But we, all of us, from time to time need help.

I ventured to suggest in a former article—*A Forgotten Book of Devotions*—that we ought to endeavor to make the liturgical prayer of the Church our own. This, as the highest expression of the soul to God, must always remain as the standard towards which we strive, remembering always that even this standard has to bow before what, for sake of convenience, we call Mental Prayer.

Having this official prayer of the Church in mind, let us see what good scheme of Vocal Prayer we may lay down for ourselves in our endeavor to realize our prophetic office. I propose to be as practical as possible, and to leave to Catholic good sense the much greater task of filling in details.

First, it is most necessary to have a regular *time* for prayer. For busy people morning and evening prayers are the rule, and prayers at other times when possible. Now with regard to morning prayer, the difficulty lies very largely in getting up in good time. This is really a matter of habit, a difficult matter, but one which can be formed. Fervor in this case will suggest impracticable schemes. It is not the slightest use to make a resolution forthwith to rise daily at half-past six when all our lives hitherto we have been rising daily at half-past seven. For a few mornings we shall doubtless rise at half-past six; a very few if experience is to be trusted. And then—! It is excellent to make a fixed endeavor early in life, as far as we can, to hear Mass every day. Mass is at a fixed time and it is early. Perhaps not very early, but sufficiently so for anyone who finds a difficulty in getting up in the morning. If we are too far from church to be able to get to Mass, we will at least arise in time to get there. And with regard to evening prayers. If we are obliged to be up late at night, and some of us have to do most of our work when the rest of the world is in bed, then evening prayers are much better said early in the evening. It requires no great preparation to retire to one's bedroom for a quarter of an hour or so in the evening; no very elaborate excuses need be made, so long of course as one's absence entails no neglect of other duties. And then the saying of the *De Profundis* as we are undressing is no irreverence, and the *Nunc Dimittis* as we get into bed, and an unfinished Hail Mary as we drop asleep,

"directly our head touches the pillow," as we say. Surely not! But our evening prayers would have been but of a poor kind had we deferred them so long.

Secondly, there is the question of place. Now the bedside has an honorable tradition, but I suggest it is not always quite suitable. A bedside, both night and morning, has its obvious disadvantages. It is better to turn our backs upon our bed at both times. Every Catholic will, of course, endeavor to have at least a crucifix in the bedroom. A crucifix in every room in the house is a good rule, and a crucifix near the entrance door, where it can be seen by everyone who enters or leaves the house, and by the casual visitor who will not enter and who is yet loth to leave, is excellent. But the bedroom crucifix is essential, and that will be naturally the place of prayer, and round it we may collect such objects of piety as the memorial of our First Communion, the mortuary cards of our departed friends, a picture or statue of our Blessed Lady and our Patron Saint, one of the many excellent calendars containing the Saints of every day in the year, all connected in one way or another with our life of prayer. A rosary, of course, we shall always carry about us. Such a place of prayer as I have described is in no sense obtrusive, nor is it any more than a means to a good end.

Time and place having been settled to the best possible advantage, there remains the most difficult, but specially important, question of the books which help us to prayer. These fall into two classes: books which contain forms of vocal prayer and books which contain spiritual reading which suggest prayer. With regard to the former class, which we shall consider exclusively here, their number is legion, and their value varies almost as greatly as their number. The best prayer-book I know is the Holy Bible, and it has two supreme advantages. The first of them is that it contains the message of God to His Church, and was written by men under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost Himself; and the second, depending upon this, is that it has been recognized by the Church as the Word of God, written in obedience to God's will. It is not one book, but many, a library containing all that is noblest of the world's literature in history, poetry, drama, and philosophy. It is such a marvelous book in itself, apart from its special character, that we find all manner of people using it. Indeed if we were to believe all we hear, we should be tempted to believe that it was the exclusive possession of everyone, and that one only needed a Bible to be sure of having a perfectly satisfactory "religion." Of

course this last notion has produced sufficient confusion of thought in the world's history to carry its own confutation.

As to its use. The Holy Bible is, as I have said, not one book, but many. If we desire to study the history of nations we do not take down our Longfellow from our book shelf; if it be drama that our mind craves for we do not lay hands upon Buckle or Adam Smith. So if we desire to pray we shall turn to those parts of the Sacred Library which contain prayer—later on, as I hope to show in a future article, we shall come to regard the whole Library as one vast Prayer-book; for the present we turn to the special prayer section. Was there ever such a Prayer-book as the Psalter! Almost every line of it puts thoughts into the mind and words upon the lips for every conceivable human need. Hard and stern it seldom is, though hardness and sternness have their right place in prayer; bitter and biting are the words we have to use to God in our entreaty that sin may be no more; sharp and keen must be the word which denounces the transgression. But love and peace, and a great longing for a clearer knowledge of God, are the prevailing notes, and upon these rises that deathless song of praise and petition, of intercession and thanksgiving, the symphony with its war-song of the Church Militant, its wail of the Church Suffering, and its endless Alleluia of the Holy Host of Heaven, responding with one voice to the beating of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. So, in part at least, the Bible must be considered a very important book when we kneel down to pray.

Then with regard to other books. I am not wishing to be so rash as to recommend one book more than another. But to be very practical, as we must, there is need that we do not immediately conclude that a prayer-book is suitable because it is our own. All books need testing by use before their proper value for ourselves can really be ascertained. That is why I have put the Bible, and, in a former article, the Missal and the Breviary, apart by themselves. In this matter we are allowed a wider choice, and we must make experiments. Only one word of warning. The book which we were given at our First Communion will not have quite the same value, for prayer, in ten years' time. We must not, on the other hand, change our prayer-book too easily. It is the happy mean that we have to find, and often when we find that our book tires us, and that we are saying our prayers and not praying them, the very best thing is to shut the book up for a week and try to get along without it. The exercise of the memory will tend to devotion,

and perhaps in time, a week or so, the old book will seem fresh to us once more. But there will come a time when we feel that we have grown out of our book. The only safe course under the circumstances, and the practical course, is to state the case clearly and at once to our director, and to ask for suggestions as to a new help. It will be given at once, for this is a real part of direction, and we may with confidence accept the opinion of one who knows all the circumstances. Don't sell the old book to be battered on the cheapest shelf of a second-hand book-stall. An old servant deserves better things. Give it to the priest. He will know exactly what to do with it. Or keep it for the children. Did you never know the pride of possession in "Father's book," or have you ever come across those treasured prayer-books of past days inscribed with the names of whole generations of families, the witness of whose faith is thus handed on to ages who have never known them? At least see that an old friend has an honorable resting-place!

The use of a prayer-book is to teach us to pray in our own words. The recitation of someone else's prayers is not a very good prayer. So when we kneel down we do by instinct sign ourselves with the cross and begin: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Next we have in our minds a clear idea of the order in which we are going to pray. For a moment we shall draw God towards us, putting ourselves in His presence. One moment, we are there, and He is listening. Then surely we shall know we are as nothing in His sight, and begin an act of humility, passing into a very short collecting of our many reasons for being humble, our sins, venial and, alas! mortal, and our whole unsatisfactory state of imperfection. This will lead, again by instinct, to the Confiteor, said very slowly and with great attention, and followed by an act of contrition—not formal, though it be the act we use in the confessional, but earnest. Next, and naturally, comes a sense of relief that we are in a right relation to God—the sort of relief which we experience in the sacred tribunal as we tell our offences, and we go on to praise. "Glory be to the Father" comes naturally to our lips, and when that is done the *Laudate dominum* of Benediction, which we all know by heart, is remembered at once, such a fine piece of praise, and a Psalm too—make a mark against it in your Bible some other time, and a similar mark against the last three or four Psalms too. The Psalter is already becoming suggestive! However, we are busy

people, and there is another need: we have a host of things to *ask*. Be careful to put God's will first, and then pour them all out. We want to-morrow to be better than to-day—the Miserere is a long prayer, a Psalm again. Temporal needs for ourselves and others, little difficulties which seemed so enormous before we knelt down, but seem so easy to talk to God about, just confidentially as to a friend who can keep secrets. Enough for ourselves, ask for others too. And the Holy Souls too—the *De Profundis*, yet another Psalm. And now look round. Close to God stands our dear Mother and our patron saints, loving our prayers and helping them to Him, and adding little touches here and there to make them better and truer. And close to us stands the Angel-guardian, who has indeed been silently directing all this happy business with us. A word with these of gratitude and love and petition, and then, slowly and with closed eyes, that most perfect of all prayers, the Our Father, and that most loving of all aspirations, the Hail Mary, very slowly and very thoughtfully, and we have done.

You will see at once that I have suggested practically nothing which requires a book of any kind. And this brings me back to my first remark. In this scheme of private prayer, it is after all nothing but a scheme, and perhaps hopelessly old-fashioned at that, but in this scheme we have been exercising a mighty power. We are ordained for this purpose, and we have been exercising our functions, our prophetic office—we have said our prayers. The importance of this cannot be measured; it is infinite. It is so important that its neglect would produce infinite disaster sooner or later. But we cannot neglect it. Long or short, it may be varied by all the countless circumstances of human life. In times of dryness and weariness it is spelled out laboriously from the printed page; in times of happiness and fervor it is poured out from hearts which exceed in their desire all power of expression. We cannot neglect it because we love it, and in that love, which is a Divine Gift, without price, we enter into Our Lord's promise by the mouth of the Prince of the Apostles: "Whom having not seen, you love: in Whom also now, though you see Him not, you believe: and believing shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and glorified; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

THE HEART OF THE WIND.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C.S.C.

THE wind's tread is soft: he never crushes the lily that blows;
His sandals are sweet with the perfume they lift from the heart of the
rose.

He eases the fevered pulse, brings bloom to the pallid face;
To the toiler hot at the furnace front he carries a grace.

In the summer dawn he quickens the meadow lark into song,
He shakes the dew from drowsy poppies, sweeping along.

When he glides o'er the ripening grain it rolls at his touch like the
sea;

The woods are his organ with notes as deep as eternity.

He's abroad on the hills at the warm noon hour, when the sun on high
Shines like a spotless Host from the altar blue of the sky.

He glides along the valleys where violets dream in the shade,
Or beats about dark caves with the roll of cannonade.

He rushes upon the waters, they leap on the rocks at his lash;
Or he bounds away o'er treeless plains at hurricane dash.

The heart of the wind? Who knows? To me 'tis a heart that's strange:
I've felt its caress as soft as a child's, and seen it change

To the rough hand of the man who, weary grown, loves you no more,
Who never kisses you now when he bids you good-bye at the door,
Nor stops to look back through the mist in his eyes as he used to of
yore.

The wind's tread is soft as the panther that steals on his prey;
But he changes a thousand times like a wayward child at play.

For he will caress you and coax you away to a mountain that's steep,
And then his heart will grow wild and he'll blow you into the deep.

Often he speaks in a whisper, and often his voice is a roar;
He has saved a million lives, and wrecked a million more.

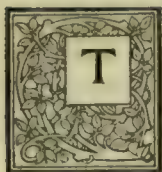
The wind's heart! I have wooed it long on the houseless plain,
And when my head was afire I know it eased my pain,
For I caught in its breath the smell of the salt from the rolling main.

The wind's heart, like the heart of the world, is working His will:
A peace is over it now, to-morrow its roarings may fill
The Sea; but He is abroad on the waters to bid them be still.

PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMAN.

BY C. DECKER.

I.



HE thrill of Springtime was in Central Park. Winter had returned to her far, white spaces in the north; the old ancient miracle was once again repeated, and Nature renewed the face of the earth. In warm hours of soft-falling rain the grasses had taken on their green livery, and the trees had thrust out tender buds well-sheathed against the stabbing treachery of late frosts. Nature spoke of calm hope and quiet certain purpose.

John Osborn walked in the park on that Spring morning. A bird trilled near at hand, and a cluster of daffodils, in the full pageant of their green and yellow, nodded as the breeze passed. He felt the beauty of life and the fine gladness of living. In the optimism of the moment the old words sang to him:

“God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.”

He realized a new strength and inspiration in their quaint setting. Scanning the thirty years of his life, he looked back and realized that his philosophy had been dogmatic; that it had not dealt in vague theories. He had not sought for the many inventions of passing vogue. He had searched for and found definitions, which had become more firm and steadfast with time and experience. No man, he argued, who followed the unstable fashions of thought, often so pleasant and plausible, could expect to preserve that stability upon which character is based; for to those who art not facile to the whim and will of the world, how restless is the manner of her warfare against them!

Osborn was tall and well-knit, and his brown eyes looked at one with the patience often seen in the student. He had been told his attitude to the questions of life had none of the sharp bluntness common enough with those who hurry through life without thinking, but that it showed a delicate firmness of perception, a sense of the fitness of each point to the essentials of the moral issue which lay at the root of each. He had an air of pre-occu-

pation as if his mind busied itself with the traffic of internal visions. It was obvious that his intellect was in command, that his spirit served not the material.

* * * * *

Phyllis Eden had lived a life that had not been able to bring out the full development of her character. There are many forms of poverty not so fearful to the poor, because the poor have never felt the want; upon those to whom have been given the want and the appetite such poverty presses hard. Phyllis Eden possessed the imagination, the active discriminating mind which should be a kingdom in itself. To her criticism was rather an aid to build up and sustain than to demolish or destroy. Iconoclasts found no sympathy in her eyes. She lived with her mother not far from the sounds of Broadway, and at no great distance from where the Hudson moves the imagination with thoughts of its long journey. She had often gone with Osborn to watch a certain bend of the river as it fell away into the mysterious distance of the horizon.

"Corot," she had once said, "would have loved it shimmering beneath hot suns or under the first brave light of a Summer dawn."

Rich in mind but poor in the treasures of the world, she had felt the charm of far-off cities, of "perilous seas forlorn," of dewy eves haunted with ghosts from the old forgotten days. Kindness lit up her blue eyes, and softened the firmness of her lips. It could be seen in her smile and heard in the tones of her voice; and its fruits witnessed in the works of her hands. Ofttimes people speaking about her would end with the amen, "how kind she is!"

It was the afternoon of that Spring day and she was awaiting the arrival of Osborn. Her power of discrimination had accurately gauged his character—even to his splendid limitations. But she had not yet dared to turn that power on her own heart, to weigh and test there the measure and the character of her regard for him. She assured herself that to force such a question was unwarranted, when Time, the great ally, the strong healer and solver, was more final than all the prophets.

"Well," he said after the first greeting, "this is a day to live and to let live; a day that should bring confusion to the breed of pessimists!"

"Let live for a day," she asserted, "but not forever and a day, for then how could there exist all that we hope and expect from good?"

She looked beautiful to him in that quiet room with its

atmosphere of culture and refinement. He was disturbed, troubled; the fact did not escape her; yet how could he cast a hazard with that which might close the door upon himself? Why should he not remain silent on this day, when every hour had been fragrant with the sense of mercy and good will?

"Yes, yes," he sighed, "tolerance has its limits defined by that which it must protect: if tolerance rebels it means the survival of those very antagonisms which tolerance sought to destroy."

Glancing at the table his eyes fell on an unopened copy of a magazine, which contained an article from his pen, *The Reason for Dogma*. He called her attention to it.

"Will you not read it carefully?" he asked, "and later—perhaps in a week or two—we can discuss it."

"In less time," she replied smiling.

He arose and went to the window. The power of the sun was waning as it moved to its setting, but the light was still fair and strong. How often had that sun looked upon days of blood, on the dripping shambles of revolution, on black evils, and also upon supreme self-sacrifice. The old mystery of a world of pain in a world of so much beauty stabbed him with questionings; the noblest music of the poets, was it not of sorrow rather than of joy?

He made an effort to move from deep waters. With a motion of his hand he called attention to the mass of flowers in the room—yellow daffodils, and pensive violets that

"Plead for pardon
And pine for fright,
Before the hard East blows,
Over their maiden rows."

"A feast," she explained. "We celebrate each season's advent with an array of its flowers, thus each season swings a censor in this room."

Her genius for the discovery of beautiful things always pleased him, and he smiled appreciation. Coming to the table his eyes again fell on the magazine; it lay between them like "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

"You will not forget this," he said.

But the questioning at his heart was too much, and he left with an abruptness which she had never seen him exhibit in the past.

II.

John Osborn had stumbled on a discovery which had shaken the very roots of his being. At the first shock of surprise he had called it an "insolent intolerance," but later, when the delicate acumen of the man's mind had been able to make itself felt, he examined it long and searchingly.

He was led to the discovery by a study of the law, civil and moral. In due course this had suggested to him the phrase "by what authority?" His grasp of the moral side of a question had always been marked by an unbending dogmatism, and a disregard of compromise very alien to the shifty modernism of the present. The spiritual side of his character, weighted by the cloudy generalizations of his Church's teaching, stood ready for higher flights if it could only be set free. He had once met an ascetical-looking man, whom he had been informed was much concerned about the "Inner Life;" and still more recently, while paying a visit to his favorite bookstore, he had turned over the pages of a curiously named book by an author with a name equally as curious—*Interior Prayer*, by Grou.

One evening under the quiet lamp, while endeavoring to trace the roots of the moral law to religion as a reason for its validity, he was forced to consider the validity of religion itself. And the incisive phrase came again—as if it had been whispered from across the room—"by what authority?" Civil laws were formulated by legal processes; by duly constituted authorities. There were not a hundred separate authorities in a city, each trying to impose its will through its own method which each believed to be superior to any other. He began to realize that here was a question which he had never applied to the problem of the Churches. The veil through which he was trying to see lifted slightly. In a vague way it was borne down upon him that here lay a new world of thought. The zest of the intellectual explorer began to urge him forward to the high adventure. After the first glow the challenge had touched the sensitive places of intellectual pride, from which had sprung the exclamation of an "insolent intolerance." He became aware of the limitations of common sense, with its poverty of exaltation and the mechanical caution of its procedure; it was this common sense which slew the Founder of Christianity, branding Him as a disturber of comfortable peace. Its lack of imagination could

never have produced a St. Francis, nor sent across the face of the waters the humanizing power of the Christian ideal. Doubtless common sense held many from joining the Magi.

Such thoughts surged in him with an extraordinary force. He had discovered a strange land, and his eyes were not yet accustomed to the light of it, nor his ears to its sound. The landscape glimmered before him, but it was not yet bright and luminous. Ideas crowded upon him, hinting at conclusions he was still to find; and his mind was dazed by the very abundance of the impressions. Yet the autocratic words "by what authority" was the angel that stirred the pool of his religious reflections.

An immense impetus bore him on; he became fascinated into an intense mental activity. The procession of hours on that night saw the stars move along their accustomed courses, with their silver dimming before the approach of the dawn, but they did not see the ardor of his mind weary at its task. That questioning phrase, like the finger writing on the wall, had eliminated a hundred noisy "isms," and he perceived that, carried to its ultimate conclusion, one authority still remained. Christianity, instead of being general, had specifically evolved itself into the single word—Rome.

"Why had he never thought of this before?" he said to himself over and over again. In the intensity of his interest he had completely forgotten Phyllis Eden, with the comeliness of her heart and soul, and the tender appeal of her womanhood. But now this aspect of the question sank deep, and grappled with his conscience. The tremendous issues it involved met, and his heart became a battle ground on which the shock of conflict pressed to and fro.

Before his mental vision two paths loomed up: one fragrant with the woman by whom he believed he was loved; the other smitten and solitary with renunciation and aloofness. With regard to the latter, he vaguely understood even then something of its uncompromising attitude, upon which the world had laid the stigma of her condemnation. He shivered as imagination drew the shadows round about him. Overwrought and worn out by the long vigil, he buried his face in his hands; and then sleep, like a soft garment, wrapped him round.

With the dawn massed clouds had marched in, until the blue of every horizon had been blotted out, and now a grey rain was falling.

III.

John Osborn did not disregard the questions of that night. His nature, when once aroused, forced him to lead on and not to retreat. The meeting of incidents or accidents on the road was trivial compared to reaching the point at issue. To his type, moral cowardice was an unpardonable sin; the one dire, mournful transgression from which there was no appeal.

For months he had toiled with the subject after that call had roused his soul. Deep was answering to deep, and not so far away he could see the haven under the hill. It was this that led him to writing *The Reason for Dogma*. After analyzing the social and the civic code, he proceeded to prove how the fabric of civilization was made possible by the protecting and sustaining power of dogma. Tolerance led to decay, which was not for the quick but for the dead. One of Nature's first laws is intolerance. She is incisively dogmatic in her demands, showing no mercy to invincible ignorance nor to the arrogant pride which defied her. With moderation and patience he applied the idea to religion. Only in the last sentence did he make it plain where his conclusions might lead:

"No one can deny that Rome was the alpha of dogmatism; fewer will admit she is the omega."

Since those lines had been written, sight had come to his eyes, hearing to his ears. Duty stood before him, and her demands were plain. The thoughtful look in his face had deepened, and the light in his eyes was brighter.

He was now, after several months had passed, one of several who were dining on a hot Summer evening at the home of his friend Orlway. Orlway was the great authority on the cathedrals of Europe. He could take one down Fifth Avenue, halting here and there before some large ecclesiastical picture or engraving in store windows, and talk eloquently on their architecture.

His prolixity was redeemed by his ability to interest; white haired and very cheerful, he gave the impression that the world had gone particularly well with him. Osborn was talking with him, as they awaited Phyllis and her mother, and a certain Cecil Drake, a dramatic critic with an enthusiasm for tapestry. They could see the green roof of the Plaza with its sheer slope, and below stretched the noble length of the avenue.

Presently Mrs. Eden and Phyllis were announced.

"And how are the cathedrals?" said Mrs. Eden to Orlway.

"And the drama, Mr. Drake? Or is it that tapestry is the thing?"

"Ah, Mr. Osborn the obscure!"

Mrs. Eden's sallies were always meant kindly. Well past middle age, the silver was rapidly conquering the nut-brown tints of her hair. Time had taught her that a kindly exaggeration in word and deed was a type of diplomatic bread cast upon the waters.

The mood of the house dominated the dinner table. It was an estimable mood of intellectual guardian angels keeping the posterns against the stupidity of sheer worldliness.

Osborn sat with Phyllis on his right. There was a peculiar constraint in his manner, which she did not fail to observe.

"Those four tapestries recently lent to the Metropolitan Museum," Drake was saying, "large, spacious, and glowing with the brightness of *la belle France*—the gift of a Cardinal to some great personage of a bygone century—all four of them all glorious! Has anyone seen them?" Drake found none among the righteous. An age of sky-scrappers, with ardent faith in its own individualism, discredits the things of old.

"Tapestry and 'trappistry,'" chimed Orlway, "have at least one thing in common: both of them observe perpetual silence." His "cathedralism"—as his wife termed it—had at times led him down bypaths.

"And therefore exclude themselves from New York," remarked Mrs. Eden with assurance. She always complained of the noisy city, but was seldom happy when absent from it for any length of time.

"But if both are beautiful, there is always room for more beauty," pursued Phyllis. The appeal to the sense of beauty was one of her favorite tests.

"Surely," continued Osborn, "beauty is a perpetual light to save us from the utilitarianism which would take us back to Egyptian darkness?"

"The eyes have it!" said Orlway with cheerful mummery.

They moved to wide, generous windows, through which the moonlight could be seen bathing the park in silver mist. Drake, with capable social instincts, drew pleading chords from the piano as he sang an old English melody of a white rose in a red-rose garden; of flower ghosts from the dead, splendid summers still dreaming of the spent treasury of time long past.

The mournful cadences touched every imagination. Osborn, with his tense, vivid mind, seemed to hear a stream of falling tears—stretching back through incomprehensible hours of time—of millions and millions of men and women whose love had blossomed into sweetness and glory, only to be smitten with the hard silence of dead mouths, and the shuddering chill of the tomb. At that moment the sadness of life overshadowed him. He glanced at Phyllis, and saw the white, slender lift of her throat. Her pensiveness showed she was touched, and he kept silence for a moment.

"Did you read it, the magazine—the article?"

"I read it all—carefully."

"And then? Did it suggest anything; did you draw any conclusion from it?" Without waiting for an answer he signed to her to go to the balcony. Great calm stars looked down upon the lesser ones of man's making as the electric lights tipped the darkness with points of silver—as if a vast constellation lay resting before soaring to infinite skies.

"Beauty and truth; truth and beauty are in high kinship," Phyllis mused as she gazed upon the glowing enchantment of the city.

"I drew this conclusion," she resumed, "that your constraint coincided with the appearance of the article."

"It conveyed nothing else?"

"Nothing else."

Osborn now realized that the last sentence of the article—which had blazed before his own mind, thrusting the rest of it into the background—had meant nothing to her. Phyllis had regarded the whole as an interesting generalization. To her the "Roman question" was one of those abstract matters which aroused no interest.

The spiritual indifference, with its thick woof and web, characteristic of broad Anglicanism, passed by many things in its muted self-sufficiency. Prejudices she had, but they had never flocked for fight, because Rome had never touched her closely through kith or kin. Converts, to her mind, were incredible, irresponsible, and inexplicable; her imagination had never even toyed with the possible process of their manufacture.

"Go on," she said after a pause.

"I am going to Rome," he said with impressive gravity.

"To the Eternal City?"

"In a particular sense."

"What?" she half whispered as her hand pressed the arm of her chair, "you . . . a Romanist?"

"Phyllis, Phyllis!" he cried, holding out his hands as if pleading forgiveness. She shrank back quickly as if suddenly smitten by an invisible foe. With incredible swiftness a thousand insinuating prejudices sprang into life. History, education, and environment spoke in monstrous whispers to her. Veiled words, dropped here and there in newspapers and articles, with their insensate shallowness, massed themselves before her mind.

From a distant room the voice of Drake floated out into the night with the haunting loveliness of an old song, tender and pleading. White and silent, Phyllis passed through the room. An hour ago life had stood before her as a bearer of gracious gifts, and now it had changed into a hard, brutal Caliban.

Forlorn and weary Osborn made his way. He was very tired. A frail, trembling breeze flew over the now quiet spaces of the avenue, as if it sought refuge before the coming of the dawn in the cool, dewy hollows of the park. He looked up at the cathedral wrapped in its own silence and shadow. How the paradox of life had beaten round the creed of that Church! Crab-like souls, crawling through their dreadful days, had striven to rend its seamless garment, while the Church had inspired dazzling heroisms and shining nobilities. It was the paradox of life again.

A great spiritual hunger awoke within him, and he knew that his soul was starving.

IV.

After the first staggering shock of surprise had passed, Phyllis turned here and there in search of a reason, for the retrogression—as she termed it—of Osborn. A few days later she picked up the magazine, and re-read the article very slowly and very carefully. Sentences which had struck her with a sense of obscurity were now shot through with new meanings; she listened for their inner counsels, but they merely whispered to her. The question remained an intricate problem, and she could not join each joint with his fellow. The dry bones would not knit themselves into a goodly fellowship. Her heart was hurt, while her pride itched with irritation at not being able to formulate an answer with the satisfaction of a Q. E. D. as an amen. She felt that she had been struck, and was helpless to retaliate.

Phyllis was not one of those who answered often to impulses,

but as she sat there thinking deeply, one came and played before her, suggesting possibilities that if followed might be the means, if not of solving the question, at least of throwing a great light upon it. She would dare that which she had never dared before; she would take the article and go over the matter *viva voce* with a "Roman priest."

"Why not?" she thought to herself, "why not?"

The very next morning she acted on her determination. She was shown into a small room. There was a large crucifix that did not pass the examen of her artistic conscience. A few chairs, with incredible age stamped upon them, guarded each corner like silent veterans from forgotten wars; one indeed leaned heavily to one side as if weary of perpetual service.

The first sight of Father Thorn was not impressive. He was very bald, and wore a black skull cap, and his countenance had that ruddiness which is sometimes seen at the healthy meridian of life. His tendency to stoutness heightened the sense of geniality his figure expressed. Phyllis made her preface a concise epitome. "Just a few moments, Father Thorn, I am sure you can spare me, and possibly throw some light on a religious question."

"Well, well, that is a large question," he said kindly.

She opened the magazine and asked him to read the article. The priest had long ago ceased to be surprised at the motley array of questions with which he was often interrogated. Live or dead wires, were they not part of the day's work; for in the strange vicissitudes of life there is nothing stranger than the workings of the human mind. He took the magazine and began to read.

"Capital," he said, when he had finished. Its logical precision appealed to his sense of orderly thought.

"Does it indicate anything? Can you draw any conclusion from it?" she said using Osborn's words.

"I should say," he answered, tapping the magazine with his steel-rimmed glasses, "that it is a prelude to a change of faith." Phyllis looked up at him too surprised to speak.

"But pardon me, Miss Eden," he continued laying the magazine on the table, "to what Church do you belong?"

"Episcopal," she replied.

"High or Low?"

"Low."

Father Thorn always made it a rule to ascertain as soon as possible to what Church, and to what part of it, they belonged who

sought his advice. It cleared the ground and saved an immense amount of fruitless verbiage.

"And you are happy in your Church?"

"Entirely so."

"Then is there anything further to say?" asked the priest in the same kindly tones.

"But I am unhappy about the writer of the article," continued Miss Eden. "I cannot understand how it should lead to leaving the Church of his birth?"

"Ah!" remarked the priest. It was not the first time the Low Church had sent stumblers to him overweighted with "Whys" and "Hows." Nor was it the last. He felt sorry for her, knowing that in her eyes Rome stood like a gigantic monster of a prehistoric age.

"What would you do?" she said after a pause.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" she echoed with incredulity. She was infinitely perplexed by the directness of his simplicity and his brevity.

"But that cannot be the right way," she went on with a rising feeling of impatience.

"Leave him to his own way," he replied in the same tranquil voice.

Now this was all very extraordinary to Phyllis. After the surprising comment on the article she had anticipated remarks with appropriate pauses; hints about the mysterious ways of the Lord; texts quoted and duly labelled with chapter and verse, emphasized by a handful of tracts.

"Thank you, Father Thorn," she said rising.

"Not at all," he said, "not at all."

V.

Phyllis was impressed, depressed, and mystified by the result of her interview. She was at a loss to find a reasonable *terra firma*. What she did realize was the intense pain in her heart, and a feeling of bitterness that out of a fair and beautiful sky a bolt had fallen and left her dazed and stricken. In the experience of life she had naturally seen such things happen. "Suffering was inevitable," she had assumed, and "victims there were bound to be to maintain the average. There was a death rate, a birth rate, and so, too, there must be a sorrow rate." The logic was accurate enough, but she had never imagined, except in the haziest way, that the lightning would strike at the time it did, nor that she would

be so soon called upon to swell the numerical factor of the "sorrow rate."

She was sitting in the park, watching the setting sun. Presently she observed Osborn approaching.

"Dreaming, I am quite certain, of many things not found in other people's philosophy," he remarked, as if he too had been philosophizing.

"Not even Horatio could have dreamt them," she replied. Then the weight of the problem pressed itself for utterance.

"Do you know whom I have been to see? . . . I have shown your article, and discussed it with . . . a priest."

"A priest!" he said, as if thinking aloud.

"Yes, and he astonished me."

"And then—?"

"Why, he said without the least hesitancy, that it is a prelude to a change of faith; but I cannot understand in the least," she continued with a rising inflexion in her tones, "with the generous latitudinarianism of the Episcopal Church, why you cannot remain within its fold?"

"Ah! that is just *the* point."

"Well, and what of it?"

"This: to you the point is unintelligible, the reasons which follow unintelligible, and the final conclusions unintelligible. Three unintelligibles which apparently cannot be made clear to the twelve just men of the jury."

"But do you not see —?" she urged with a sign of impatience.

"I see many things I never saw in the past," he said.

They walked on through the dusky twilight. In the west, where a faint glow of the sunset still lingered, the houses ranged themselves against the sky-line like a great rampart—as if the men-at-arms were proceeding about their business and the sentries were being posted as watchers for the night.

Osborn realized the price he must pay, and the overwhelming sacrifice which he would be compelled to make, by renouncing the Church of his birth. The strengthening tenderness of a woman's love—of the woman who walked at that very moment at his side—whose ever-ready, sustaining sympathy, woven into the thread of his life, had fashioned a goodly companionship, stretching through long years to the evening of life, and growing more precious with the beauty of holiness as Time deepened the consecration of it all—such gracious benedictions could not be his. His heart must

know the empty desolations and the void as of a boundless desert untrodden by man. Then the conquering thoughts returned as he gazed up at the brightening night and saw the North Star busy with its steadfast vigil; for was there not a love passing the love of woman, a peace like the wonder of the beatitudes?

"On such a night," he began to quote playfully.

"Is it irrevocable?" she said disregarding the allusion.

"As the superlatives can make it," he said smiling.

VI.

A great exaltation filled Osborn as he left Phyllis at her door. The word had not been spoken, yet she knew that his heart was hers, with its many gifts for her cherishing and her finer moulding. But withal she had made it clear there could be no home if there was question of compromise with Rome or its works. She had not spoken in this definite way, but both had realized the conditions. On one side home stood with its benignant appeal thrilling along the tender chords of his life; on the other side, Rome with the majestic marvel of its militant past and its ever militant present; but still stronger were the stern, merciless words: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" They drove out all that was sluggish and all that was fluttering or volatile in his conscience; they stood before him with a power which no argument could refute; they were that terrible white light peering upon a thousand littlenesses.

Meditating thus, Osborn made his way to the Cathedral. He looked up at the great vaulted roof lost in its own night; he marked the massive pillars, with their tireless, mighty arms, vigilant before the gleam of snowy altars. "Here is peace, here is Home," he said to himself, "here is a love that passeth understanding; fathomless in its depths, and in its height measureless." Even as the thoughts swept through his mind the lure of the world strove to entice him—temptations mocking his seriousness with the levity which forgets.

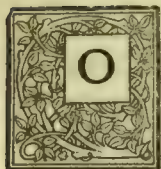
He knelt before the High Altar. Slowly he made the sign of the Cross, then the everlasting mercy and pity of the Church crept into his heart, and the perpetual wonder of the eternal Love of God, as a great light shining, lit up his soul with peace and understanding. He bowed his head. Their tender unction rested upon him; they sealed and signed him, and made him their own forever.

A NEGLECTED GREAT POEM.

PATMORE'S "TAMERTON CHURCH-TOWER."

BY FREDERICK PAGE.

"Set love in order, thou that lovest Me."—*St. Francis of Assisi.*



OF the critics, biographers, and anthologists who have done most to serve the fame of Coventry Patmore, not one has done justice to this predecessor of *The Angel in the House*. Dr. Garnett indeed has done flagrant injustice to it, and that in a place of which the public character serves to invest his pronouncement with something of an *ex cathedra* authority, making it (for the jealous lover of the poem) a veritable sentence of excommunication: in the *Dictionary of National Biography* he writes of *Tamerton Church-Tower*, "It is a narrative poem, and as such quite pointless and uninteresting, but full of exquisite vignettes of scenery."

Mr. Basil Champneys' brief reference to the poem involves a radical misunderstanding; he finds "the description of one at least of the female characters and the love-making generally less delicate and refined" than in *The Angel in the House*, but that happens to be the very gist of the poem: the poet's intention.

Mrs. Meynell almost ignores the poem, only mentioning it once, in an unreprinted essay, to bracket it with *The Angel in the House* as a poem of great exquisiteness—lacking, that is, the greater passion of the later odes.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, alone, devotes any detailed criticism to it, and this I propose to examine at some length; thereby to establish the thesis, that *Tamerton Church-Tower* is a deliberately-planned exposition of the Catholic doctrine that marriage amongst Christians derives its sanction only from religion, that is, it is either a sacrament or a profanation.

Mr. Gosse* commences by quoting from Dr. Garnett's reminiscences of Patmore's conversation in the early fifties, concerning the art of poetry, in which he used to insist on

the subordination of parts to the whole, the necessity of every

*Coventry Patmore. By Edmund Gosse. *Literary Lives*. New York: Hodder & Stoughton, 1905.

part of a composition being in keeping with all the others, the equal importance of form with matter, absolute truth to nature, sobriety in simile and metaphor, the wisdom of maintaining a reserve of power,*

and, in addition, Mr. Gosse refers to the attention Patmore was then giving to the theory and practice of prosody, and he thinks that when, with this in our mind, we turn to the actual pages of the 1853 volume, *Tamerton Church-Tower, and other Poems*, we shall be

unable to restrain a certain expression of surprise. The pieces are not, at first sight, what we should have expected to receive from so serious and so learned a student of poetic art. [*Tamerton Church Tower*] is a strange sort of Coleridgean improvisation. What we miss in its composition is precisely that literary finish, that last polish given to the mirror, of which we have been hearing so much.† . . . It bears the appearance, which may however be illusory, of having been thrown off with extreme rapidity, and subjected to no revision, by a bard desirous of producing an absolutely fresh impression. . . . Neither newness nor boldness is wanting. . . . the main fault is its extreme slightness.

To prove this charge Mr. Gosse gives a summary of the poem, which I will quote, with an interruption here and there.

The poet and his friend Frank ride from North Tamerton . . . through Tavistock, to Plymouth, and are caught in a thunder-storm. They celebrate, in mock-heroics, the charms of Blanche and Bertha, whom they are about to marry.

(Mr. Gosse is not quite accurate here: Frank is riding to meet his affianced Bertha; the poet has never yet seen Blanche. They talk of Bertha, and she is described in four exquisite lines. Frank is then asked to describe Blanche, which he does—in mock-heroics, if you will, or, to adapt Mr. Champneys' words, with less than delicacy and refinement.) The next division of the poem tells of the poet's successful wooing of Blanche; and then, as Mr. Gosse writes,

the curtain falls, and rises on the couples already married; they go out in a boat on the Cornish coast, are caught by another

**Saturday Review*, Dec. 5, 1896.

† "It is the last rub which polishes the mirror." A motto of Patmore's in *The Germ*, 1850, and repeated later as a line in one of his *Psyche* odes.

thunder-storm, are wrecked, and Mrs. Blanche is drowned. The curtain falls again, and rises on the widower poet riding alone, accompanied by his sad thoughts, from Plymouth through Tavistock back to Tamerton.

With the poem so summarized, Mr. Gosse says, "It will be seen that the subject-matter . . . is exiguous in the last-degree, and that its attractiveness depends entirely upon its treatment. In this the influence of the pre-Raphaelite ideas is very strongly seen;" and he concludes: "Patmore writes as the young Millais painted, and sometimes he produces an effect precisely similar," as in an instance to be quoted later on.

Thus it will be seen that both in praise and blame he agrees substantially with Dr. Garnett; but then, as I think, his summary is most inadequate, and I shall attempt to supplement it. But firstly, to the charge that the poem is exiguous in the extreme, it may be replied on the poet's behalf, in the words of Browning: "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study." The subject of the poem, the whole to which all the parts are subordinated, is the development, in the soul of its protagonist, of the idea of love. The necessity of this development, and its practically unlimited scope, is the one only subject of all Patmore's philosophy.

This little germ of nuptial love,
Which springs so simply from the sod,
The root is, as my song shall prove,
Of all our love to man and God.

This poem introduces the theme.

The poet's sense of impending catastrophe, before his wife is drowned, and his sense of guilt afterwards, are due to his consciousness that he has not brought his love into line with religion, to "love her in the name of God, and for the ray she was of Him," and so much is religion the first necessity that he can wish no better for his readers than that, at whatever price of sorrowful experience, they shall know the peace which came to him with his repentance.

This reconciliation of love with religion could, as Patmore held, be effected triumphantly and at all points, but as yet this lover has not even attempted it. He has, indeed, desired love, as ennobling and interpreting life:

"Is Blanche as fair?" ask'd I, who yearn'd
To feel my life complete;
To taste unselfish pleasures, earn'd
By service strict and sweet;

but when this love is granted to him, he does not "pitch it at the true and heavenly tone."

Frank, with his physical way of looking upon a woman, and his coarse songs, represents a lower level of spiritual apprehension, and when, by chance, he enunciates a truth, does it without understanding his own words:

"Sure he for whom no Power shall strike
This darkness into day—
Is damn'd," said Frank, who morall'd like
The Fool in an old Play;

or he speaks truth only to wrest it to his hearer's destruction, as when, to his friend's doubts concerning love, his God-sent questionings whether "aught on earth could quite content the soul," Frank answers,

....."What you faint for, win!
Faint not, but forward press.
Heav'n proffers all: 'twere grievous sin
To live content in less."

This is his sanction for that love which is little better than self-indulgence, and the poet soon sinks to his friend's level. His upward journeying begins with his bereavement, and his repentance is perfect when he can repeat Frank's words in their full and true sense: "Heaven proffers *all*," first the natural, afterwards that supernatural which seems to threaten the natural: that "unconceiv'd superior love," the possibility of which, even in the Resurrection-life, is so dreadful to the happily-wedded lovers in *The Angel in the House*. How, they ask, can we

Take the exchange without despair,
Without worse folly how refuse?

The inexorable necessity of solving this problem is insisted upon in *Tamerton Church-Tower*.

Heav'n proffers all: 'twere grievous sin
To live content in less.

For the present the poet's love is unchastened, soiled with selfishness, unconsecrated, and unreconciled with Divine love. He is not conscious, with Felix Vaughan, of a shrine in his beloved, sealed from him, sacred to Heaven. In consequence, he is moved by "no wish unwon:"

I could not toil: I seldom pray'd:
What was to do or ask?
Love's purple glory round me play'd,
Unfed by prayer or task.
All perfect my contentment was,
For Blanche was all my care;
And heaven seem'd only heaven because
My goddess would be there.

And, also by consequence, "his erring conscience damps delight" (to apply a line from the later poem), and he sees "threats and formidable signs in simply natural things:"

It smote my heart how, yesternight,
The moon rose in eclipse;
And how her maim'd and shapeless light
O'erhung the senseless ships.

But this fear which might have worked repentance passes, and the blow falls; but with what terrible austerity is the acknowledgment of sin made, and the purgative punishment accepted:

What guilt was hers? But God is great,
And all that may be known
To each of any other's fate
Is, that it helps his own.

Surely this little stanza is as terrible, and as stern a self-chastisement, as the later odes, *Tristitia*, *Eurydice*, and *If I Were Dead*, and as instantly removes its speaker from the reach of our facile sympathies.

The necessary purification of desire (necessary since "unblest good is ill") is the theme of the poem, and the landscapes are not vignettes providing it with its only excuse for existence; they all

have their significance or their symbolism; as Mr. Gosse has well said of the descriptive passages in *Amelia*, but has failed to perceive of these in *Tamerton Church-Tower*. The sultry weather, the seamist, the storms during the ride southward and during the honeymoon, typify well the passion of unchastened desire. But when the poet rides back to Tamerton after his wife's death, the air is "dark and clear," "sweet, sharp, and fresh," and at evening

So lay the earth that saw the skies
Grow clear and bright above,
As the repentant spirit lies
In God's forgiving love.
The lark forsook the waning day,
And all loud songs did cease;
The robin, from a wither'd spray,
Sang like a soul at peace.

Mr. Gosse calls this poem an improvisation, and thinks that it needed revision. He may be right,* but the poem is an improvisation in only the same sense as was the first book of *The Angel in the House*, concerning which he quotes Patmore as saying that it took only six weeks to write, but that he had thought of little else for several years before; and if *Tamerton Church-Tower* needs revision, it matters little, seeing the prevision was so perfect. Every detail is arranged for, and Patmore wrote not only as the young Millais, but as Holman Hunt always painted: the whole composition being a parable, and every detail bearing its ancillary symbolism.

The main design of the poem is in the perfect balance of the hot, excited, dusty, tired ride southward in the company of Frank, and the lonely ride northward of the widower poet. As though to mark the reflex action implied in the very word "repentance," "by the which we do untread the steps of damned flight," every place mentioned on the first ride is described again, in reversed order, and always with a subtle distinction of weather or circumstance:

At noon, we came to Tavistock;
And sunshine still was there,

*As a matter of fact he is wrong. There are letters in the biography which show that Patmore was at work upon this poem for at least two years, and that it was not published till five years after its inception. One of these letters asks, with reference to it, "What do you think a fair day's work? Four lines? I do." So much for the supposed "extreme rapidity" with which it was "thrown off!"

But gloomy Dartmoor seem'd to mock
Its weak and yellow glare.
The swallows, in the wrathful light,
Were pitching up and down;
A string of rooks made rapid flight,
Due southward, o'er the town.

The second sight of Tavistock and Dartmoor forms part of the passage which Mr. Gosse quotes as an example of Patmore's Millais-like effects:

Then rose the Church at Tavistock,
The rain still falling there;
But sunny Dartmoor seem'd to mock
The gloom with cheerful glare.

And, as I passed from Tavistock,
The scatter'd dwellings white,
The Church, the golden weather-cock,
Were whelm'd in happy light;

Across a fleeting eastern cloud,
The splendid rainbow sprang,
And larks, invisible and loud,
Within its zenith sang.

This balance of contrasts is carried out, not only with the landscapes and the weather, but in descriptions of states of mind, and in verbal repetitions with a difference; yet, as the poem is a fairly long one, the artifice is not unduly prominent. The repetition of Frank's words, with an entirely new connotation, has been already mentioned, and a few more instances may now be noted. Against the poet's perfect contentment, with nothing "to do or ask," is set his subsequent rising "to prayer and toil;" on the honeymoon the weather is a "strange and weary lull," the sun is rayless, the sky pale, the distance thick with light, the ships becalmed, and he adds, "The peace within my soul was like the peace upon the sea." But not as the world gives, does Christ give peace, and against that peace is set this:

O, well is thee, whate'er thou art,
And happy shalt thou be,
If thou hast known, within thy heart,
The peace that came to me.

O, well is thee, if aught shall win
Thy spirit to confess
God proffers all, 'twere grievous sin
To live content in less.

There is a further contrast which is of the very essence of the poem, and is yet, with a "reserve of power," never insisted upon, and was only slightly emphasized when, in a later edition, Patmore expanded the title of the poem to *Tamerton Church-Tower*; or, *First Love*. On his second ride the widower thinks of the friends whom he shall meet at Tamerton, and, amongst others, of his tutor's daughter, Ruth, whom he had known of old, but had not then appreciated:

Charms for the sight she had; but these
Were tranquil, grave, and chaste,
And all too beautiful to please
A rash, untutor'd taste.

And in the maiden path she trod
Fair was the wife foreshown,
A Mary in the house of God,
A Martha in her own.

Contrasting this with Frank's voluptuous description of Blanche, we may surmise that it is the second wife of the poet who is thus foreshown; and if this be so the poem becomes the natural companion to *Amelia*, where also the necessity of a development of the idea of love is marked by a dead "first love," who had been loved with all a boy's crudeness; and a second loved with reverencing self-restraint. "Amelia had more luck than Millicent," says the later poem, and surely that word "luck" is bitter with self-satire. "Sore were my lids with tears for her who slept beneath the sea," says the widower in *Tamerton Church-Tower*, and the tears are those of remorse. Dr. Garnett thought this narrative poem pointless; many a reader must have found it piercing enough.

THE PROBLEM OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.

BY W. P. S.

Are all, then, mad or is it prophecy?

"Sons now we are of God," as we have heard,

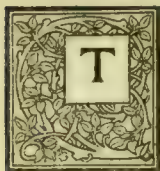
"But what we shall be hath not yet appeared."

.....remember thee,

That man is none,

Save one.

—*Palmore.*



THE volume that reports the proceedings of the first Universal Races Congress, held last year in London, has been published.* It is ably edited, and presents the views of "the representatives of more than twenty civilizations." The Honorary General Committee included, as representatives of our own country, over two hundred prominent scientists, linguists, historians, lawyers, and university professors. Great Britain had nearly three hundred; Germany eighty-three; Belgium forty, amongst whom were three well-known Catholic ecclesiastics, while the French list of seventy included the names of M. l'abbé Adrien Lannay, Séminaire des Missions Etrangères, Paris, and Monsignor Alexandre Le Roy, Bishop of Alinda and Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. Afghanistan, China, Japan, Peru, Persia, and Turkey were also represented. The list contains the names of the Archbishop of York (Dr. Lang), General Booth, Frederick Harrison, and Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. The editor, Mr. Spiller, claims that the writers of the fifty-nine papers "have, as it were, reduced to reasoned statements the generous sentiments prevailing on the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the West and those of the East, among the most cultivated and responsible section of humanity." To discover these was the general object proposed in the "invitation" to the Congress, and the further result was to be eminently practical—"encouraging between them a fuller understanding, the most friendly feelings, and a heartier coöperation." Truly a magnificent ideal!

Abundant citations might be given that would show the personal enthusiasm and faith of the speakers in the race which they represented. The representatives were most evidently in

**Papers on Inter-Racial Problems.* London: P. S. King & Son.

earnest with themselves and with one another, and their earnestness sprang precisely from their conviction that they were marshaled for the first time on the battlefield of the future, the boundless plains of Peace, with a shibboleth worthy of their manhood and their cause—"the furtherance of International Good Will and Peace" in the "highest of all human interests."

What then has been the concrete result? In the first place, as we have seen, it has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that desires and aspirations, sincere and heartfelt, *do* exist for unity and union of the peoples dwelling 'twixt East and West. The second half of the problem, then, naturally comes to the fore. Granted the *fact*, what of the *force* to galvanize the fact into a reality?

As to the answer we must turn to the papers for enlightenment. The only subject excluded of set purpose was that of politics. "Resolutions of a political character will not be submitted," stated the invitation. The only question about which there seemed to be uneasiness, if not altogether an ominous silence, was the question of *Religion as a Consolidating and Separating Influence*, to borrow the title of Professor and Mrs. Rhys David's unsatisfying paper. Clearly this is a deficiency we may not lightly pass over, because it means everything to us Catholics, with our ideals and our belief in the eternal mission of the Church for the unity of all nations under heaven. Let us consider it closely. We all love and revere the peasant who was born in Italy over seventy-five years ago, who became a saintly priest, and is now Pontiff in Peter's Chair. At the outset of his reign we remember how he anticipated the Universal Races Congress by his message to all lands—"renew all things in Christ." To some it was more than a message: it partook of a prophecy. Those authoritative words have been caught up in the East as well as in the West. Civil governments have trodden underfoot the symbols of Christ, and have exiled the servants of Christ, but the Holy Father's appeal is still resounding, is still a "consuming fire." The Church in Germany, with the aid of solid organizations, is growing from strength to strength; in France* she is being re-throned amid the fires of persecuting laws; in Portugal, after her many sufferings, she is eager for the future; in America and England she is silently fulfilling the eager hopes of the two great Pontiffs long passed away.

**The Evangelization of Paris*—an article of great interest by Georges Goyau in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* for October, 1911.

Everywhere the message of "Beppo" Sarto has found a response in the hearts of worthy priests and people. It could not be otherwise, for religion, as a Catholic understands it, is not primarily of social or ethical value; it is no mere natural, but a supernatural quickening force. It is the force that removes barriers, that fuses strangely discordant customs, and that consumes only to recreate. No measurement of human skulls will help here, no analysis of color differences will afford a clue. We must try and gauge the human soul of the Negro and Caucasian, of the Mongolian, Asiatic, and Amerindian. Can it be better expressed than by the oft-told tale of the dark-skinned sepoys, who were found lighting candles before a shrine of Our Lady in a London church, in proof that the Church in India was even as the Church in England? Surely this is no trivial omission from the papers of the Inter-Racial Congress. Indeed, what if religion is the one and only *force* that can galvanize into reality the *fact* of the longing for union and brotherhood between East and West? Yet, as we see, this question was not considered to be within the scope of discussion.

We are not ignoring the papers of Professor Rhys David or the sympathetic treatment of *The Influence of Missions* by Professor Caldecott, Lecturer in Moral Philosophy in the University of London. The latter is especially excellent for its breadth of view and generous appreciation. Thus we read:

Over and over again a single individual has meant "civilization" as well as the Gospel to a whole community. From him have flowed influences regenerating every part of their social life. From one man's heart and brain have issued not only the abolition of degrading and cruel customs, but the beginnings of new industrial organization, glimpses of science and literature, new forms of social order.... On the whole we may claim that the indigenous inhabitants whom Europe found in tropical and subtropical lands have passed through the valley of bitterness, and are now entered upon open fields, and that the chief instrument of their salvation in the hour of peril has been the sympathetic ardor of religion, which moved messengers to devise and initiate the ethical and social reformation which stands on record. (p. 307.)

Nothing could be truer than this or the two principles concerning "freedom to hear religious messages" to be sought from governments. These, he boldly asserts, "express a right which

may be generally accepted as lying at the root of the unification of mankind." Many striking phrases mark Professor Caldecott's conclusion. "Religious propaganda," he says, "is a standing witness for *altruism* in a world which now, as ever, needs such writers . . . it is a standing appeal to the *Singleness of the Spiritual Kingdom* . . ." His last sentence formulates our position and attitude regarding the Inter-Racial Congress Problems.

Religion must be able to show that its coöperation is needed by proving that it can impress the imagination and stimulate enthusiasm in the heart, generating and sustaining a degree of faith in the advance of men towards a unity of mankind such as cannot be attained without its aid. (p. 312.)

What else has the Church, whose note is oneness, ever done in the past save stimulate and unite? And is her history otherwise in the present, amid the ever-increasing discord of ever-multiplying sects? This question it is we have to answer here. No one will deny that Professor Caldecott's sentiments are deeply gratifying after Professor Fouillée's confident assertions in his paper *Race From the Sociological Standpoint*. We select a few.

It is idle to count on religion for bridging over the gulf of the race. . . . There is not a religion which has not, like Lady Macbeth, stains on the hand which all the vast oceans could never wash away. . . . Men of science are to-day the true and only missionaries. The inventors of railroads and telegraphs have done more to link different races together than all the Francis Xaviers and Ignatius Loyolas. . . Religion is not an "article of export" . . . the only universal, the only really "catholic" things, in the Greek sense of the word, are science, philosophy, and morals. It is these things we must peaceably introduce among races the most distant from our own. (p. 28.)

Of course it is easy to exaggerate the significance of isolated phrases such as these. The professor's paper affords valuable suggestions to a thoughtful mind on missionary methods, which makes his inadequate conception of religion all the more pitiable. Even the allusion to Xavier is helpful. We know what St. Francis Xavier's answer to the Congress would be, or rather has been, for it was given three centuries ago, just as Paul of Tarsus gave his fifteen centuries before Xavier. Surely "railroads, telegraphs,"

and the like, were the very things their zeal demanded to remove those irksome bounds that alone prevented their linking together the races of mankind in oneness of Brotherhood, the Brotherhood of Christ. What would be easier, in answer to Professor Fouillée and those of his way of thinking, than to trace Francis Xavier's footsteps through India and Japan, to treat his methods of solving problems that were discussed at this Congress, and to point to the frequent crowds of Pagans and Christians kneeling side by side at the shrine of his incorrupt body in Goa to-day?

One of the papers in the volume we are considering, to which many an interested reader will first turn, is the masterly article on *East and West in India*, by the Hon. G. K. Gokhale, C.I.E., the late President of the Indian Congress. Amongst the many conditions of progress in India the writer sets a very high value on "the effect of Western teaching" on recent generations. He states:

.....under this influence they bent their energies, in the first instance, to a re-examination of the whole of their ancient civilization—their social usages and institutions, their religious beliefs, their literature, their science, their art: in fact, their entire conception and realization of life. This brought them into violent collision with their own society, but that very collision drove them closer to the Englishmen in the country, to whom they felt deeply grateful for introducing into India the liberal thought of the West, with its protest against caste or sex disabilities, and its recognition of man's dignity as man—a teaching which they regarded as of the highest value in serving both as a corrective and stimulant to their old civilization. (p. 160.)

Noteworthy words, and all the more so because they form such a strange echo to a few sentences of St. Francis Xavier in a letter from Goa to Rome in 1542. He is speaking in his open, earnest way about the newly-founded college.

A great number of pagan youths of different nations are taught there. Some learn Latin, others to read and write.... The college is very large; it will hold as many as five hundred students, and has revenues enough for their support....well indeed may all Christians give thanks to God for this seminary, which is called the College of Sante Fé: for we hope that in a few years multitudes of heathens will by God's favor have become Christians, and that the pupils of this college will shortly

be the means of extending the limits of the Church far and wide in the whole East.*

Substitute Portugal for England, and 1542 for 1911, and can we honestly say the progress is great since Francis penned these simple, trustful lines? His work still abides in India, though the fury of persecution and the torpor of peace have striven against it. Again, the Hon. G. K. Gokhale pleads for "fewer and better" Englishmen to be sent out in positions of authority to India, so that the prestige of England may not be lowered by "inferior" men. Francis Xavier's plea, also from his "blessed Father Ignatius," was for superior men of solid learning, holiness, and great perseverance; in short, for those of the Society who had been most brilliant at the University of Paris or Alcalá, for Xavier too believed "wholeheartedly in a great destiny for the people of this land." Neither did he shrink from those practical questions of morality that were fully treated at the Congress, and he had effective methods of solving them that were peculiarly his own.

In India, as in Japan and elsewhere, Francis Xavier was always most ingenious in seeking for those beliefs or customs of the Brahmins and Bonzes that had some resemblance to the practices of Christianity. "Points of contact" we call them nowadays. At one time he notes with joy their celebration of a day bearing a remote likeness to the Christian Sunday; at another a conception of punishment after death interests him, even though crude and illogical. Amongst the Japanese he was dismayed and yet consoled by their grotesque ancestor worship, for he seems to have reflected how easily the full import of "the Communion of Saints" ought to sink into such minds. We need not recall the words of so many of the Japanese martyrs to testify that this was actually the case.

This will suffice to show that the spirit of Xavier was the spirit of the Church, because it was unceasing in its solicitude, unabating in its longing "to restore all things in Christ." The names of Claver, Lallemand, De Breboeuf, De Smet, are a few of the many that bear ample testimony to its faithful transmission through the ages. And is God's arm shortened to-day? Has the Bride of Christ lost her fairness or her loving anxiety for the sons of God, who are all the sons of man dwelling from East to West? We know it is not so. There is only need to glance at the practical zeal of two such widely different countries as France and Germany.

*Coleridge's *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier*. Letters xi. and xii.

It is revealed in two fine works.* *Missionsstatistik* by Father Krose, and *Les Missions Catholiques Françaises au Dix-neuvième Siècle* by Father Piolet. One of the most pressing needs which the publication of these volumes strongly emphasized was the need of a "Mission Science" to organize what otherwise might have become chaos. The appeal has not fallen on deaf ears. Each year of the decade, 1892-1902, has witnessed the erection of a missionary house and center in Germany, from which zealous men and women pass unceasingly to distant lands. In 1909, the German Catholic Congress voted the erection of a Chair of Mission Science.† The laity, too, were to coöperate with the clergy in this great work, and so in the following year an *Academischer Missionsverein* was founded at Münster. In this city the society has already enrolled six hundred students, and possesses flourishing branches in Breslau, Tübingen, Munich, and the other great Catholic centers.

Within the last year (1911) the work has grown beyond the hopes of the originators. We may mention a large Mission Science "Seminar" at Munich for the purpose of special study, the establishment of a vast Mission Library, the inauguration of courses of lectures, and, lastly, three or four months ago, the organization of an International Institute for Mission Science Research at Münster under the presidency of the Prince of Löwenstein, together with the publication of the first number of the Catholic Mission Science Review, *Zeitschrift für Missionwissenschaft*, edited by Dr. Schmidlin.

We have not space to enter into detail about this truly remarkable movement. The power of earnest missionaries, who, besides the divine gift of vocation, are trained to adapt their learning and methods to meet most successfully the needs and capacities of those amongst whom they labor, will be readily understood. In that training no natural help seems to be overlooked that can further Christian sympathy and Christ-like zeal.

We need only take up the Acts of the Apostles or the Epistles of St. Paul to realize the spirit of which we are speaking in the full vigor of its origin, undaunted, unwearied, ever tactful and

useful, that spirit of "all things to all men," which is the true

spirit of the Brotherhood of Peace and Good Will. To the Gala-

study of this book will be found in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* under which is to be found an English translation from the original German is

a few years ago. Dr. Schmidlin, one of the most prominent professors of the University of Münster, in Westphalia.

tians the Apostle wrote: "It pleased God, Who separated me even from my mother's womb, and called me through His grace, to reveal His Son in me that I might preach Him among the nations." And to the Romans he wrote words that might fittingly be inscribed on the title-page of the future Congress volumes, "I am debtor both to Greeks and to barbarians, both to the educated and uneducated classes," and so he feels bound to repay benefit for benefit. Hence arose that boundless desire to hasten ever onwards, to organize and consolidate his conquests in all parts of the Empire. Rome had advanced from the West to conquer the East, the cradle of Christ and Christianity. Paul would speed Westwards to make Christ victor from East to West. Cities do not content him.

He thinks, as it were, in Roman provinces.... He classifies his newly-founded churches according to the Imperial Provinces. He estimates his progress according to provinces—Syria and Cilicia, Galatia, Asia, Macedonia, Achaia, Illyricum—and as he goes forward he plants his steps and his institutions in their capitals. This is the language, these are the thoughts, of a man whose aim is co-extensive with the Empire, the creation of a unity within the Church as extensive as the Imperial organization.*

Tradition seems to say that even the insatiable longing "to see" Rome was partly that he might push his conquests for Christ to Gaul and to Britain, the northernmost limit of the mighty empire, thus to complete his subjugation of the world as it then really was. Here again our thoughts are forcibly turned to the prevailing thought of the Races Congress. "Are we ready for the change? Have we duly considered all that it signifies, and have we tutored our minds and shaped our policy with a view of successfully meeting the coming flood?" asked Lord Weardale. Paul and Xavier have answered for the one Church founded upon Peter the Rock till the end of days. We may fittingly close this part of our subject by a noble tribute from a great son of the Church in these latter days.

Is then nationality to be ignored and all nations treated as though they were identical? Not so; for this would be to deny the providential distinction of nations each bound to use its special character for the glory of the Most High, and would

**Pauline and Other Studies, III. The Church in the Roman Empire*, by Sir W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L.; also Abbé Fouard's *Missions of St. Paul*.

be to deny the fitness of the Church to deal with each. All alike must be addressed, but each addressed in its own peculiar way, nor any rigid uniformity preserved of outward expression. For indeed the fashions of speech and action vary so much with race and nation that what would imply evil in the one, say falsehood or irreverence, implies no evil in the other; not that the principles of morals vary geographically, but the significance of eternal; and thus each man feels, and feels rightly, that a foreigner is no judge of his conduct, and lacks the subtle appreciation needed for a fair estimate. But the Church, precisely because in one sense she is a foreigner to all, is a foreigner to none; and brings with her not only the general graces needed to correct the particular form of human corruption prominent in the natural character of each nation; ministering as a common source of grace to each varied necessity. Unity is her mark; unification her work; by nature the members of the Church are not one, and would not become one; yet in the essentials of their faith, their devotions, and their moral ideas, she makes them one. And thus evil once more, as it only exists for the sake of good, has to yield to good; and the struggle of nationalities, that is ever a trouble to the Church and a difficulty, becomes the witness of her unifying powers, and the very material of her triumph.*

Thus far we have considered what may be vaguely termed the negative treatment given to Religion by the Universal Races Congress. We turn now to the more positive aspect. This is contained in the note on the *Babai Movement* and the letter from Abd'l Baba to the First Universal Races Congress. In America and England the prophet and his followers are well known, especially since his visit to this country some months ago. In a few lines we will recall the origin of the movement.

At Shiraz in Persia, in 1844, a youth, by name Sayyid Ali Muhammed, announced himself the herald of a great spiritual teacher to come. The fiery zeal of the Bab (Gate), as his followers called him, soon rendered him famous throughout Persia. Six years later, however, he fell under the suspicion of the Persian Government, and was shot at Tabriz. In spite of subsequent persecution (from thirty to fifty thousand are said to have perished) the Babis grew rapidly, till in the early sixties "the great teacher" of the Bab actually manifested himself. At once multitudes throughout Persia were attracted by the personality of this Baba'u'llah,

**The Key to the World's Progress*, p. 36, by C. S. Devas, M.A.

"the Glory of God." Persecution at the hands of the orthodox Moslems was not abated, and within a short time the Babis could claim twenty thousand "martyrs." Death, exile, and imprisonment only strengthened the fervor of the teacher and his adherents, so that the movement had spread in every direction on Baba's death in 1892. Before that date he entrusted to his eldest son, Abbas Effendi, the task of continuing his work and expounding his writings. The same life of perpetual incarceration at Acre was continued for the son, until 1908 brought him release under the Young Turkish constitution. In that year Abdu'l Baba Abbas (*i. e.*, Abbas, servant of Baba) found a refuge at Haifa, on Mount Carmel. Baba'u'llah first appeared before the European world in his historic letters to Pius IX., to Queen Victoria, and to the sovereigns of Europe in 1867, pleading a conference of governments and the disarmament of nations. This, indeed, seems to be the mission claimed by the teacher and his sect. Throughout his writings, of which the chief are *Hidden Words* and the *Kilab-i-Akdas*,* the dominant note is the longing for universal peace. This is the gospel preached by Baba'u'llah, and by Abbas his son and servant in his message to the Congress.

And as we suggested above, the spread of the Babai Movement might be attributed partly to the noble and generous ideal it presents.

But when we come to the definite teachings, precepts, ceremony, and ritual of Baba'u'llah the lustre grows dim. It is good to forbid war, suicide, injustice of all kinds; it is excellent to teach and practice the charity of universal brotherhood, but what does all this avail when dogma is rejected, and pantheism preached? The Babai religion inculcates prayer, and what is prayer without sacrifice and sacramentals, those essential visible bonds uniting man to the invisible, of the life of the soul by grace. Without these mysticism, on which Babism lays such stress, is a delusion.† Babai repudiates priesthood and sacrifice; the solitary life of monk and nun is banned, and marriage is enjoined upon all as the highest estate of man. Moreover Babism denies of course the divinity of Our Lord, and teaches that Christ was only a type of the greatest of the world prophets, and with His Sacred Name it links those of Moses and Buddha, nay, Baba'u'llah himself and Abdu'l Baba the

*Translated by Mirza Ameen Fareed. Printed for the London Babais, 1911.

†*A Brief Account of the Babai Movement*, by Ethel Rosenberg. Published for the Babai Society of London, 1911, by the Priory Press, Hampstead.

dweller on Mount Carmel. It is vain, with these incongruities before our eyes, for the Western adherents of the Baba to declare their belief identical with the "doctrine of the *logos*" in the West.

The Universal Races Congress deemed its discussion incomplete without a reverent consideration for the words of the oriental stranger from Mount Carmel. We do not read the name of the great solitary of the Vatican in the papers of the Congress, nor does his scheme find place in the volume of Inter-Racial Problems, though they embrace "the problem of pacification in its whole range," as M. Leon Bourgeois confidently states. What, as we have suggested, if his were the only force that could galvanize into life this titanic desire for universal brotherhood? What if he holds the talisman that alone can draw into sympathy the strangely alien nations of God's Orient and God's Occident? Georges Goyau shall answer for us:

The Bible relates how Elisha, stretching himself at full length on the young man whom he wished to restore to life, seemed to mould his body on that other which was to be requickened: even as that young man the masses of to-day await the return of life; and, like Elisha, the Church bends over them, adapts itself to them, and aspires to cover and overshadow them, and to make the field which they occupy coincide with the field over which the Cross sheds its rays.

New Books.

THE PRICE OF UNITY. By the Reverend B. W. Maturin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50 net.

In one of his recent lectures in America, Monsignor Benson, himself a convert from the Church of England, made a graceful reference to a fellow-convert from Anglicanism as one to whom he had long looked as a master. There are many others, converts and Catholic-born, who can bear similar testimony to the influences Father Maturin has left upon their intellectual and spiritual life through his spoken words and writings. The sturdy, thorough, and penetrating mind that has so profoundly and so perspicuously analyzed the human soul in *Some Principles and Practices of the Spiritual Life*, and in other works, has placed many—and we venture to think now will place many an Anglican inquirer—under a deep debt of gratitude to the author of *The Price of Unity*. It is a book marked from beginning to end by the notes of justice and charity. As an apologetic work—for it is that rather than controversial—it is unvaryingly kind and consistently fair to that class of persons for whom it appears to have been chiefly written—the small but earnest and sincere body of High Church Anglicans. And as such we welcome the book as the most intelligent and appreciative irenic of our times.

It would be difficult, in a brief review, to give any adequate conception of a work that, from first to last, does not falter in its suggestiveness of ideas. We hope, and we have reason to believe, that the book will be widely read, for it ought to serve both as a persuasive to non-Catholics and as a very clear and intelligent treatment for our own people of a subject upon which they are often insufficiently informed.

Father Maturin has, in a measure, opened his own heart and told us of his experiences before and since conversion—of the deep searchings of soul; of the misgivings felt lest one forsake a known good for something that might turn out to be an illusion; of the suffering that necessarily accompanies the breach with a long and happy past; of familiar confidences unregarded; and, finally, of the supreme joy of a great and unshaken certainty. For he has at last spoken to declare, what only that native injustice or mental

impenetrability of certain strange people could have failed to see, that his present conviction is the same he has held from the beginning of his conversation :

Rome is no mere rival of Anglicanism. She has nothing whatever to do with it. She existed ages before it was thought of, and will continue to exist ages after the destructive forces in the English Church have done their work....She is not the refuge of despairing wanderers, but only of those who believe that she is the one unrivaled representative of the Church of God.

And the book makes more clear than one has often found it expressed the untenableness of the High Anglican hope that is intimated in the words just quoted. To Rome, the ideal of reunion based on mutual concession is, and ever will be, like a rainbow and its pot of gold. To the Roman Catholic, Anglicanism is a schism, a religious institution that may appear to possess a Catholicity, but lacks a great essential: unity with and submission to the Apostolic See; a democracy not a kingdom, persisting for the fourth century of its existence in rebellion against that divine authority of St. Peter, the corner-stone of Catholic unity.

The Price of Unity, we think, will be found to be an exceedingly valuable contribution to a subject that occupies the minds of a large number of devout Christians, and it is all the more serviceable in the just balance it preserves between the severest truthfulness and the broadest charity. Those non-Catholics who are still estopped from conversion by their admirable loyalty to the principles of orders and sacraments will discover much that is fresh and illuminating in the presentment of these principles.

ROBERT E. LEE, MAN AND SOLDIER. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

In taking up a book of this kind we look first for the *motif*—the recurring theme or object of the reasoning which runs through it—and here it is repeated often. In chapter i., Mr. Page says: "One familiar with the life of Lee cannot help noting the strong resemblance of his character in its strength, its poise, its rounded completeness, to that of Washington, or fail to mark what influence the life of Washington had on the life of Lee."

It is a wonderful thing that the great hero of the cause of secession and slavery should have believed that the Union ought to

be preserved and the slaves ought to be freed. How Lee came to embrace a cause in which he did not believe until he had embraced it is thus explained by Mr. Page:

At the time when Lee and his brother officers received their education at the Military Academy they were sent there as State cadets, and the expense of their education was borne at last by the several States, which, there being at that time no high tariff and no internal-revenue taxation to maintain the National Government, made a yet more direct contribution than since the war to the government for its expenses. In recognition of this fact, and as compensation for the contribution by the States, each representative of a State had the right to send a cadet to each academy—and the cadet consequently owed first allegiance to the State.

Mr. Page is wholly mistaken. The truth is that the federal government was supported then almost entirely by customs duties, and that there was an internal revenue tax also; that military cadets were appointed by the President without geographical restrictions; that the expense of their education was borne then, as it is now, by the federal treasury; that the States made no direct contribution to the federal treasury, and that Robert E. Lee was no more a State cadet in 1825 than any Virginia boy appointed to West Point yesterday is a State cadet. Mr. Page gives us another reason which is nearer the mark, although it is a doubtful compliment to freedom or progress of opinion in Virginia. Lee, he says, had been "reared in the Southern School of States' Rights;" his father regarded Virginia as his country, and "political views were as much inherited as religious tenets." If Lee's conscience required him to resign from the Army of the United States and join the Army of Virginia that settles the question, as it seems to us.

When Lee was born, January 19, 1807, at Stratford, Westmoreland Co., Va., one appeared, says Mr. Page, "whom many students of military history believe to have been not only the greatest soldier of his time, and, taking all things together, the greatest captain of the English-speaking race, but the loftiest character of his generation; one rarely equalled, and possibly never excelled, in all the annals of the human race"—a statement not wholly consistent with that found in the last chapter: that ten thousand of Lee's soldiers were his peers in character.

Mr. Page gives us nothing about Lee's earlier years before he went to West Point, except some utterly trivial and commonplace anecdotes, which he ought to have omitted. For instance: "The other boys used to drink from the glasses of the gentlemen," said one of the family; 'but Robert never would join them. He was different.'" At West Point the same story of tame perfection continues. "The impress of his character was already becoming stamped upon his countenance," and so forth. The reader can supply the rest of the sentence.

We regret, too, that Mr. Page tells us so little about Lee from the time he left West Point until the Civil War, a period of thirty-two years. He quotes a letter, however, from Lee to his eldest son, then a cadet at West Point, written from Arlington, April 5, 1852, laying down the rules of duty for a young man; and adds: "Such, in brief, was Robert E. Lee, when at the age of fifty-four he found the storm of Civil War about to break on the country." The reader is surprised when he finds this foot-note to the page: "It is said that this letter as a whole was made up by a clever newspaper man out of parts of different letters by Lee." In form and substance the letter is not in the least like Lee. It is plain that he did not write it, and Mr. Page cannot excuse his use of it as evidence of Lee's character.

The greater part of the biography is devoted to the narrative of Lee's operations at the head of the Army of Northern Virginia in the Civil War, which show him, Mr. Page says, as "one of the great captains of history whose genius was equal to every exigency of war to which human genius may rise." The reviewer is ignorant of military science, and cannot judge whether this part of the book is better than the other parts. But of that part which covers the time from the close of the war up to Lee's death, we are obliged to say that Mr. Page has given us for the most part apostrophies and rhapsodies of words without any solid foundations to support them, and we remain in ignorance of what constituted the greatness of Lee, the citizen and college president. The anecdotes Mr. Page has recorded illustrate the fatuous adulation of Lee's neighbors, and do nothing for Lee.

Doubtless it is too early yet to expect a calm, discriminating biography of General Lee. He was a great soldier and a great character, but the Southern people only want to hear him praised. We submit, however, that his fame is not enhanced by such unreasoning praise as this book bestows.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE CELTIC RACE. By T. W. Rolleston. New York: Thomas J. Crowell Co. \$2.50.

This work is a collection of the tales, folk lore, and legends of the Celts, whether domiciled in Ireland, Wales or Brittany. Of the eight chapters composing the book, six are devoted to the mythical element. In the first two chapters the author, following the great French authorities D'Arbois de Jubainville and Bertrand, strives to find foothold on historical fact. Mr. Rolleston believes that the Celts had a North African origin, and that their language and beliefs were closely allied to those of the Egyptians. The fourth and fifth centuries before Christ he considers the "golden age of Celtdom in Continental Europe." Then it was they wrested Spain from the Carthaginians and North Italy from the Etruscans. The names *Mediolanum* (Milan), *Virodunum* (Verduno), *Addua* (Adda), and perhaps Cremona, testify to Celtic occupation. The name of Vergil, and the quality of his writings, seem strong arguments to Mr. Rolleston of the Celtic ancestry of Rome's greatest poet. To us this last inference appears rather *un peu fort*. The author sums up well Europe's debt to the Celt:

For some four centuries—about A. D. 500 to 900—Ireland was the refuge of learning, and the source of literary and philosophic culture, for half Europe. The verse forms of Celtic poetry have probably played the main part in determining the structure of all modern verse. He (the Celt) had little gift for the establishment of institutions, for the service of principles; but he was and is an indispensable and never-failing assertor of humanity as against the tyranny of principles, the coldness and barrenness of institutions. It is true that he has been over eager to enjoy the fine fruits of life without the long and patient preparation for the harvest, but he has done and will still do infinite service to the modern world in insisting that the true fruit of life is a spiritual reality, never without pain and loss, to be obscured or forgotten amid the vast mechanism of a material civilization.

In more than one place the writer's anti-religious bias betrays itself in the most naïve manner. On page 47 he attributes the political weakness and final downfall of the Celts to the predominance of the priestly caste amongst them.

On page 66 he is credulous enough to adopt the assertion of a Mr. Bell that to-day the priests of Brittany take part in stone wor-

ship—though against their will and better judgment! A photo of an ordinary sodality procession, accompanied by priests and sacred banners, is produced to substantiate this calumny or at least absurdity. The holy wells of Ireland too are considered as surviving examples of immemorial superstition. "And the cult of the waters of Lourdes may, in spite of its adoption by the church, be mentioned as a notable case in point on the Continent." (!!!) What can we think of the critical sense and historical competence of a writer in whom common sense is so egregiously lacking?

THE FUGITIVES. By Margaret Fletcher. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.35 net.

How far a novelist is justified in bringing the unsavory side of life into public view is a vexed question. Some there are who deny that it is under any circumstances justifiable to do so. Others are of a different opinion, and consider that every aspect of the world's life is a legitimate subject for the novelist's art. Between these two extreme views are a variety of shades of opinion. Zola stands for a realism against which there is already a healthy reaction in French literature. It was a realism which dabbled in the mire for mere delight in the mire. Present-day realists amongst English writers—at least some of them, and they amongst the most widely read—go to work more subtly. They avoid any flagrant breach of the conventions, yet call in question the moral principles to which the conventions are related. And the poison works the more insidiously because of a certain artistic flavor which is given it. This kind of literature is too common and too eagerly sought after in our day. This is a fact to which it were foolish to close our eyes. The truth is that the young people of the present day are curious as to the life around them, and they seek out the literature which satisfies their curiosity. The question then arises whether this curiosity might not be satisfied in a way to cause no moral harm, with the antidote of sound religious principle set against the possible poisons?

It seems to us that this is what Miss Margaret Fletcher has set herself to do in her latest book, *The Fugitives*. The story takes us into the inner life of the *Quatier Latin* of Paris. There we meet the two girl-students, Stephanie and Patricia, and their circle, and much besides. Stephanie has been brought up without religion of any sort; she had jumped from the narrow conventionalities of a comfortable home into the bohemian but free life of the art-

student in Paris. She is a creature of strong vitality—ignorant of evil, wholly absorbed in her art. Patricia is a devout Catholic, who also is seeking a freedom of soul in the arduous studies of the atelier. Both are strongly drawn to each other, though so different in character. How they both come to realize themselves—Patricia through the oncoming of a great, pure love; Stephanie through the awakening to the fact of religion—and how in each case the realization is accompanied by fierce temptation, which searches the innermost soul, is the burden of the story. The author throughout deals frankly with the situation in which her heroines find themselves, and one can imagine how some of our realist novelists would have handled the theme. But apart from the high moral purpose which runs through the book, a true artistic instinct enables Miss Fletcher to tell her story with an evident fidelity to facts, and yet to produce a book which is essentially clean and morally bracing. She avoids the mistake of moralizing: her characters and situations speak for themselves. The book is not one to put into the hands of a schoolgirl; but for the young woman bent on searching for the “facts” of life, we can imagine no more opportune novel than this. If realism is to be the fashion in literature, then Miss Fletcher has shown how it can be dealt with worthily and usefully. *The Fugitives*, in fact, sets a new and desirable standard in the treatment of the realistic novel.

THE INTERIOR CASTLE. Saint Teresa. Translated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook; Introduction and Additional Notes by V. Rev. Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D. London: Thomas Baker. 4s.

Teresa of Jesus is probably the only woman-saint who attracts all categories of Christians, inside and outside the Catholic Church; but her fascination goes further than the religious-minded. Round her name many a battle has been fought in the laboratory of medical science, and no doubt her influence has been great with those modern philosophers who teach a more spiritual conception of the universe, as well as with the students of psychology and physiology whose labors have done so much to prove the realities of mystical experience, and to bring into discredit the scepticism of a past generation. It is indeed remarkable that the books which St. Teresa wrote in the sixteenth century, for the edification and spiritual guidance of her contemplative Carmelite nuns, should in these days have become text-books for the use of the most learned theo-

logians of all creeds, as well as for those whose scientific pursuits bring them into touch with the phenomena of psychology, either through its mental or more physical manifestations. But it is to the mystic—experimental and theoretical—that St. Teresa speaks with the greatest authority, and it may be safely said that it would be almost impossible to dive very deeply into such a vast and complex subject as “Mysticism” without frequent reference to her life and writings. She has been picturesquely described as the geographer and hydrographer of the soul. She has drawn the map of its poles, marked its latitudes of contemplation and prayer, and laid out all the interior seas and lands of the human heart. Other saints have been among those heights and depths and deserts before her, but no one has left us so methodical and so scientific a survey.

It is unfortunate that the popular conception of mysticism and of sanctity (they do not necessarily go together unless taken in a strictly Catholic sense, when sanctity includes mysticism; but all mystics are not saints, although in each case it would depend on the exact meaning we give to words capable of such varied definitions) associates with them the accidental phenomena of ecstasies, visions, trances, locutions, or more apparent physical marvels, such as the stigmata, or the raising of the body from the ground. These mysterious psychical and physical experiences do certainly abound in the lives of the saints, but they have frequently been given a too great prominence in our idea of what constitutes sanctity, and thus obscured in our minds the teaching of the Church, and of the Saints themselves, that sanctity does not imply the experience of these extraordinary states, but in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well. Both St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa knew from practical experience that such phenomena were veritable quicksands on which many a soul had found shipwreck, and we in our own time have been able to judge of the effects of the pseudo-mysticism of the many sects around us, whether they are called revivalists, theosophists, spiritists, or claim to be the Church of the Future!

But such spurious mysticism has nothing in common with God's mysterious dealings with the saints; in studying the accounts of their spiritual life, there is an entirely safe standard and test. Does the vision or revelation harmonize with the divine magisterium of the Church? Does the ecstasy or communication leave behind a spirit of peace, strength, and health, both of mind and

body, as well as a deep humility and complete submissiveness to the authority of the Church? For these are the beneficent effects of Christ's dealings with chosen souls; while, on the other hand, the false mystic is but the victim of mental excitement and hysteria, leading on to disintegration both physical and moral. In St. Teresa's case we have a wonderful example of the progression of the soul through every variety of mystical and extraordinary experience; she saw visions, she fell into trances, she heard interior voices, and finally reached to the culminating point of her relations with the spiritual world, when an angel thrust a flaming spear of gold through her heart, and left her "all on fire with a great love of God." What then was the result on the Saint of these strange favors and mysterious illuminations? She made a vow to do always in everything that which appeared to her to be the most perfect and best pleasing to God! We are indeed far from the weakening, the vulgar, and sensational manifestations of the pseudo-mystic! Throughout her life St. Teresa ever became more calm and vigorous. From her raptures and visions she ever derived more and more of that "apostolic strength," which is one of her great characteristics. She has been aptly called "the Saint of Common Sense," and I know of no better example of the "unification of the faculties," where soul, heart, intellect, judgment, wit, humor, and power of concentration of thought and word, brought into cohesion and direction by the power of religion, have produced so perfect a type, not only of saint, but of woman. No wonder then that this "mystical doctor," this "seraphic mother," with her intense interest in life, and her breadth of view of the world within and without the cloister, should exercise such a spell over men and women of every creed and every clime! But many of us know St. Teresa mainly through books written about her rather than through those books in which she reveals herself, and in spite of the whole-hearted admiration she has inspired in many non-Catholic writers, the portrait they draw of her is not that of Teresa the Catholic, who founded her Reformed Discalced Carmelites in order that they might pray for the sanctification of the priesthood, and help repair by prayer, penance, and a life of perfection some of the ravages committed by the heretics of northern Europe, but a Teresa deprived of the mainspring which regulated her whole spiritual life, who ought to have turned her great natural powers into other channels, and whose great loss was that she did not come under the influence of the Reform!

St. Teresa wrote (under obedience) four immortal books, *The Life, The Way of Perfection, The Foundations*, and finally *The Interior Castle*, in which she sums up, as it were, the whole of her teaching on prayer and union with God. It is not a treatise of mystical theology, but the autobiography of the life of her own soul. Full as the book is of the most heavenly doctrine, and of her own transcendental experiences, never once does she hazard on ground over which she herself had not already trod, or venture to make dogmatic statements concerning the road by which God may lead other souls to Him. The strong personal note which runs through all her writings inspires the reader not only with confidence and delight, but attracts him so forcibly to the Saint, and to the love of virtue, that it may be safely said that she makes as many converts as she has readers. Teresa received extraordinary graces, doubled with the power of understanding and describing them. She owes this partly to the delight she took throughout her whole life in talking of God and His ways of sanctifying souls with learned theologians. This veneration for learning, and her submissiveness to the teaching of qualified men, give her writings such sureness of touch that to read them as they ought to be read is the safest and swiftest way of becoming a master of the spiritual life.

The present translation of *The Interior Castle* has been done by the Benedictine nuns of Stanbrook, and forms part of the complete edition of the works of St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa, which is being brought out under the editorship of Father Zimmerman, who has written an Introduction, as well as supplied an index and foot-notes. These elucidate any obscurities in the text, and contain numerous cross-references to parallel passages found in other parts of St. Teresa's works, showing how consistent she is in all her writings. The translation has been made from the photo-lithographic edition of the original autograph, brought out under the direction of the Archbishop of Seville, in 1882, on the occasion of the tercentenary of St. Teresa's death. Father Zimmerman says in the Introduction that "it has been thought advisable, as far as the genius of the language allows it, that the wording of the author should be strictly adhered to, and that not a shade of her expression should be sacrificed. For Teresa is not only a Saint whose every word is telling, but she is a classic in her own language, who knows how to give expression to her deepest thoughts." He further adds that having compared

word for word the translation with the original, he is in a position to affirm that this programme has been faithfully carried out. Undoubtedly we have here the thought of the Saint more accurately translated than in any other English edition, of which, by the way, there have been only two, that of Woodhead (1675) and Dalton (1852). The style has none of the awkwardness of a translation; the English is dignified and chiseled; it flows with suppleness and grace, and is worthy to rank by the side of Lewis' translation of *The Life*, which competent authority says to be the best in any language. We cannot do better than conclude by quoting the editor's own words at the end of the Introduction, where he expresses the hope "that this new translation will be found helpful by those who feel called to a higher life."

THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI VALLEY AND REGION OF THE GREAT LAKES. Translated, edited, annotated, and with bibliography and index, by Emma Helen Blair. Two volumes. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clarke Co. \$10.00.

Unhappily the editor of these two handsome volumes died before they got well into circulation; but the satisfaction which she would have derived from the approbation of the world of historical scholarship would have been only an addition to the greater satisfaction she must have felt from the performance of the task itself. The work covers only the upper Mississippi Valley and the region of the Great Lakes. It ought to serve as a model for similar compilations covering the Indians who inhabited the rest of the United States.

Miss Blair would have the reader approach the study of the Indian with sympathy, and to those who think that the only good Indian is a dead Indian she says: "Complete refutation of that is found in the many instances of noble words and deeds by Indians; in the progress made by some of the tribes in civilization and religious life." Miss Blair affirms, moreover, that one who applies to them the Golden Rule will find them hardly more worthy of censure than their white brothers on the frontier. The accounts of the Indians which are reproduced are those of Nicholas Perrot (1605), which was first published in French by Rev. Jules Tailhan, S.J., in 1804, and which now appears in English for the first time; of Charles Claude Le Roy, Bacqueville de la Potherie (1689 about), the second volume of which appears in English for

the first time, and several later accounts, which become even contemporaneous, in the shape of letters to the editor from Rev. Henry I. Westroff, S.J., a missionary among the Sioux, and others now or recently engaged in working for the spiritual and moral betterment of the Indians. The compilation as a whole is a great contribution to American history, and the publishers deserve great praise.

LITTLE GRAY SONGS FROM ST. JOSEPH'S. By Grace Fallow Norton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.00 net.

"In the winter of 1903 a cold night and a colder dawning sent girls shivering to their work in the factories of an American town. Among them Leonie X——, the still girl who never told her name. She, frail as she was and weary, slipped upon the icy pavement and fell. The hurt proving dire, she was carried to a small Franciscan hospital hard by, where she lay for two years—true to herself—saying little with her lips and much with her mournful eyes. Here she wrote many 'little letters to herself,' which were hidden beneath her pillow, and which the good Sister Jerome, who was her sole nurse, lovingly preserved after her death."

With this preface is published a slim volume of *Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's*, by Grace Fallow Norton. Queer, wonderful little poems they are, with a stinging, stabbing pathos; little minor melodies of pain, broken always by a staccato overtone of proud, childish courage. These lines, for instance:

Best I love Sister Jerome;
Her arms are my only home,

Her strong arms and the white bed
Where they laid my weary head.

Sister Jerome—how does she know
'Tis the heart that hurts one so?

Not the fever, not the wound,
But the lone heart, burned and ground.

Not the body-bruise that stings,
Just the heart's poor broken wings.

In several of the poems there is the spiritual note, as in this tender, exquisite bit:

O Jesu, how my soul goes forth
To be a friend to Thee,
Who had no friend to know Thyself,
Who ever walked lonely;
And whom the ages lonelier make,
Upon Thy lifted tree.
O Jesu, how my soul goes forth
To be a friend to Thee.

But for the most part they reveal a faith that is incomplete, puzzled, overclouded. How cruel a mystery pain becomes without religion, and how hopeless to believe oneself only "the luckless pot He marred in making!" From such suffering, thrice bitter because meaningless, comes this piteously, brave little utterance:

With cassock black, "biret" and book,
Father Saran goes by;
I think he goes to say a prayer
For one who has to die.

Even so, some day, Father Saran
May say a prayer for me;
Myself meanwhile, the Sister tells,
Should pray unceasingly.

They kneel who pray: how may I kneel
Who face to ceiling lie,
Shut out by all that man has made
From God Who made the sky?

They lift who pray—the low earth-born—
A humble heart to God;
But O my heart of clay is proud—
True sister to the sod.

I look into the face of God,
They say bends over me;
I search the dark, dark face of God—
O what is it I see?

I see—who lie fast bound, who may
Not kneel, who can but seek—
I see mine own face over me,
With tears upon its cheek.

There are other poems of this theme, like Tennyson's

Infant crying in the night
And with no language but a cry,

and there are others that give us in incidental, plaintive phrases the cruelty of child-labor, like Mrs. Browning's *The Cry of the Children*. There are even two or three that touch, in a weary, perplexed fashion upon greater problems, dark indeed when not illuminated by faith.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE: A STUDY IN NATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY. By A. Maurice Low, M.A. Volume II. The Harvesting of a Nation. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.25.

This is a study of some of the phenomena of the mind of the American people historically and contemporaneously, the broad divisions of the work being the commercial efficiency of the colonial Puritans, who dominated in forming the American people; the discontent which caused the Revolution; the overthrow of the Puritan State Church, and the substitution of political interest for religious interest, whence "the dawn of a new era;" the creation of American union in opposition first to French and then to English policy; the forces which made the American constitution; the influence of immigration on the American character; the influence of slavery; the expansion of the American political horizon in consequence of the war with Spain.

The book is interesting and suggestive, and the style is good. While it does not belong in the front rank either as philosophy or commentary, it is better in both fields than books on America by foreigners usually are. The best chapter is that on the influence of immigration on American development, in which the theory is advanced that immigration has elevated the native stock by forcing it out of the lowest place in the industrial scale; that the aim of the foreigner is to become like a native, and that the result is his rapid and complete absorption.

A good chapter is that in which Mr. Low shows how the tariff has helped to make us a self-centered and politically detached country, and has had a distinct psychological effect; and another is on the enlarging influence on the American mind of the war with Spain, compelling us to notice world problems, and share in our responsibilities as one of the family of nations. Sympathetic and

optimistic in most of his comments, Mr. Low occasionally administers rebukes which should cause no protest, because they are deserved and come in a kindly spirit. His denunciation of the latter day demagogue, who stirs up discontent merely to further his own political fortunes, and deals in indiscriminate abuse of his fellow citizens, so that foreigners have come to believe us a dishonest people, is timely and deserved. So are his remarks about our passion for organization, which causes us to do everything through an association, and robs the individual of much of the happiness and elevating influence which come from personal effort.

These are some of the points on which we agree with Mr. Low; there are many in which we think he is in error. For one, we do not admit that there are many intelligent people in America who find a political parallel between this country and ancient Rome. When speakers and writers point to Rome as a horrible example for America, it is because of the parallel in the great heights reached by both civilizations, their extravagance, magnificence, and luxuries, and not, as Mr. Low seems to think, because we see similar tendencies in government and state policy. Mr. Low really demolishes a man of straw when he shows the fundamental difference between the Roman Republic and the American state.

We think, too, that he misses the point in the chapter in which he demonstrates that America has no capital. Is it true that our life has never been influenced by "the centripetal force of the metropolis, and it no more exists to-day than it did three hundred years ago when the land was unbroken and the Indian roamed at will?" We have no London or Paris: the great extent of the country forbids; but we have a number of them—New Orleans for the southwest; Boston for New England; Chicago for the middle west, and so on. Mr. Low says that the decentralization has produced greater local pride than we find in other countries. We suggest that the local pride follows local ownership and local self-government. The people of Denver, which city Mr. Low gives as an example, are proud of the city because they built it and own it.

The chapter "where woman neither reigns nor rules" is interesting, but Mr. Low should not have cited as an exception "that charming and witty social firebrand, Peggy O'Neill;" for Mrs. Eaton has left no record of charm or wit. Being a woman who had been talked about, the ladies of Washington would not receive her when her husband became Jackson's Secretary of War, and in consequence he reorganized his cabinet, leaving Eaton out. Her per-

sonality played no part in the proceedings, however, and she really illustrates Mr. Low's argument, and is not an exception to it. The reason why our political history has been notably free from woman's influence is not, as Mr. Low supposes, because we follow the Salic law, excluding woman from governing, but because there is no governing class in America. Given a governing class, which is also a leisure class, as in England, and you have a commingling of social and political life, and woman's influence in social life being dominant will necessarily extend itself to political affairs.

In treating of the Constitution, Mr. Low is singularly incorrect in finding the reason why it excluded all provision for a State Church. "It was less due," he says, "to the tolerance of the men who gathered in Philadelphia and more to their intolerance, that the Constitution contains no mention of God. Each man was so firmly set in his own convictions, each man held so intolerantly to his own religion, and would yield nothing to any other, that the only possible compromise was to ignore the whole subject."

The fact is that James Madison, who drew up the Virginia plan, which was the foundation on which the Constitution was constructed, was one of the fathers of religious freedom in Virginia, and there was not a single influential member of the constitutional convention who would have had a State Church if he could.

In his chapter on American manners, Mr. Low fails again to find the true reason for the fact. He attributes our bad manners largely to the influence of the Irish immigrant and negro slavery, but it is our experience that the Irish immigrant is a man of some elegance, and is more of a gentleman than his American-born son. We are certain that the old-fashioned Southern negro is often a Chesterfield and never a boor, and that the best manners in America are to be found in the South where slavery flourished. Whatever the reasons for our lack of manners may be, Mr. Low has not found them.

This is a long book and covers many subjects. We are surprised, therefore, that it has no discussion of religion in America. Surely a study of the psychology of the American people is incomplete which fails to notice the great advance, without tithe or tax, of the religious bodies, and notably of the Catholic Church.

RACE SUICIDE. By M. S. Iseman, M.D. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press. \$1.50.

The author covers the question of Race Suicide among savages,

the ancient Hebrews, Tyrians, Phoenicians, Syrians, Carthaginians, Sabines, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Celts, Norse, in Greece, Rome, the Turkish Empire, India, Japan, China, Hottentot-land, Madagascar, Greenland, Hawaii, the Philippines, ancient Mexico and Peru, modern South America, Europe, Russia, and North America; and by the term Race Suicide he seems to embrace all limitation of increase in population from whatever cause. In addition he has a chapter on the relation between population and food-supply, and the causes of infanticide. The style is often journalistic and flamboyant. There are broad statements without proof, and quotations without exact references.

THREE QUARTERS OF A CENTURY (1807-1882). By the late Rev. Augustus J. Thébaud, S.J. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann, LL.D. Vol. I. Political, Social, and Ecclesiastical Events in France. New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society. \$3.00.

In 1904 Charles G. Herbermann, LL.D., edited for the United States Catholic Historical Society the third volume of Father Augustus J. Thébaud's reminiscences dealing with his experiences during forty years of residence in the United States. He has now performed the same task for Father Thébaud's reminiscences from 1807 up to the time when he came from France to the United States, and it appears as volume one published by the same society.

We have here the simple story of a single-hearted man, who paints a picture with the touch of a true artist, giving us something pleasant and profitable to remember without arousing conflicting emotions. Father Thébaud lived in Nantes, and his experiences and observations pertain to provincial France; and the reader has the novel experience of hearing much about France and little about Paris. He came after the great Revolution; but gives at first hand a number of incidents concerning it. He speaks from a nearer view of the reign of Napoleon I., and of the succeeding French governments he had personal knowledge. From his childhood he had determined to be a priest, and the effect of the government upon religion and morals is the theme of his observations. Always kind in his judgments when the facts permit it, he is severe only against the Jacobins and Napoleon, who, he declares, was always a Jacobin at heart. He was himself a legitimist and a Vendéan, and his account of the old French nobility, their unostentatious life, charitable activities, and retention of religious devotion, is undoubt-

edly true, at any rate as far as it goes. The most charming part of this charming book, in the reviewer's opinion, is the description of the peasant family with which he spent his summers when a child—of Mère Richard, who managed the little farm with such efficiency, and with authority undisputed by her grown up son and daughter; of Renaud, the son, and Donatienne, the daughter, who began work at five o'clock in the morning in winter and at three in mid-summer; of the simple purity and happiness of the household. But we suppose the most substantial value lies in Father Thébaud's account of religious education in France, and the vicissitudes it suffered at the hands of successive governments, most of which were openly or covertly inimical to it.

The Historical Society is to be congratulated on this excellent selection, and Dr. Herbermann upon a piece of flawless editorial work of a book which has the added merit of being well printed, of convenient size, and tastefully bound.

CORRESPONDANCE DE BOSSUET. Publiée sous le patronage de l'Académie Française. Par Ch. Urban et E. Levesque. Volumes I. to V.

It would hardly be proper to speak of a re-awakening of interest in Bossuet; for he has never been an author who fell into the sleep of honored, but rarely disturbed repose, like, for instance, the great English divines whom Newman startled for a brief hour from centuries of slumber. Bossuet has always been read, discussed, and quarreled over. We may say with truth, however, that he has been more talked about and written about, assailed and defended, during the past two decades than for a long time previous. Brunetière set the fashion when he fell under the spell of Bossuet's masculine and majestic genius. His keen mind pierced through the eloquence of the orator to the good sense, the reasonableness, and the consistency which characterized his thought. Brunetière's enthusiasm and forceful championing gave a fresh impulse to the study of Bossuet, and his rapier thrusts roused strong opposition. Critics, with their natural delight in hitting their eloquent foe, have been girding at him unceasingly, and often successfully, we must admit, for sharp minds have not been on the watch for two centuries without discovering weak spots in the giant's armor.

This wide interest gave rise to the *Revue Bossuet*, edited by M. Levesque of St. Sulpice; and later the same learned and pains-

taking scholar, in collaboration with M. Urban, and under the patronage of the French Academy, undertook a new edition of Bossuet's correspondence. It forms part of Hachette's standard collection, *Les Grands Ecrivains de la France*, which aims to be the definitive edition of the great French classics. The five volumes already published bring us from 1651 to 1693, a period of forty-three years. The same number of volumes will be needed for the correspondence of the last nine years of the prelate's life, which include the troubled time of the Quietist controversy. This new edition was needed, and the work has been done with all the care and thoroughness and intelligence which two fully-equipped scholars could bring to the task. One-third, or more, of the material is new, and very many of the letters which, as hitherto published, were inaccurate or garbled, are here presented for the first time in their original form, most of them from the very manuscripts of Bossuet. The correspondence, as now edited, can be accepted with all the confidence due to the best scholarship. The letters are copiously annotated, and all, whether from Bossuet or his correspondents, are arranged chronologically. The reader now has every facility for following the multifarious activities and pre-occupations of this great genius and churchman, who for almost half a century was an important factor in the ecclesiastical history of France.

No one will turn to Bossuet's letters for light reading, or for spirited sketches of *Le Grand Siècle*. For that one had better go to his contemporary, Madame de Sévigné. Sprightliness, playfulness, wit and small talk are not characteristic of this grave ecclesiastic. The interest of the letters is mainly personal, in the light they throw upon Bossuet himself. His life was one of incessant activity. We marvel at the industry of the man, at the variety of his occupations, and the multiplicity of his relations with persons of all classes; and we marvel still more that in the midst of them all he remained so constant a student and so completely a man of God. And yet, in spite of his nobility, our heart rarely or never warms to him. Why is it? We read the letters of St. Francis de Sales and we love the man; we read Fénelon and we are charmed; we read Bossuet, and we are enlightened, we are exalted, we admire and we remain cold, or if he touches the deep springs of emotion in us, we feel no affection towards himself. Perhaps it is because he is more like a presiding principle of uprightness than a soul of love; and the children of God, Who is not a ruling law, but a special providence to each of his creatures, never give their heart

except to one who seems to feel for them an individual interest and love. The exact opposite of this is Newman. Bossuet in his letters reveals little of special affection or capacity for friendship; yet he was by nature a tender, considerate and amiable man.

We may signal, as possessing the greatest intrinsic interest, the celebrated letters addressed to Madame Cornuass, a charitable and devout widow who entered the cloister, and was directed for several years by Bossuet. They are letters of spiritual direction, marked by the union of sobriety and elevation, and dealing with the difficulties of her inner life. They are most admirable in themselves, but have probably profited later readers more than their recipient, who is described as a very insinuating, flattering, and enterprising woman; and she was clever too. As her difficulties seldom failed to bring her a beautiful letter from the most famous of prelates and divines, it is not surprising that she continued, so long as he lived, to discover difficulties and to receive beautiful letters. We have heard of the lady who loved humanity but did not care for individuals. Bossuet knew human nature wonderfully, as his sermons show, but he was at times strangely deceived by individual men and women. His mistakes were the product of a great and simple nature; in the years that succeed the period covered by these letters, he fell into similar mistakes of far greater consequence. The sixth volume will be published before the end of the year, and the whole correspondence, when completed, will be an essential part of every good library of French or ecclesiastical literature.

EVERYMAN'S RELIGION, by George Hodges. (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.) De Quincey, in one of his delightful, though paradoxical essays, says the true orator is the man who can say the same thing three times over in every paragraph without letting his hearers notice the repetition. Of this kind of oratory Mr. Hodges possesses a large share—he is well able to say little in many words. His loosely connected pages, wherein sequence of thought is scanty and often non-existent, remind us of those lower organisms that may be deprived of large portions of their anatomy without any great inconvenience. Mr. Hodges is a *modern* Christian and theologian to the very tips of his fingers. He is quite prepared to “meet the minimizing of the miraculous” with “a serene mind,” and so thorough is his process of “subtraction” that there is practically nothing

left. On page 120 the text, "the devils believe and tremble" (James ii. 19), is ascribed to Christ Himself.

Everyman's Religion is not a book for Catholics. On nearly every page occur views and ideas offensive to Catholic faith or Catholic reverence; while even along its own lines of eclectic and "liberal" Christianity the book can boast of neither novelty nor superiority of treatment.

AN interesting and really valuable book is *The Promised Land*, by Mary Antin (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75 net), which, very recently published, has already demanded its second edition. It is an autobiography, written in a style of exceptional purity and vigor, and narrating the events of a life that is worth understanding, because it is typical of so many. Mary Antin, who by the way, is not yet thirty years old, is a Russian Jewess, an immigrant at the age of thirteen. Her book divides about evenly into the account of her childhood in Russia, including a vivid portrayal of what she calls "the survival of mediaeval injustice to the Jews," and the story of her adjustment and development in the freedom and the intellectual atmosphere of Boston.

THE journey of the youthful St. Stanislaus from his native Poland to Vienna, and from thence through Italy to Rome, is used by Father Dever in his small volume, *The Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents), as a slender thread whereon to weave many devotional thoughts concerning the Holy Eucharist, and the practice so earnestly recommended by our Holy Father of daily communion. We are told in his life that when the Saint lay at death's door, unable to obtain the services of a priest, the angels brought Holy Communion to him, and it is believed that this was not the only time that Heaven bestowed so wonderful a favor on his angelic innocence. The writer takes these wayside Communions, Viaticums in very truth, as the type of what daily Communion should be to each soul. Our author is remarkably devout to the Saint, and this, no doubt, accounts for the enthusiasm of his description; but to one less attracted the idea and the comparison seem somewhat strained and fanciful. In fact the abundance of superlatives becomes a trifle wearisome. For ourselves, we confess that the chapter which made the most appeal was that entitled "The Present Hour," wherein no mention of the leading idea occurs, but where the realities of life and death are

dealt with, and where the solid practical application brings out the truth and beauty of the title, *Viaticum Vitae Mortisque, the Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death*.

THOSE readers who remember the quiet charm of *Espiritu Santo* will be glad to know that the author, Henrietta Dana Skinner, has published a new novel called *Faith Brandon*. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.30 net.) It is the singularly sweet love-story of a Russian prince and a very young American girl; but it is more than a love story. It is a thoughtful novel, written with grace and cleverness, and underlaid by a Catholic sentiment that is at once romantic, intelligent, and true. And it gives a really unforgettable picture of a pompous and pathetic Episcopalian bishop, with a tinsel-decked dream of uniting his communion with the Greek Orthodox churches into an "American Catholic Church."

THE HINDU ARABIC NUMERALS, by David Eugene Smith and Louis Charles Harpinski. (Boston: Ginn & Co.) The story of our so-called Arabic Numerals is one of absorbing interest. It is indeed hard to realize that this method of calculation has only been in common use among us for the last four centuries, while it is still unknown to millions of the human race. Step by step the authors trace the history of these characters from the earliest known forms to their full development. And slow, indeed, was their progress from the Far East to our Western civilization. How the symbols grew, how the cipher giving place value came to be adopted, and, finally, how they supplanted numerous other methods, is the story which this volume undertakes to tell. And the curious who delight to wander in the by-paths of literature will find much pleasure in the telling.

IN April we noticed the new novel by Sienkiewicz, as published by Benziger Brothers, translator unnamed, under the title, *Through the Desert*. (\$1.35 net.) The same story, as translated by Max A. Drezmal, is published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, \$1.25 net, with the title, *In Desert and Wilderness*. This volume lacks the ten very good illustrations of the Benziger edition, but substitutes a frontispiece portrait of the author. As for the text itself, Max Drezmal has evidently taken greater liberties with the Polish than has the other translator, but we cannot say that he has succeeded any better.

JESUS ALL HOLY, by Father Alexander Gallerani, S.J. Translated from the Italian by F. Loughnan. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 50 cents.) "If it is a duty to pray, it is no less an absolute necessity. Who, indeed, has all that he honestly desires here below? Who can say: I lack nothing; I am happy? To obtain what we need we must pray. The praying soul prostrate before God is a new Abigail, a new Esther. To her prayers, her sighs, her tears, the Heavenly David must yield; by them the divine Assuerus be moved to pity. He assures us himself that 'everyone that asketh receiveth.' Prayer is the sword of the weak: without it he is nothing; with it he is all-powerful. It is his strength; his life. If you snatch it from his hand, you kill him." This has been quoted to show the warmth, the attractiveness, of this sweetly, simple book. It glows with the author's fervent, practical faith.

FRESH FLOWERS FOR OUR HEAVENLY CROWN, by the Very Rev. André Prévot, D.D., S.C.J. Translated by M. D. Stenson. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents.) This is a book primarily for those in religion, but it is not to be denied to those in the world. We read on the title-page that it is "A month of meditations on some virtues which are little known, and too rarely practiced, after the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas." Those chapters are especially good that deal with the cardinal virtues—prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance.

WIDE-AWAKE STORIES, by Mother Mary Salome. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents.) What fortunate babies those must have been who first heard the Wide-Awake Stories from the lips of Mother Mary Salome! Put down in black and white on the pages of a book, they loose so much in charm. Let it be hoped that this book will fall into the hands of mothers and teachers receptive enough to get and to give out again some of the delightful whimsicalities of the author.

THE HOLY MASS—POPULARLY EXPLAINED, by the Very Rev. Eugene Vandeur, D.D., O.S.B. Translated from the French by the Rev. Vincent Gilbertson, O.S.B. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents.) A creditable piece of work. The actual rite of the Holy Mass is explained in detail, well and briefly, but not quite as popularly as the heading would have us believe. Written in a deeply reverential tone, it is nevertheless to be pitied

that the brevity of the work must make it seem in some instances cold and formal.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT, by Mother Mary Salome. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents.) This handsome book by Mother Mary Salome is for older boys and girls than her other volume, *Wide-Awake Stories*. This clever, broad-minded, well-read woman has recounted delightfully here a fund of stories drawn from all sources. There are mythological stories; tales of the Saints; legends of all kinds; little talks on various helpful subjects, and so on. Surely one could not find a book dull with such a variety of subjects.

DO-RE-MI-FA, by David Bearne, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.10.) *Do-Re-Mi-Fa* is styled on the title-page a family chronicle, and so naturally and convincingly does the book unfold itself that one is tempted to believe it a chronicle of the author's own boyhood days. It is a book mostly about boys—here are eight of them in all—sons of a converted Anglican minister whose great fondness for music caused him to shorten their names to the familiar scale terms—Do-Re-Mi-Fa-Sol-La-Si.

POVERINA, by Evelyn Mary Buckenham. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents.) This is an optimistic, entertaining story that will appeal to girls of all ages. In the beginning of the tale everything is at sixes and sevens. Poverina is a tiny, helpless invalid. Her hard-working widowed mother is a sufferer for her conversion to the Catholic Faith. And nobody has enough money to live on comfortably. But the "nearer the dawn the darker the night," and so after passing through a very dark night, a bright day dawns for Poverina and her friends.

ACAPABLE summary of the principles of mystical prayer, which is fast becoming a subject of increasing study and interest on the part of the Catholic world, may be found in *La Contemplation*, by Pere Lamballe (Paris: P. Téqui). The author takes as his authorities four great writers: St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Francis de Sales.

Foreign Periodicals.

What is "The Church of England?" In the *Church Times* the Rev. T. A. Lacey presents a theory that the Church of England is nothing but the Church of Christ (the Catholic Church), in as far as it exists in England. Therefore every baptized Englishman is a member of the Church of England. The fact that among baptized Englishmen there are many divergences of religious opinion, does not affect the main issue. These are merely troubles within the Church of England. When it was recalled that there are some baptized Englishmen who are atheists, who openly reject every kind of Christianity, as such, the theory had to be modified. It was made to exclude all who have formally and openly renounced the profession of Christianity. This concession undermines the whole theory. But it is not the only one that must be made. The theory must be modified in two more particulars before it will suffice. These two are: acceptance of the faith of a definite Church, and inter-communion with other members.—*Tablet*, May 11.

Protection for the Common People. By Albert Gigot. This article is an exhaustive study of the rather complicated bill for the insurance of the working classes of England, which went into effect on May 1, 1912. All classes of working people, in every branch of labor, are protected by this bill from sickness, accidents, and enforced idleness. It is expected that the passage of the bill will tend to lessen the miseries of the laboring classes, and on the whole create a happier and contented nation.—*Le Correspondant*, May 10.

Of Importance to Biblical Scholars. By R. P. LaGrange. Father LaGrange, the great Catholic Biblical scholar, describes in this article the value of the recent inscriptions unearthed in the island of Elephantine in Africa; the relics of a Jewish colony on that island, and the history surrounding the period.—*Le Correspondant*, May 10.

Army Enlistment. By General Maitrot. Since the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, France has had three laws for military affairs. In 1872, a law was passed fixing the time for enlistment at

five years, but this did not apply to all citizens. In 1889, the time for enlistment was reduced to three years. In 1905, this latter law was reduced to two years, making enlistment for all obligatory. This article discusses the advantages and disadvantages of each of these three laws. The author is favorably disposed to the laws of 1872 and 1889, but does not approve of that made in 1905. The writer shows the difference existing between France and Germany, and why the same laws are not applicable to both.—*Le Correspondant*, May 25.

Man and His Environment. By Joseph Ferchat. The study of geography is being revolutionized as well as emphasized. Description of the earth is giving way to a science of the relations between man and his environment. Man has chained the sea and irrigated the desert plain; has tunneled the mountains and laid bare their stores; yet he is baffled time and again by natural barriers. M. Brunhes' manual, *La Géographie Humaine*, covers all phases of this subject.—*Études*, May 5.

The Task of Biblical Theology. By Paul Galtier. There is a prejudice against the word "theology" to-day, and also against the study of it. Yet the confused thought and speech which prevail outside the Church make clear thinking and exact knowledge on the part of priests an obvious necessity. The battle ground, however, has been transferred—controversy with sixteenth century Protestantism has ceased. Modernism questions fundamentals: revelation, the Divinity of Christ, the efficacy of the sacraments. Especially does it claim that these and other doctrines are but the products of evolution, and were unknown to the primitive Church. It is the task of Biblical theology to refute these errors, and the recent volume on the *Theology of St. Paul*, by P. Ferdinand Prat, is an excellent example of the work to be executed by Catholic exegetes and apologists.—*Études*, May 5.

A Great French Leader. By Adhémar d'Alès. The first volume of the life of Monsignor d'Hulst by his successor, Monsignor Baudrillart, has appeared. Born in 1841 and dying in 1896, he exercised from 1875 onwards an important influence on the destinies of the Church of France. He took the initiative in the creation of the Catholic University of Paris, and saw it pass through stormy experiences. In 1888, he organized the Catholic Scientific

Congresses, which, however, swerved from his original plans. The volume gives glimpses of a religious side to his character hitherto little known.—*Le Correspondant*, May 25.

Publication of the "Acta Tridentina." By Adhémar d'Alès. The *Gorresgesellschaft* has undertaken this task with a view of providing the materials for a true history of the Council of Trent—a history that shall supplant both Sarpi and Pallavicini. The opening of the Vatican archives by Leo XIII. made the work of publication possible. Under the direction first of Dr. Werkle and afterwards of Father Ehses, many of the Vatican manuscripts have been published. The editors have also searched through the libraries in Italy, Spain, France, and Germany for documents that bear upon the Council of Trent. Among the documents of singular importance are the redactions of the decree on Justification and the "Vota" of consulting theologians on the question of Grace. This present publication is of the greatest importance, and most needful, because of the defective publication of certain Tridentine sources by Döellinger and Aug. Theiner.—*Études*, May 20.

Is There a Moral Law? By E. Bruneteau. Pessimists deny the existence of moral responsibility, because everything is the result of chance; optimists because everything turns out good in the end; and determinists because everything is necessitated. But all deny their theories in their actions, and the state is organized upon the assumption that men are morally free, and exists only because the majority fulfill their responsibilities. But if men are morally free, what is the norm by which to judge the goodness or badness of their actions? Not pleasure; not private, nor even public, utility; not "honor"—but God's will.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, May 15.

Ozanam's Intellectual 'Apostolate. By Georges Goyau. This article dwells particularly on the intellectual side of young Ozanam's career. His period of intellectual doubt and torment came during his college course. After having been restored to peace of mind through the influence of Abbé Noirot, he resolved to devote his intellectual powers to the defence of the faith. Accordingly he wrote much—especially in the *Abeille*, Abbé Noirot's paper—for the purpose of imparting light to those either in doubt or in actual error.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, June 1.

St. Paul and the Revelation to St. Peter. By D. J. Chapman. St. Paul, it is here claimed, was acquainted with the words of Christ to St. Peter: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona," etc. (Matthew xvi. 17.) James, Cephas, and John recognize that Paul had been made an apostle by God the Father, Who had revealed His Son to him "*in the same way*" in which Peter had been made an apostle. Dom Chapman thus alters the accepted translation and interpretation of Gal. ii. 7-9. Furthermore, in this passage, the name "Peter" occurs twice; everywhere else in his Epistles St. Paul uses "Cephas." It is suggested that he is here thinking of Christ's declaration to Simon Peter after the latter's confession of His Divinity. The article is written in English.—*Revue Bénédictine*, April.

A Brief Treatise of St. Augustine. By D. A. Wilmart. This paper is a review of a fragment of a treatise against the Donatists. The Latin text, with notes, is given. It was written *apropos* of the re-baptism of a sub-deacon, setting forth the uselessness of such a ceremony and lamenting the evils of the schism. St. Augustine uses the same line of argument, the same Scripture texts, that he uses on many other occasions when writing against the Donatists.—*Revue Bénédictine*, April.

The Tablet (May 18): Sir William White, "the greatest living expert on the construction of ships," writing on the lessons to be drawn from the *Titanic* disaster, predicts that "when natural but temporary excitement has disappeared, and when calmer consideration of the subject becomes possible, it will be seen that the question of boat equipment, important as it undoubtedly is, must be treated as subordinate to that of efficient watertight subdivision."—The story of the conversion of the late Father Byles, "who died so heroically at the post of priestly duty in the wreck of the *Titanic*," is contributed by his brother, Mr. W. E. Byles, of New York.—The second reading of the Irish Home Rule Bill has been carried without a division.

(May 25): Canon Moyes, reviewing Lord Halifax's work on Anglican Orders, welcomes it as highly important. But he adds that it contains some strange inaccuracies, and reveals very clearly the unreality of the conditions under which union was proposed.

The Month (June): *The Edinburgh Review* on Cardinal

Newman, by Rev. Sydney F. Smith, reviews an article in the current number of the *Review*, which is marked by an unpleasant animus against the Cardinal. Father Smith claims to show how the entire article is built on strange misconceptions of Newman's philosophy and theology.—*Feasts and Folk-Lore*, by Mildred Partridge, gives an interesting history of many old-world customs and sayings, especially those in connection with the important religious feasts throughout the year.—*The Figment of a National Church*, by Rev. Herbert Thurston, is a defence of Mr. Maitland, occasioned by a recent attack on him in connection with the dis-establishment of the Welsh Church.

The National (June): Lovat Fraser, writing on the Baghdad Railway, strongly opposes England's participation in the proposed scheme, believing that a partnership with Germany, such as the negotiations call for, would enmesh England in innumerable difficulties.—A. D. Steel-Maitland, M.P., in his article *The Finance of the Home Rule Bill*, presents a short survey of the financial aspect of the Home Rule Bill. "Irish Nationalists," he writes, "must be judged, not by their present smooth assertions, but by the whole of their past conduct and professed principles, with which the restrictions and the working hypothesis of the Bill are entirely incompatible."—*A Mariner of France*, by Austin Dobson. A French pre-revolutionary soldier, the Bailli de Suffren, who, about 1782-1783, gave England much trouble in the Bay of Bengal, is the subject of this paper. The writer describes him as a "military genius who, had he been better backed from home and better served afloat, might well have succeeded in 'destroying the English squadron.'"—"We live in an age of politics and intrigue," writes L. J. Maxse in his paper *The Ethics of Political Intrigue*, so there must be some code of ethics even though it has not been authoritatively laid down, and very different principles animate different people. The author does not define any particular code, however, and asks in conclusion the opening question of his article: "What are the ethics of political intrigue?"—*The Birth-Rate and Afterwards* is an extravagant article from the pen of James Edmond.

Revue du Clergé Français (May): *Jesus or Paul?* by L. Cl. Fellion. A further study of the theory that Paul rather than Christ is the founder of Christianity. The point is made and proved that Paul was intimately conversant with the earthly life of

Christ, and was stirred by it "to the very marrow of his bones."——*A New Series of Religious Pictures*, by F. Martin. A descriptive account of several modern styles of religious imagery.——J. Rivière reviews many recent apologetical and theological works.——E. Vacandard reviews recent historical works.——Jean Marie Meunier writes to show that the Italian is not the Ciceronian pronunciation of Latin.

Le Correspondant (May 10): Vte. de la Loyère writes of the Mont Pelée eruption of 1902, when the cities of Port-de-France and Saint Pierre were destroyed, and 29,933 souls perished. The complete blame for the loss of so many lives is placed against the Government officials of the Island of Martinique for taking no precautions in spite of the timely warning given by a preliminary shower of ashes from the volcano.——*The Great Roman Menageries and the Combats of the Theatre* gives the history of the Roman circus from 273 B. C. to Constantine. The numbers and kinds of beasts and the combats are given in detail.——*The Basis of the French Protectorate in Morocco*, by Eugène Godefroy. The French have full control of Morocco, and all positions of trust are in their hands.——In order to encourage literary aspirants, the Countess of Saint-Gricq has founded a prize of 3,000 francs to be bestowed every three years. The award is entrusted to the French Academy. It is commemorative of two great families who have done much for literature in France—the Saint-Gricq and Theïs families.

(May 25): Léandre Vaillat makes a study of the works of art on exhibition at the close of this season in Paris.——A character study of Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, the poet, is contributed by Fortunat Strowski. Selections from the author's works are given.

Études (May 5): *The Virginal Heart of Mary*, by Jean Bainvel, is an attempt to make a psychological study of the Blessed Virgin's attitude towards God.——Joseph Vassal describes the Congress of Catholic Youth, and reviews the life of M. Henri Brisson, the late anti-clerical president of the Chamber of Deputies.

Recent Events.

France.

The election of a President of the Chamber of Deputies as successor of the late M. Brisson rendered manifest the fact that a new grouping has taken place of the various parties into which the Assembly is divided. The strongest single party is that of the Radicals, to the influence and power of which the anti-religious character of recent legislation is chiefly due. It has persisted in this opposition even after it has succeeded in attaining the full accomplishment of its programme. When M. Briand adopted the policy of reconciliation, and of the fair treatment of every French citizen, this opposition led to the fall of his Cabinet. Now that Electoral Reform is being debated, it sees in the proposals of the Bill for the substitution of *scrutin de liste* for *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and for the adoption of a system of proportional representation to enable minorities to get a hearing, a danger to the policy of which it is the supporter. Proportional representation in particular, as it would strengthen the Right, and give the supporters of religion an accession of strength in the Chamber, has met with the most strenuous resistance from M. Combes and his followers. The election of the new President turned upon this point. M. Paul Deschanel, the successful candidate, was elected as an avowed supporter of proportional representation, and as the choice of the anti-Radical coalition of all the other parties. The Extreme Right and the Extreme Left joined hands. The recent municipal elections have been remarkable for the numerous defeats which the Radicals have suffered. A like fate has befallen them in a long series of by-elections. There are in fact some signs of a revolution of feeling against the anti-religious domination under which France for so long a time has suffered. A proposal has been made in the Chamber to institute a national festival in honor of Joan of Arc, and at the instance of the Government, without any open opposition, a Committee has been appointed to take it into consideration. The Prime Minister, M. Poincaré, in supporting this proposal, declared that the heroine belonged to all parties. Not long ago any such suggestion would have led to an angry scene. The Radical Party, once so potent, finds itself without a leader or a guide, two of its chief

members being dead, another having gone to the Senate, while M. Combes is himself too despondent to inspire confidence in others.

Electoral Reform, however, has no very bright prospect of speedy adoption. Long debates have already taken place, but no satisfactory system has so far been evolved. Proportional representation, in particular, presents many difficulties. No fewer than eight different methods have been brought before the Chamber, not one of which has met with general acceptance. So hopeless is the prospect that the government has decided to lay before the house a scheme of its own in substitution for the proposals of the Committee appointed for the purpose of preparing a Bill. How successful this attempt will prove remains to be seen. Perhaps *scrutin de liste* will secure adoption, while proportional representation may be postponed. For *scrutin de liste*, it is hoped, will improve the character of the Chambers. The present system of small constituencies gives the ascendancy to petty local interests and to their advocates, and results in the choice of undistinguished men with largely selfish aims. Under the new system, if adopted, the appeal of candidates will be to the whole Department.

The shooting down of men like wild beasts, as in the case of the motor-car bandits, necessary though it was, is not pleasant to read about, nor does it make it easy to feel much respect for the new organization of society which France has undertaken. This country, of course, is not without events which indicate how thin is the veneer of civilization. The recent outrages at Hillsville, in Virginia, to say nothing of the frequent lynchings in various parts of the country, render it impossible to put ourselves upon too high a pinnacle. However, the recent occurrences in France ought to make the prophets of its modern gospel a little more modest.

The statistics of the birth-rate recently published should have like effect if they are taken into serious consideration. The statistics for 1911 again show a serious decline. In fact the deaths exceeded the births by 34,889; the number of births registered being the lowest ever recorded. The diminution in the birth-rate has been going on for a long time, although not in so serious a degree. During the period 1901 to 1905 the excess of births over deaths was, in France, to every 10,000 inhabitants 18; in Italy, 106; in England, 121; and in Germany, 149. In the period 1906 to 1910 the excess of births over deaths was lowered in France by fifty per cent., while it remained practically stationary in the other countries.

Reference has been made elsewhere to the proposed formal alliance of France with Great Britain, which Italian action in the Ægean has brought into discussion. The near future may have more or less startling developments in store; this, however, is a matter of pure conjecture. Rumors have been circulated of differences between France and Russia. These, however, have proved to be quite unfounded. The diplomatic discussions with Spain as to the latter's position in Morocco have not come to an end; in fact, there has been no progress. France will not be able to extend her protectorate over Morocco by purely peaceful means. The tribes throughout the country are offering active opposition. Fez itself has been besieged and assaulted by opponents of the new *régime*. A Pretender has proclaimed himself Sultan, and his claims have been widely accepted. Mulai Hafid, the present Sultan, is anxious to retire into private life. The French, however, wish to retain him as a figurehead. Reinforcements have been sent from France to enable the new Resident-General to restore order. There is reason to think that the task which France has taken upon herself will prove by no means a light one.

Germany.

With absolute unanimity, as a demonstration of national unity, the Reichstag passed the new Army Bill, and the new Navy Law Amendment Bill, in a single vote, without a division. A Socialist Deputy entered a formal protest, but there were no other speeches. These Bills, as has been mentioned before, involve a further large increase of the burden of taxation. The increase of the Army is greater than was expected, for last year a scheme for five years had been passed, which it was expected would render unnecessary any further legislation. The proposed increase of the Navy is not large enough to satisfy the most ardent of the German patriots. It is largely a matter of reorganization. The British reply to the new naval programme of Germany was made in a speech of the First Lord of the Admiralty. "If three ships were laid down by Germany in the six years (covered by the programme) our construction would become five, four; five, four; and five, four, an alternation of fives and fours, as against the German alternation of threes and twos."

The appointment as Ambassador to Great Britain of Baron von Marschall, who has so long represented Germany at Constantinople, has called forth no little discussion throughout Europe. The Baron

is one of the most distinguished members of the Diplomatic Corps, perhaps he might be described as the most distinguished of all. He accomplished the remarkable feat of maintaining at Constantinople the predominance of German influence, not only during the reign of Abdul Hamid, but also under the *régime* of the Young Turks which followed. He has always proved himself what is called a "good German." What that means it would take too much space here to particularize. The idea has been ventilated that his mission to London is to detach Great Britain from her *entente* with France; and to remove those causes of dispute with the United Kingdom which have caused for so long such great anxiety. All will hope that success may attend the last mentioned object, however little expectation there may be that he will succeed in the former. The retiring Ambassador, Count Wolff-Metternich, describes the moment as auspicious. Unless, he declared, all signs are deceptive, an impulse for reconciliation and peaceful neighborliness is passing through the two great peoples. "It will repay the toil of noble minds to pursue its cultivation."

The recent discussions in the Reichstag about duelling in the Army resulted in the passing of two motions: one, proposed by the Catholic Centre, requiring the provisions of an old Cabinet Order to be carried out with greater strictness; the other, proposed by the Radicals, requesting the Imperial Chancellor to bring about an amendment of the Military Code. The first of these motions was carried against the Conservatives and Socialists; the second against the votes of the Conservatives alone. The House then adopted a Socialist motion requiring that an officer who refused to fight a duel should in no circumstances be dismissed from the Army. It is not thought, however, that these proceedings will have any practical importance. It is not the Reichstag that rules in Germany.

Its power of asking questions has, however, been extended. On two days of each week an opportunity is to be given to interpellate the government: but as there is no corresponding duty imposed upon Ministers to reply to the questions that are put, as was proved upon the first occasion in which the new privilege was made use of, the fruitfulness of the new procedure may be a matter of some doubt.

The Emperor has relapsed into the old habit of giving expression to opinions on public affairs. In conversation with the Burgomaster of Strassburg, he threatened to suppress the Constitution granted last year to Alsace-Lorraine, and to incorporate the

Reichsland into Prussia. The new Alsace-Lorraine Diet has not been giving satisfaction to his Imperial Majesty. The trouble arose over a somewhat sordid affair. A certain Company had been deprived of orders for the equipment of the German State-Railways because its managing director had given, it was said, expression to sympathy with France. The official concerned in the matter was censured by the unanimous vote of the Diet. Upon this official the Emperor thereupon proceeded to confer a mark of his high approval in the shape of a decoration, and gave utterance to the above-mentioned remarks. They raised a storm of universal criticism. Condemnation was passed by the whole South German Press, as well Clerical as Liberal. Violent scenes occurred in the Reichstag. For His Majesty's utterances the Chancellor assumed full responsibility, but explained that they meant that any proceedings that might be taken would be in a legal manner. The Emperor personally of course had no power to suppress the Constitution, or to incorporate Alsace-Lorraine into Prussia.

This incident has called attention to the fact that Germanism, or rather Prussianism, has been hopelessly worsted in its endeavor to attain supreme influence over the minds and hearts of the inhabitants of the Reichsland during the last forty years. Violent and even passive protest against the annexation has passed away, but no moral conquest has been made, and Alsatian sentiment towards French culture has become stronger not weaker. Without rejecting German culture, the Alsations have given themselves to a more careful and assiduous cultivation of the French language, French literature, and the French spirit than ever before. They have, without being politically disloyal, resolutely resisted the influences of Prussia and Germany upon their life and education.

The endeavor to conquer Tripoli, which the
The Turco-Italian War. Italians began last October, seems as far from success as ever. No advance has been made into the interior, and at present no efforts are apparent for such an advance. Of the coast line, however, and the cities upon it, possession, which is meant to be permanent, has been taken. Railway lines have been built, cables laid, wireless telegraphy established, a police service, with a criminal and civil judiciary system, has been instituted, water supply, sanitary stations, municipal pharmacies, elementary, commercial, and industrial schools for the Arabs, and other constituents of modern civilization, have been opened. The

Italians have declared themselves the protectors and guardians of the Moslem religion. Contrary to all their expectations, none of these efforts have won over the oppressed subjects of the Turks. Their proceedings at the beginning, whether rightly or wrongly reported, gave them a bad name throughout the whole of the country occupied by the Arabs. Everywhere tales were circulated of wanton destruction, of the massacre of defenceless men, the slaying of women and small children, even children at the breast. According to these accounts even fruit trees were not spared. The use of dirigibles for dropping down bombs did little harm, but caused great exasperation. The leaflets distributed from the same dirigibles telling the Arabs that Italy is the greatest, the strongest, the richest power in Europe, and that her sole desire was to teach and befriend the Arabs, only excited the derision of the natives of the desert. A more sordid motive has given strength to their opposition. Italian workmen are content with low wages, and would supplant the native labor, and take the bread out of their mouths. The result has been that the people are arrayed as one man against the invaders, and the difficulties of Italy have been quadrupled. From the distant interior of Africa men are flocking to the Turkish standard. El Senussi, the Sheikh who wields so mighty a power throughout the interior, has formally declared war with the invaders. There is no small probability that this new effort in the north of Africa may meet with the same fate that befell the attempt to conquer a part of the northeast.

Baffled in Tripoli, and warned off the Adriatic coast of the Balkans by Austria, Italy has seized upon a dozen, more or less, of the defenceless islands of the Ægean. Greeks are the chief inhabitants of these islands, and they have welcomed the invaders. Over them the Italian flag is now flying, and the government is being carried on in the name of the King of Italy. The Powers, at first acquiesced in these measures, but are now becoming apprehensive of too great an aggrandizement of the Italian kingdom. They are beginning to ask in what manner the occupation is to be brought to an end; or, if it is to be permanent—a thing, however, scarcely to be contemplated—in what way they respectively are to be compensated. Italy has allies, and one of these is Germany. Hence the suspicions of France have been aroused, and there has been a good deal said about a formal alliance with Great Britain to take the place of the informal *entente* which has worked so well. The question of the control of the Mediterranean has been raised. The

fact that the British Premier, as well as the First Lord of the Admiralty, have gone to Malta, and have held a conference there with Lord Kitchener and the Inspector General of the British Army, has given ground to a good deal of speculation as to what developments the near future may have in store. That the conference had any special significance has been expressly denied: how much this denial is worth is left to the future to disclose. The substitution of a formal alliance between Great Britain and France, of which there has been so much talk, does not meet with general approval. The present *entente* is more elastic, and, therefore, more efficient than formal terms of duties and obligations would be, because, at the back of it, there is the heart of both peoples, with mutual confidence in each other and the common interests of both. The maintenance of the present balance of power in Europe is looked upon as essential by Great Britain, and as a condition of such maintenance, the power of France is essential. In its support Great Britain will put forth all its strength, and France is ready enough to accept this support. The new disposition of the British Fleet in the Mediterranean leaves to France a greater part in the control of that sea. It does not, however, as some have said, involve its abandonment by Great Britain. The Cruiser Squadron remains based upon Malta, and while the battle-fleet has been withdrawn to Gibraltar, it will face both ways, north or east, as circumstances may require. There it will remain, nor is it likely to be required elsewhere, for the Fleet in the home waters has been made overwhelmingly strong. Arrangements of this character indicate how perturbing an influence the war between Turkey and Italy is becoming on account of its long continuance, and the developments which have already taken place, and others that may be anticipated.

Belgium.

The elections which have recently been held in Belgium have proved a surprise to all.

Since 1884 the Conservatives have held office, but the majority which they had at that time has been gradually dwindling. A few months ago their prospects were so poor that the Ministry was reconstructed with a new Premier at its head. When the dissolution of the Chamber took place, the majority by which they had for some time been retained in office numbered only six. To secure their defeat the Socialists and Liberals, although differing upon fundamental points, and sure to quarrel if they had been returned, united their forces. The Socialists are collectivists of a

pronounced type, whereas the Liberals are strong individualists of the Manchester School. The elections increased the majority of the Conservatives to sixteen. So complete a victory in a country which has universal suffrage, and of which so large a number of the voters are men working in factories and mines, has excited a good deal of attention, being, as it is, a step contrary to the general trend of modern movements. It must be said, however, that although the franchise is universal, it is combined with what are called in England "fancy" franchises. It is far from being "one man, one vote." Fatherhood, and a small money qualification, entitle to a second vote, while certain educational attainments entitle to a third. The exercise of the franchise, too, is compulsory, a fine being exacted of everyone who fails to go to the polls. Proportional representation, too, has been adopted. All these features are thought to be favorable to the Conservatives, as the strength of the Socialists is largely made up of single young men of the manufacturing centres. Moreover, under the successive Conservative governments, Belgium has enjoyed extraordinary prosperity. All these circumstances have contributed to a result which makes the new Chamber consist of one hundred and one Conservatives, forty-five Liberals, thirty-eight Socialists, and two Christian Democrats. So little did the Socialists like the outcome that they made riotous demonstrations in several places. The government, however, easily succeeded in maintaining the peace. A general strike, however, is talked of as a means to secure unqualified manhood suffrage.

Portugal.

The Republican form of government in Portugal still maintains its existence, nor is it likely to give place to a better. So great is the national deterioration that there seems to be no basis of amendment. If the Republic has failed, it is only because Royalty has proved itself unable to find a remedy for so many evils. Unrest of every kind is widely prevalent. Labor strikes, attended by outrages; conflicts with Royalists on the frontiers, where the ex-King Manuel is said to have gone, although this is denied; mob violence because it is thought the imprisoned Royalists are being given too fair a trial; a large deficit in the Budget; these are but a part of the troubles under which the nation is suffering. The Radical ministry now in power, under the influence of Senhor Costa, has entered upon what cannot be called anything less than a persecution of the Church. The Law of Separation from the State, which this government is

rigidly enforcing, while it confiscates all Church property for secular purposes, places all religious observances under official direction. In practice this means that religious worship is controlled by the local Republican Committees, bodies which consist largely of free-thinkers. By these bodies priests are forbidden to wear ecclesiastical dress in the streets, or to say Mass without authorization; long-established religious festivals have been suppressed; the parish priests have been put under the ban as the enemies of the Republic. Starting out with flamboyant declarations of liberty and fair treatment for all, the outcome at the present is a regular system of arbitrary arrests, illegal detention, and inhuman treatment of political opponents and suspects. Royalist prisoners, many of whom are acknowledged to be innocent, have been kept for months without trial in foul and overcrowded dens, worthy of the Middle Ages, suitable perhaps to the methods of the expelled Monarchy, but altogether alien to the professions of the new era. Something has been done, however, and this gives some little ground for hope that a change for the better may be made even in the matters just mentioned. Zeal has been shown for an improvement in the method of public education; an improvement has been made in the terms of military service, and steps have been taken for the betterment of the frequently deplorable condition of the laboring and artisan classes. The public service has been somewhat more efficiently administered than in the past. The system of veiled slavery existing in some of the African possessions of Portugal has been abolished. It is to be hoped that the power now in the possession of the extremists will pass into the hands of the more moderate, wiser, and saner elements of the nation. In fact the moderate members of the Cabinet have brought about a *ministerial*—the resignation of the Ministry.

With Our Readers.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD referred not long since to the bigoted verses of Rudyard Kipling on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. The following extracts from an open letter to Kipling from the pen of the Irish poet, George W. Russell ("A. E."), are worth quoting:

I speak to you, brother, because you have spoken to me, or rather you have spoken for me. I am a native of Ulster. So far back as I can trace the faith of my forefathers, they held the faith for whose free observance you are afraid.

I call you brother, for so far as I am known, beyond the circle of my personal friends, it is as a poet. We are not a numerous tribe, but the world has held us in honor because, on the whole, in poetry we found the highest and sincerest utterances of man's spirit. In this manner of speaking, if a man is not sincere his speech betrayeth him, for all true poetry was written on the Mount of Transfiguration, and there is a revelation in it and the mingling of heaven and earth. I am jealous of the honor of poetry and I am jealous of the good name of my country, and I am impelled by both emotions to speak to you.

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I would not reason with you, but that I know there is something truly great and noble in you, and there have been hours when the immortal in you secured your immortality; in literature, when you ceased to see life with that hard cinematograph eye of yours, and saw with the eyes of the spirit, and power and tenderness and insight were mixed in magical tales. Surely you were far from the innermost when, for the first time, I think, you wrote of your mother's land and my countrymen.

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I have lived all my life in Ireland, holding a different faith from that held by the majority. I know Ireland as few Irishmen know it, county by county, for I traveled all over Ireland for years, and, Ulster man as I am and proud of the Ulster people, I resent the crowning of Ulster with all the virtues, and the dismissal of other Irishmen as thieves and robbers. I resent the cruelty with which you, a stranger, speak of the most lovable and kindly people I know.

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You are not even accurate in your history when you speak of Ulster's traditions and the blood our forefathers spilt. Over a century ago Ulster was the strong and fast place of rebellion, and it was in Ulster that the Volunteers stood beside their cannon and wrung the gift of political freedom for the Irish Parliament. You are blundering your blame.

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You speak of Irish greed in I know not what connection, unless you speak of the war waged over the land; and yet you ought to know that both Parties in England have by act after act confessed the absolute justice and rightness of that agitation, Unionist no less than Liberal, and both boast of their share in answering the Irish appeal. They are both proud to-day of what they did. They made inquiry into wrong and redressed it. But

you, it seems, can only feel sore and angry that intolerable conditions imposed by your laws were not borne in patience and silence. For what Party do you speak? When an Irishman has a grievance you smite him. How differently would you have written of Runnymede and the valiant men of England who rebelled whenever they thought fit. You would have made heroes out of them.

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I am a person whose whole being goes into a blaze at the thought of oppression of faith, and yet I think my Catholic countrymen infinitely more tolerant than those who hold the faith I was born in. I am a heretic, judged by their standards; a heretic who has written and made public his heresies, and I have never suffered in friendship or found my heresies an obstacle in life.

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I set my knowledge, the knowledge of a lifetime, against your ignorance, and I say you have used your genius to do Ireland and its people a wrong. You have intervened in a quarrel of which you do not know the merits, like any brawling bully who passes and only takes sides to use his strength. If there was a high court of poetry, and those in power jealous of the noble name of poet, and that none should use it save those who were truly knights of the Holy Ghost, they would hack the golden spurs from your heels and turn you out of the court.

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You had the ear of the world, and you poisoned it with prejudice and ignorance. You had the power of song, and you have always used it on behalf of the strong against the weak. You have smitten with all your might at creatures who are frail on earth, but mighty in the heavens; at generosity, at truth, at justice; and heaven has withheld vision and power and beauty from you, for this your verse is only a sallow newspaper article made to rhyme. Truly ought the golden spurs to be hacked from your heels and you be thrust out of the court.

"THE HOLY COURT."

(WRITTEN BY LIONEL JOHNSON.)

Habent sua fata libelli! And, though *The Holy Court* of the staunch Jesuit, Father Caussin, is anything but a *libellus*, being voluminous to excess, it has had its fate of wide fame followed by profound oblivion. From oblivion it has been saved by the piety and taste of Mr. C. T. Gatty,* who has made a golden anthology of its riches, chosen from the contemporary version of Sir Thomas Hawkins. Nicholas Caussin, S.J., and Thomas Hawkins, Kt., are two attractive figures in the fascinating seventeenth century. The French Jesuit was confessor to Louis XIII., victim of Cardinal Richelieu, a whimsical and great scholar, a divine of true unction and devotion. And Bayle was right in saying that, of all his works, *The Holy Court* is the "most honorable," even as its many translations into many tongues prove

**The Spirit of the Holy Court*. Written in French by Nicolas Caussin, S.J. Translated into English by Sir Thomas Hawkins, and reprinted from the edition of 1634 by Charles T. Gatty, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

it the most admired in its own age. Well said the wits, upon Caussin's banishment from the Court of the Most Christian King, that he succeeded better in *The Holy Court* than in the Courts of princes. The English Knight, his translator, was of an ancient and very Catholic family in Kent: he was a close friend of Ben Jonson, a correspondent of Howell, and Antony à Wood sings his praises. Lettered, leisured, an impassioned Papist, he found in the vast utterances of Caussin a fount of spiritual and literary inspiration; and his version of *The Holy Court* is written in an English nobly beautiful and moving. Mr. Shorthouse, who knows a good seventeenth-century thing when he sees it, has not disdained to convey certain passages from Hawkins into the pages of *John Inglesant*. But Caussin and Hawkins were very greatly of their own time and its tastes; their full, elaborate, spacious volumes are not for the hasty reader of our day. Mr. Gatty, with perfect tact and insight, sought out separable passages of characteristic beauty and charm from the version of 1634, arranging them judiciously in order. His little book of one hundred and seventy pages should take a firm place among the treasures of all who love either "the beauty of holiness" or the beauty of fine prose. This little *Spirit of the Holy Court* is a thing of pure gold. Would that French priests and English squires to-day were more like Father Caussin and Sir Thomas Hawkins!

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The original work is almost an "Whole Duty of Catholic Man," written with a singularly sustained fervor, not impaired by persistent illustrative excursions into ancient history, sacred and profane, nor by a profusion of appeal to authors of authority: "As *Cyprian* saith," or "As *Austin* hath it." But the good Caussin's French is none of the best: it has neither the measured splendors of Bossuet nor the restrained sweetnesss of Fénelon. An ardent, urgent preacher, Caussin writes with no care for academic sanctions; he scatters images, he abounds in rhetoric, which remind us of that trying work, the Bible, in any French version you please. But what French prose abhors is congenial to English, and in Hawkins' brave periods the audacities of Caussin seem native, natural, and at home. Hawkins had at his command those "solemn planetary wheelings" of which De Quincey speaks; stately harmonies of sentence, majestically musical, and of strong wing. Yet even more characteristic, may be, are certain brief sayings, veritable *pensées*, phrased with perfection of swift loveliness. Thus: "The just are here below as little halcyons on the trembling of waters, or nightingales on thorns." Or thus: "To come into the world is to come upon a cross; to be man is to stretch out the hands and feet to be crucified." *The Holy Court*, as becomes its title, is full of such purely fair and touching utterances; no tiresome moral trite-

nesses, but common thoughts uncommonly realized, and therefore expressed with moving strangeness of beauty. Caussin clearly delighted, and Hawkins echoed his delight, in the visible wonder of the world: flowers, and the glory of sunlight, and crested waves are ever on their pages, and never with convention; there are no "nodding groves," nor "purling streams," nor "whisp'ring gales," for these men of the seventeenth century. They show an innocent candor of delight in Nature—*mirabilia opera Domini!* And their incessant moral applications, if sterner, are yet always somewhat in the sweet spirit of Izaak Walton upon nightingales: "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, if Thou affordest bad men such music on earth!" It is no poor imagination which describes the saints as "eagles in a storm, surcharged with sufferings, but made invincible with the arms of patience." The instruction of this book is stern; but how chivalrous, and—in true seventeenth-century meaning—"insolent!"

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The little volume rings with proud challenges to the world, the flesh, the devil: it taunts them with their extreme futility, the utter penury of their gifts contrasted with their promises. I do not know, but I would wager that Michael Archangel was one of Caussin's patrons, and that Hawkins loved Saint George. The Church Militant and Triumphant dominates these pages: *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*. And a point of especial charm is their view of Christianity, as a thing of warfare, glory, honor, chivalry; they do not whine, cringe, or beat the breast with humble ostentation. Caussin was at home in kings' houses; Hawkins was of ancient lineage and, most fatuous of phrases, a man of the world. But author and translator "trod upon Plato's pride, with a greater." *The Holy Court* is not the work of saintly imbeciles. *Expertis credite!* cry original and translation. From their large experience of life, Caussin and Hawkins had learned the precise values of it; and their joint work—inexact, but accurate description—is manly. They touch upon emperors and kings and captains of armies with an Imperial Christian touch; they reverence such potentates, they are no iconoclasts of earthly greatness; they are gentlemen of the early seventeenth century—but they owe a higher allegiance, pay a dearer homage, to powers more august. Caussin was a legitimate child of the knightly Loyola, his founder; Hawkins was a "Helbeck of Bannisdale," without that gentleman's hectic quality. *The Holy Court* is brave and chivalrous. Here, surely, is a gallant counsel: "Remember, our life is a music-book; seldom shall you find there many white notes together in the same line; black are mixed among them, and all together make an excellent harmony. God gives us a lesson in a little book which hath but two pages—the one is called consolation, the other desolation. It is fit for each of them

to take its turn." Cromwellian Puritanism, with all its iron ecstasies, was often absurd and graceless; the Catholic Puritanism of the "Counter-Reformation" was severe, but beautiful and unlaughable; high-wrought, but never mad. Caussin and Hawkins are good company, courteous and debonair in the strictness of their faith: *The Holy Court* might be called full of a devout and excellent Euphuism. After all, to be "Saxon" and "homespun" is not the only virtue possible to religious literature in English; some of us do not hold Bunyan greater than Crashaw, or Baxter than Spenser.

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"Uction," a rich and fragrant spirituality both natural and artistic, is now rare: our Christian writers seem afraid to dwell beautifully upon the beauty of holiness. But the seventeenth century, with its artistic passion, preferred to err by excess of beauty, by prodigality in it, rather than to do without it. This sometimes led to obscurity, to the vice with which Corinna reproaches the youthful Pindar, of sowing "with the whole sack," not with the hand. It can hardly be charged against the English of Hawkins; he is absolutely lucid, of a musical clearness; a master of prose cadences, which compel the understanding. He never lumbers along in huddling sentences, nor loses his way in labyrinthine periods; clearly, he studied to write well and with distinction. Like Marcus Aurelius, he "drives at practice;" but beauty of style is one of his instruments. He loves to make a lingering melody of his words, to leave them in alluring order. "Behold you not in a garden bed how those poor tulips are shut up with melancholy under the shady coldness of the night?" A simple piece of imagery, leading up to a pious precept; but how perfect a piece of prose! *Non semper ingenii vena respondet ad votum*, says Seneca; Hawkins evidently knew that truth, and waited for the times of inspiration. There is not a careless sentence in Mr. Gatty's extracts; each is pure and gracious English, many are unforgettable; amenity, joyousness, grace are upon them all, upon the most plangent as upon the most triumphant. This is one of the writers who give, not pleasure, but that higher thing, delight; no merely clever man could write so, but only one of a "courteous soul," in the full sense of Dante's address to Virgil. And what but this interior courtesy should mark a dealer with *The Holy Court*? We see him in his ancient Kentish home, busy with his books, with his letters to Ben Jonson and the London scholars; we see the gentleman of the Stuart time, cultured, refined, polite. But beneath that outer life, we feel the hid passion of sanctity and care for things eternal; and when he betakes himself to Englishing the French priest's noble work, he does it with such rapture of reverence and devoted pains that the work becomes his own, and a native piece of lovely English literature.

C ECIL CHESTERTON writes in *The Oxford and Cambridge Review* for June an article entitled: *The Technique of Controversy*, which is of particular interest just now. It deals with controversy as an art. Let us add also that Mr. Chesterton's principles concerning art, which he just touches upon, are sound and healthy. He chooses Macaulay, Huxley, and Newman as three controversial experts. Their different methods illustrate their varied effectiveness. Macaulay failed with regard to the ultimate end of controversy. He does not convince us. But it would be foolish to deny that he showed extraordinary genius as a controversialist. Macaulay trained his guns upon one point and pounded away at it, first with light, then with heavier shot. The thunder of his batteries increase. The effect is superb. Huxley's method was somewhat akin to Macaulay's, and yet an immense difference in moral and intellectual make-up separated the two men. Huxley loved truth; Macaulay sometimes repudiated it, as in the latter part of his essay on Bacon. Huxley fought, therefore, for ultimate ends. He trained his guns not upon one point only, but upon the enemy's entire line. He even suggested difficulties that he might destroy them. He aimed not only at defeating an army, but at conquering a province. The master of the art is Newman, for "the difference between Newman and almost all other controversialists is that he is not only a tactician but a strategist. Macaulay, as I have said, tries to break his opponent's line; Huxley tries to defeat him all along the line. In Newman alone do you find an elaborate series of operations, patiently worked out without reference to the temptation of immediate 'scoring,' and intended to end, so to speak, in the surrounding and obliteration of the enemy. He alone seems to look past the battle to the campaign.

"It is of the very nature of this method that it cannot be shown, as I have tried to show the method of Macaulay, by quotation. The ultimate blow when it comes is indeed as smashing or more smashing than the most vigorous strokes delivered by Huxley and Macaulay. But it has always been carefully prepared, and its force really depends upon the preparation.

"The best way in which I can illustrate the methods I am trying to describe will, perhaps, be to take a particular example and follow it out in some detail.

"The third of Newman's lectures on 'The Present Position of Catholics in England' is devoted to showing the true nature of the traditions upon which Protestant condemnation of the Catholic religion rests, and the flimsy and unreal character of their historical foundation. To this end he takes three instances, with only one of which I am at the moment concerned.

"The historian, Hallam, in his *View of the State of Europe during*

the Middle Ages, had remarked that 'in the very best view that can be taken of monasteries their existence is deeply injurious to the general morals of the nation,' because under their influence men of the highest character 'fell implicitly into the snares of crafty priests, who made submission to the Church not only the condition but the measures of all praise.' And to illustrate this fact he proceeds:

"He is a good Christian," says St. Eligius, a saint of the seventh century, "who comes frequently to church, who presents an oblation that it may be offered to God on the altar; who does not taste the fruits of his land till he has consecrated a part of them to God; who can repeat the Creed or the Lord's Prayer. Redeem your souls from punishment, while it is in your power: offer presents and tithes to churches, light candles in holy places, as much as you can afford, come more frequently to church, implore the protection of the saints; for, if you observe these things, you may come with security at the day of judgment to say, 'Give unto us, O Lord, for we have given unto Thee!'" With such a *definition of the Christian character*, it is not surprising that any *fraud and injustice became* honorable, when it contributed to the riches of the clergy and glory of their order.

"Now the statement that St. Eligius ever gave 'such a definition of the Christian character' is, as will presently be seen, a lie. One can readily imagine with what promptitude and energy Macaulay or Huxley would have pounced upon that lie, how they would have torn it in pieces, and scored heavily by exposing and denouncing it. Not so Newman.

"Newman proceeds, while leaving the statement as yet uncontradicted, to point out to the reader that Hallam gives as his reference for that statement Dr. Robertson, the historian of Charles V., and the German Lutheran historian, Mosheim. To Dr. Robertson then Newman turns, and quotes him as stating that in the dark ages 'the barbarous nations, instead of aspiring to sanctity and virtue, imagined that they satisfied every obligation of duty by scrupulous observance of external ceremonies,' and in support of this giving what he calls 'one remarkable testimony,' namely, the foregoing quotation from St. Eligius, adding what he describes as 'the very proper reflection' of Dr. Maclaine, Mosheim's translator: 'We see here a large and ample description of the character of a good Christian in which there is not the least mention of the love of God, resignation to His will, obedience to His laws; or of justice, benevolence, and charity towards men.'

"Newman now turns to a certain Mr. White, an Oxford Professor who, in lecturing on the life and work of Mahomet, remarked that 'no representation can convey stronger ideas of the melancholy state of religion in the seventh century than the description of a good Christian as drawn at that period by St. Eligius,' and proceeded to quote as before. A further step backward carries him to Archdeacon

Jortin, who made the same quotation in his *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History*, introducing it with the observation that it constitutes 'the sum and substance of true religion as it is drawn up for us by Eligius, one of the principal saints of that age.'

"Newman now takes us to Mosheim himself, who in his *Ecclesiastical History* observes that while the religion of the earlier Christian was spiritual, the later ones 'placed the substance of religion in external rights and bodily exercises,' and proves this by the same quotation.

"Now Newman has manoeuvred his guns into position, and he proceeds to open fire as follows:

'Brothers of the Oratory, take your last look at the Protestant Tradition, ere it melts away into thin air from before your eyes. It carries with it a goodly succession of names, Mosheim, Jortin, Maclaine, Robertson, White, and Hallam. It extends from 1755 to the year 1833. But in this latter year, when it was now seventy-eight years old, it met with an accident attended with fatal consequences. Some one for the first time, instead of blindly following the traditional statement, thought it worth while first to consult St. Eligius himself.'

"He then proceeds to show that the quotation is made up by picking out and putting together odd sentences scattered through a very long sermon, and that the surrounding sentences actually contain those very recommendations to general piety and benevolence which poor St. Eligius had been so vilely abused by Mosheim, Maclaine, Robertson, Jortin, White, and Hallam for omitting. Thus: 'Wherefore, my brethren, love your friends in God and love your enemies for God, that he who loveth his neighbor has fulfilled the law....he is a good Christian who receives the stranger with joy as though he were receiving Christ Himself....who gives alms to the poor in proportion to his possessions....who has no deceitful balances or deceitful measures....who both lives chastely himself and teaches his neighbors and his children to live chastely and in the fear of God.... Keep peace and charity, recall the contentious to concord, avoid lies, tremble at perjury, bear no false witness, commit no theft....Do as you would be done by.... Visit the infirm....Seek out those who are in prison.' And then St. Eligius adds: 'If you observe *these things* you may appear boldly at God's tribunal in the day of judgment and say, 'Give, Lord, as we have given.'

"Now observe the controversial effect of Newman's superb strategy. He has nailed the particular lie about St. Eligius to the counter as Macaulay or Huxley would have done. But he has done much more than that. By his patient tracing of the tradition, by his careful marshaling of all the authorities that support it, before he smashes it, he has created in the mind of his readers an indelible distrust of all Protestant traditions however venerable and apparently authoritative.

The victory is complete. The enemy is simply obliterated; his guns and baggage have fallen into the hands of the victor.

"I could give a hundred other instances, did space permit, of this method in Newman's controversial writings. There is that amazingly effective chapter, in *The Development of Christian Doctrine*, which deals with the early Christians, where the attitude of the Roman world towards the new Faith is carefully delineated and illustrated by numerous quotations from pagan writers, and the reader gets to the end of it without a suspicion of the masked battery which Newman has prepared, until he is suddenly reminded that the accusations which he has been reading are almost word for word the same as those now brought against the Catholic Church. If there be now in the world, says Newman, a form of Christianity which is accused by the world of superstition, insane asceticism, secret profligacy, and so on, 'then it is not so very unlike Christianity as that same world viewed it when first it came forth from its Divine Founder.'

"How triumphantly Newman used the method here described is best shown in his famous controversy with Kingsley. In reading the earlier phases of that controversy one is inclined to fancy that Newman is missing points, and not taking full advantage of his adversary. But he misses nothing. He has ruthlessly taken every advantage. His guns command every position. And at the end his adversary, surrounded and already doomed, dashes backwards and forwards, striving wildly to find somewhere the mercy or the escape which are alike forbidden him. That is what I call great Controversial Strategy."

EDUCATIONAL activity in Ireland, which will be brought to greater fruition by Home Rule, secured some years ago the National University of Ireland. The new University was formed by the institution of University College, Dublin, and by reconstructing, as constituent colleges, Queen's Colleges of Cork and Galway. It is only a year ago that the Commissioners entrusted with the formation of the new University completed their work; the Senate has entered upon the full exercise of its powers, and it is possible to give some idea of the actual situation, which we feel will be of interest to our readers.

By the act establishing the National University, Dublin will receive an annual grant of \$160,000; Cork \$100,000 and Galway \$60,000. The old endowment of the defunct Royal University of Ireland was divided between the new National University and Queen's University, Belfast. Of its share, the National University has given \$750,000 for building the new University and College in Dublin, \$70,000 to Cork, and \$30,000 to Galway.

It is interesting to note that the Cork College has built chemical and physical laboratories, which are not surpassed in the British Isles. St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, was admitted to "recognition" by the Senate of the National University.

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The increase in the number of students has been very gratifying. It will be still more rapid when the buildings at Dublin are finished, and because the monopoly that up to date belonged to Trinity College in the matter of law students has been removed. The Benchers of King's Inns—a body that has the sole right to admit a barrister to practice in the courts—made it a *sine qua non* that every prospective barrister should pass one year in the study of law at Trinity College. Through the work of Archbishop Walsh and others this injustice has been removed, and the student may now study at either the National University or Trinity College.

The study of Gaelic is compulsory in the new University. County and Municipal Councils have given many scholarships at the new colleges. The income of the National University from these sources is estimated at more than \$60,000 a year. The interest of individual and corporate bodies for the promotion of higher education is widespread. For example, Miss Belle Honan of Cork gave \$50,000 for scholarships, open to students of poor parents of the county of Cork, of all denominations.

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Our review shows the great strides that are being made in the way of higher education, and how the people of Ireland are coming into that which is justly their own, but which for so long a time has been denied them. The working of the present National University is not free from grave difficulties. To carry on a federated University whose colleges are quite distant one from another, and in which all questions of change in curriculum, etc., must be submitted to a Board difficult at times to assemble, is a task that necessarily presents many difficulties. As the constituent colleges grow stronger, they will seek to acquire the dignity and power of independent universities. The solution of these necessary problems may safely be left to the Irish people and their leaders, for the success already attained is a safe index for the future.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

The Science of Logic. Vol. I. By P. Coffey, Ph.D. \$2.50 net. *The Fugitives.* By Margaret Fletcher. \$1.35 net. *Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.* By T. W. Puller. \$1.20 net. *An Experiment in Teaching.* By Edward Rockliff, S.J. \$1.00 net. *Introductory Philosophy.* By Charles A. Durbay, S.M., Ph.D. \$2.60 net. *Theodicy: Essays on Divine Providence.* Vols. I., II., III. By Antonio Rosmini Serbati. \$7.00 net. *The Mass: A Study of the Roman Liturgy.* By Adrian Fortescue. \$1.80 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Christ's Teaching Concerning Divorce in the New Testament. By Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D.D. \$1.50 net. *Round the World Series.* Vols. IX. and X. \$1.00.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Woman and Social Progress. By Scott Nearing, Ph.D., and Nellie M. S. Nearing. \$1.50 net. *A Living Wage.* By John A. Ryan, S.T.D. 50 cents.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:

The Office With the New Psalter. By Rev. John T. Hedrick, S.J. 10 cents.

BROADWAY PUBLISHING Co., New York:

The Battle of Gettysburg, and Other Poems. By Thomas A. T. Hanna. \$1.00.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:

Changing America. By Edward Alsworth Ross. \$1.20 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

The Holy Mass According to the Greek Rite. By Andrew J. Shipman, LL.D.

L. C. PAGE & Co., Boston:

Chronicles of Avonlea. By L. M. Montgomery. \$1.25 net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:

The Story of Christopher Columbus. By Charles W. Moores. 75 cents net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

Catholic Studies in Social Reform. I. *Destitution and Suggested Remedies.* Preface by the Right Rev. Monsignor Henry Parkinson, D.D. II. *Sweated Labour and the Trade Boards Act.* Edited by the Rev. Thomas Wright. 20 cents each. *Prosperity; Catholic and Protestant.* By Rev. Father Graham, M.A. 15 cents. *Where We Got the Bible.* By Rev. Father Graham, M.A. 15 cents. *The Pilgrim's Guide to Lourdes and the Chief Places En Route.* By Rev. G. H. Cobb. 40 cents. *Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica. Theologia Mystica et Epistola Christi Ad Hominem.* Auctore Joannes a Jesu Maria. \$1.25 net.

SANDS & Co., London:

The Life and Religion of Mahommed—the Prophet of Arabia. By Rev. J. L. Menezes. 60 cents.

M. H. GILL & Co., Dublin:

The Ways of Mental Prayer. By the Rt. Rev. Dom Vitalis Lehodey. Translated from the French by a Monk of Mount Melleray.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

Memoir of Father James Dixon. By W. H. Gratton Flood. *A Great Historic Event.* By Edward J. Sydes, S.J. Pamphlets. 1 penny each.

PIERRE TEQUI, Paris:

Vendéenne. Par Jean Charruau. 2 fr. *Le Pain Évangélique.* Par Abbé E. Duplessy. 2 fr. *Vivre, ou se laisser vivre?* Par Pierre Saint-Quay. 3 fr. 50. *Pensées Choies du R. P. De Poulevoy.* Par Le P. Charles Renard. 1 fr. *Le Mystère D'Amour.* Par R. P. Lecornu. 3 fr. 50. *Manuel Pratique de la Dévotion Au Sacré Cœur de Jésus.* Par Abbé Vandepitte, D. H. 1 fr.

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris:

Histoire Religieuse de la Révolution Française. Tome II. Par Pierre de La Gorce. 1 fr. 50.

A. TRALIN, Paris:

De Dante a Verlaine. Par Jules Pacheu. 3 fr. 50.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XCV.

AUGUST, 1912.

No. 569.

CHRISTOPHER.

BY E. M. DINNIS.



T'S a queer thing that influenza takes all a man's strength from him in a moment, and leaves the most extraordinary after-effects."

The speaker who offered this trite diagnosis of the familiar malady, which had depleted the party assembled on the veranda after dinner at the Grange, was a grave gentleman with a slightly pompous manner. His remark, received respectfully enough by the company in general, provoked an enigmatic smile from Father Christopher Hulbert, whose large and gloriously muscular form filled one of the basket chairs.

The smile was observed and misinterpreted.

"Have you ever had influenza?" the speaker inquired, rather sharply, of the Reverend Father, who had that appearance of rude health which constitutes an irritant to the nervous system of a certain type of onlooker.

"I had it some years ago," the big man answered; "or they told me it was that. It certainly left the most peculiar after-effects."

"What were they?"

It was the local doctor who interpolated the question—a quiet, shrewd-faced young man, who narrowed his gaze on the other as he spoke.

"Well," Father Hulbert said, "for one thing, it found me a Protestant and left me a Papist!" His eyes twinkled as he said this; yet it was a clear, steady gaze that met the doctor's scrutiny.

"A long illness often gives a man time to think," the first speaker observed, in rather unctious tones.

"Mine wasn't a long illness," the Father retorted, in his blunt way. "It only lasted the normal forty-eight hours—I'm not sure that it was 'flu' at all. It was the only illness that I've ever had, anyway."

"Did it leave any other after-effects? Physical ones, I mean," the doctor asked.

The Father laughed. "Do I look it?" he inquired. "No, I don't know what it means to ail anything."

The doctor looked at him hard. "I thought you seemed rather off color in church yesterday," he observed. "I was at Mass at the priory. I go sometimes. I like your music." He colored slightly; the doctor was a non-Catholic. The Reverend Father turned and looked quickly at the speaker. "What made you think that I was ill," he asked.

"It was during what you call the Elevation," the medical man replied. "When you lifted up the Wafer I had an idea that you were not feeling well." He paused. Their host, a man of admirable tact, feeling that the conversation was becoming too "denominational" for a mixed assembly, here contrived to insert an irrelevant remark, which had the effect of diverting the conversation. A few minutes later the Father rose to go. "We have to keep boarding-school hours at the priory," he remarked gaily. "As it is, I've got special permission to be out as late as this." "I must be going, too," the doctor said, so the two guests made their adieu and departed together.

"Do you go my way, sir?" the priest asked.

"I'll make your way mine, if you don't mind," the doctor replied. "I—I'd rather like to ask you something if you won't think it impertinence."

"I wanted to ask you something, too," the other replied. "I should like you to tell me what you noticed about me at Mass yesterday? Tell me exactly how it struck you as a medical man."

"Well," his companion said, "you've relieved me of the necessity for being impertinent, for that's just what I wanted to ask you about—as a medical man!"

"What did you notice?" the priest asked. "I'd be uncommonly grateful to you if you would tell me."

The doctor thought. "You seemed," he said slowly, "suddenly to lose your strength. You—you lifted the Wafer (though a non-Catholic, his tone was not irreverent) as though it were a ton weight. I could see your arms trembling. I thought for a moment

that you were going to drop it; and I noticed, when you turned round, that you were perspiring like a man who has undergone some violent exertion. I wondered if at any time you had overdone it. I know that in the old days you were famous as an athlete. I remember your name as winning the championship for throwing the weight. I was astonished to hear you say that you ailed nothing this evening." The doctor paused and looked the priest fairly and squarely in the face.

The other's answer was some few moments in coming; then it came with characteristic bluntness:

"You thought I was telling fibs?" he queried.

The medico was also a plain man. "Yes, I did!" he said.

"Well," the priest answered, "I consider that what I said was perfectly true, for I don't regard that particular seizure—I have experienced it four times in all—as, well, a physical ailment." He looked at the keen, candid face, visible in the moonlight, and came to a decision.

"Suppose I tell you how I came to be attacked by influenza?" he said, "and perhaps, as a medical man, you will be able to tell me if my symptoms were normal."

"I should be immensely interested," the doctor replied. "I have made a study of influenza; it's a most uncanny complaint."

"Mind," the other said, "I wouldn't be telling you this story if you hadn't noticed my condition yesterday—that bit of corroborative evidence may help you to believe that I am not exaggerating." The doctor nodded silently, and the priest started his narrative.

"You know something of my history," he said. "At the time when the thing took place that I am going to tell you about, I was living near here—a gentleman at large, with enough money to amuse myself in the quiet way that I preferred. I was a great sportsman in one way and another, and I possessed a rather wide reputation for brute strength; I dare say my fame reached you?"

"Rather!" the doctor rejoined. "I remember that they used to tell a story of how you once walked down stairs with a Shetland pony under each arm."

The priest laughed. "That was unauthenticated," he said, "inasmuch as I have never been intimate enough with a Shetland pony to try, but I dare say it wouldn't be beyond me." The doctor at that moment experienced the sudden sensation of being lifted off his feet, raised high in the air, and set down again. He was, himself, a man of no mean proportions.

"Hope you'll forgive me, but that's a practical illustration," the priest said, "and it bears on my story."

The doctor laughed. "For a moment," he said, "I had the feeling of reëntering my childhood. You handled me like a kiddie five years old!"

"Well," the other continued, "if I was anything besides a sportsman, I was a Protestant Episcopalian, that is to say, I attended church on Sundays, and showed a proper resentment when the Fathers who now occupy the priory where I am staying intruded themselves upon the neighborhood. My contempt for a 'petticoated' parson in those days was intense, and the fact that the prior and his colleagues all happened to be men of poor physique added considerably to the mean opinion that I already held of the monkish tribe. Well, now for the influenza. You must be dying to make your diagnosis, doctor! One night I happened to be returning home, and taking a short cut across the meadows. I was absolutely in my ruddiest health (the speaker's eye twinkled, as though he were enjoying a joke against himself); swinging along at a great pace, and whistling as I went. There was a moon shining, and presently I made out the figure of a man sitting on the bank under the hedge. A small lantern burned on the ground beside him. At first I thought that it was a tramp, but looking again I saw that it was one of the Fathers from the priory. I crossed over to where he was sitting, for obviously it was not a normal proceeding, even for an eerie creature like a monk, this sitting under the hedges after dark. He was leaning forward in a rather curious position, with one hand thrust inside the breast of his habit. 'Can I do anything for you?' I asked, rather gruffly, for I had no desire to appear over-friendly. He looked up, with a queer, half-embarrassed expression. When he spoke his tone was half a whisper as though we were in church. He was, I think, the puniest little bit of a man that I have ever seen. 'I've had the misfortune to hurt my ankle,' he said, 'and I'm on my way to see a sick man. I wonder if you would be so very kind as to let them know at the cottage yonder; that's where I'm bound. I can't get there without assistance.' I could see the lights of the cottage that he indicated away across the fields, less than a quarter of a mile off. It belonged to an Irishman named Macgill. 'I'll take you there, if you like,' I said. 'Can you walk with my arm?' The little puny man murmured his thanks, and taking hold of my arm raised himself to his feet, or rather, to his foot, for the injured ankle gave way under

him as he set it to the ground. 'It's no good,' he said, after he had hopped a yard or two, breathing hard through his clenched teeth, for he was evidently in great pain. 'I'm afraid I can't walk. I must wait here till I can be carried,' and he collapsed gently on to the bank again.

"I looked down on the little man, hardly knowing whether to be amused or irritated at his naïve disbelief in my powers to perform that service for him. 'Why wait?' I asked, 'I can carry you.' 'But you would find me too much for you,' the small man said, eyeing me dubiously. I laughed out loud. 'Pooh,' I said, 'I could carry six of you at once.' I was piqued at this wisp of a man's exaggerated idea of his weight. My tone was more than half contemptuous. I was resenting a kind of dignity that adhered in some way to the little undersized figure in a cassock.

"He sat and surveyed me thoughtfully for a moment, taking counsel with himself. 'It is most important that I get there without delay,' he murmured at last. 'I've lost an hour sitting here, and the man may be dead. I think I must accept your kind offer, sir, but I am afraid that you will find me heavy.'

"I smiled indulgently, by way of answer, and prepared to pick up this very small man, as I had picked up a wounded trooper on the battlefield, like a baby, but before I had realized what he was proposing to do, he had raised himself, hopped behind me, and there, placing his hands on my shoulders, he reared himself on to my back pick-a-back fashion. 'This will be the easiest way for you, I think,' he said courteously, but before I could disclaim the necessity for the easiest method a queer thing happened. I made the discovery that the little man on my shoulders was weighing me down, so that it was with the utmost difficulty that I could straighten myself; or, rather, to be exact, straighten myself I couldn't, and I remained bent nearly double, as I started to stagger forward. The sweat burst out on my forehead at the first few steps. What extraordinary access of weakness had suddenly overtaken me? I didn't think of 'flu' at that moment, although there was a lot of it about. 'Stop a bit!' the little monk cried, 'I've not got my lantern.' 'We can see without it,' I replied, 'but of course we must not abandon your property. Shall I put it out, though, the moon's up?' 'No, no,' he said, 'I can hold it.' So I retrieved the precious lantern, and it was just as much as I could do to get myself up again after stooping for it. As it was I stumbled on to one knee, and seemed likely to remain in that position as long as the other con-

tinued to weigh me down. 'I fear you are finding me very heavy?' the owner of the pitiful legs, thrust out on either side of me, said. I made a husky disclaimer. I had very little breath left. I was feeling—well I can best express it—unreal, as though the world around me had become fantastic—I believe that is a mental state that accompanies a seizure of 'flu?'——"

The doctor nodded. "The brain affected by the weakness," he said.

Father Hulbert smiled.

"So we progressed," he went on. "A quaint sight, you can imagine, could anyone have seen us. I carrying the lantern, and the padre seated on my bent back rider-fashion. The singular thing was that there was no hint of the ludicrous about it. I have since tried to picture the rector of the Episcopalian church in the little monk's position, and the thing became at once comic, and not permissibly comic, either! But our mode of progress seemed, well, more mediaeval than anything else. One could imagine it pictured on the margin of an illuminated missal as the legend of some saint! The little priest had not lost one iota of his dignity, and I, strange to say, was experiencing no sense of humiliation in having thus become a beast of burden.

"I shall never forget that journey! My 'rider' still expressed concern for me at intervals, but it no longer ruffled my pride. The feeling of chagrin that I had first experienced had vanished. I declined the priest's suggestion that I should sit down and take a rest with all due meekness. 'You big men are not so strong as you look,' he remarked, in kindly tones, and still I felt no resentment. I seemed to have accepted the fact that the task of carrying this wizen little scrap of a man was one likely to prove beyond my strength, but no sense of mortification or ignominy accompanied the discovery. The world, as I say, had become fantastic. The cottage the goal of a gigantic quest! The intervening fields a life's pilgrimage; and the accomplishing of that amazing journey an achievement compared with which nothing else mattered. Everything assumed new and unearthly proportions. I had an extraordinary idea, too, that I must hang on to the lantern whatever happened, although I had scarcely strength left even for that extra burden!" The narrator paused and looked at the doctor. "You recognize the symptoms?" he said.

"Undoubtedly," was the reply, "the mental weakness attendant on the physical breakdown."

"The queer thing was," said the other, "that I had no idea that I was ill at the time. There was no sense of depression. On the contrary, I could have sung for joy as I struggled on, had I had the breath in my body, and this sensation ran concurrently with the most agonizing physical experience. It became a question whether I should be able to cover that quarter-mile. I can't describe the weariness; but of course you have heard your patients speak of the 'tired' symptom?" The priest was looking sideways at the medical man. "Well, at last, bent nearly double, soaked with perspiration, my knees trembling, and the very tears standing in my eyes, I reached the door of Macgill's cottage. There was a light in the window. I rapped on the door, and then I said, 'I will kneel down. You'll be able to get off better that way.' The fact was I had fairly come to the end of my tether—carrying this little shrivelled priest for a quarter of a mile! I sunk on my knees in a sheer state of exhaustion. As I did so the door opened, and a young fellow stood within. He glanced at the priest, now dismounted and leaning up against the threshold, and at me, down on my knees, and then he did a curious thing: he, too, dropped on his knees! 'Am I in time?' the priest asked. 'Yes, Father,' was the reply, 'he's conscious, but he's going fast.' 'God be praised!' the little man exclaimed, fervently. Then, turning to me, he said: 'I can never thank you, sir, for the service that you have done to a fellow-creature. Take Almighty God's blessing for it,' and taking his hand from his bosom, he made the sign of the cross over me as I knelt there, still too exhausted to get back on to my feet.

"I will let them know at the priory," I said to the lad, as he prepared to lead the crippled man to the sick room. There was a seat in the porch, and there I sat until I felt more or less revived. Then I set out for the priory. I reached it feeling somewhat recovered, and beginning to ask myself seriously what it all meant. You see, I had no experience of illness, sudden or otherwise. I was feeling now merely as I had often felt after an abnormal physical effort. My back ached, and my knees still had a tendency to knock together, otherwise I was perfectly fit. I saw a huge block of stone lying in the road. I stooped and lifted it without the slightest difficulty. My muscular power appeared to be normal."

The priest glanced at the doctor, but he made no comment.

"It was the prior himself who answered my bell at the priory—a little, bright-eyed Irishman. I told him what had happened. He was overwhelmed with gratitude. His first anxiety was to learn

whether we had been in time. I told him, yes, just in time, and the tears of joy started to his eyes. His next concern was as to whether I had not found it a terribly difficult business conveying Father Paul to the cottage. He blinked up at me with real apprehension. 'I managed somehow,' I answered. 'It was not a great distance, and I took my time.'

"The Father was reading the name on my card, which I had presented on my arrival. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'Christopher! Surely, but that's all right, for Father Paul had the Blessed Sacrament with him, and ye've been carrying Christ Himself, as St. Christopher did!' Then I began to feel dizzy again. It was rather a big discovery! That of course explained a certain restraint in the priest's manner, and the lighted lantern, and the hand that remained in the breast of the habit—my rider had held on with one hand only and kept the other inside his bosom—I had felt his knuckles digging into my back, and the pain had been excruciating. I could feel it still! This explained the action of the young man at the door. Did it explain why I had felt as though I were carrying not one puny, diminutive, human being, but the whole world itself? 'But you are feeling ill?' the prior exclaimed. And then I did a thing that I have never done before or since—a very common feature of influenza, though—I fainted. A doctor was sent for, and they put me to bed and pronounced it influenza. I was laid up for about forty-eight hours, and I was a trifle light-headed, they tell me, and at the end of that time I was as well as ever."

"And the after-effects?" the medical man enquired.

"The after-effects?" The priest spoke slowly and carefully. "The after-effects didn't appear for some two or three years. It was after I was ordained (I told you that I became a Catholic 'after influenza') that I had a sort of recurrence of that curious seizure. I have had it altogether on four occasions, so I suppose the complaint left me susceptible. Each time it has come when I was saying Mass—a sudden weakness at the moment of consecration, which makes it almost impossible to elevate the Sacred Wafer. I experienced it the first time when I had been taking a mission. I had been overworking myself, you will say. On the second occasion I was saying Mass in the presence of my favorite sister, a critical Protestant, who had never seen me perform my priestly functions; it was the first time I had got her to Mass. No doubt I was nervous and highly-strung. She is a sister of Nazareth now. The third time I was saying Mass in my own Church. It was rather awful

that time. The effect of it lasted all day. I remember my house-keeper had to dose me ever so often to get me well enough to hear a confession that evening. It was the confession of a man who had been at Mass in the morning for the first time in twenty years, and he had sent round to know if I would hear him. His was a wonderful case of conversion. The fourth occasion was the one that you noted yesterday when you were present at Mass—listening to the music.”

The two men paced together silently for some moments.

“Well, doctor, there is my case; will you go home and diagnose it? Here’s the priory. I have timed my story well, but I’m afraid I’ve brought you miles out of your way, and I can’t ask you in because everybody will be in bed.”

“I’d like to call on you some day, if I may,” the medico said. “We doctors aren’t all materialists, you know, Father.”

“Come here any time during the next fortnight, and after that to my own address.” Christopher Hulbert handed his card to the other.

“There’s just one thing that I’d like to ask you now,” the young man said. “How do you account for having those seizures on certain occasions only—under peculiar circumstances?” His tone of matter-of-fact inquiry was not entirely convincing. The Father looked him in the eyes under the light of the lamp in the priory doorway.

“I always think,” he said, very gently, and very reverently, “that it is when virtue goes forth from Him; and that it means that someone present has stretched out a hand and touched the hem of His garment.”

ISLAM.

BY L. MARCH PHILLIPPS.



THE tendency which religious creeds commonly exhibit to fall to pieces, and, as time goes on, dissolve into their human particles, is perfectly familiar to all Catholics. It is the unfailing characteristic of all those forms of religion, of which the vitality consists not in themselves but in the individuals composing them. Disintegration is the law of their being, for their activity is all in their atoms. That which binds them is inanimate and artificial; that which separates is constantly operating. Hence no sooner does the schismatic act transfer volition and initiation from a corporate church to its individual members than the process of disruption sets in. We are, I say, accustomed to see this law of dissolution operating, and it has, indeed, become so usual a spectacle that any interruption of its action at once catches our attention. The appearance of a faith capable of preserving a kind of unity through lapse of time and outward changes is a phenomenon which is interesting in proportion to its rarity.

This is the source of interest which the writer long since detected in Islam. The Mohammedan religion is indeed moth-eaten and falling to bits through sectarian initiative, but it possesses a solid central core of orthodoxy which, still cast in the original form of the faith, seems capable of resisting all the usual processes of decomposition. This is the Sunnite body, whose boast that they have been able to preserve inviolate the doctrines of their founder is by no means an idle one. They are in a sense the Catholics of the Moslem world. Both Mohammedanism and Christianity, besides being tormented by recurring epidemics of schisms and heresies, have, in the early phases of their career, been split asunder almost from head to foot. The Shiite and Sunnite controversy, which divided Mohammedanism, left the Sunnite party triumphant in the west. The division between the eastern and western churches in the same way bequeathed western Christendom to the guidance of the Catholic Church. Thenceforth the Sunnite party, based on the *sunna*, or orthodox tradition, might, in so far as its efforts were directed to securing the continuity and uniformity of the faith, challenge

certain comparisons with Catholicism itself. Both stand for authority as opposed to license. Both, in the war of sects and schisms, represent the weight and majesty of the established order of things. Both oppose the same inveterate opposition to the forces of disintegration. Individual initiative and temporary explanations are sternly opposed by both, while both confront the eager claims of the present moment by similar appeals to the weight of tradition and things hallowed by immemorial usage. Both are defenders of the faith, and the natural but fatal instinct of each generation in turn to formulate religion "in terms of modern thought" breaks on both as against a rock. Even in their outward and apparent surroundings there is a similarity; for not only do both, in numbers and discipline, represent the main body of their faith, but they are circumstanced alike. Both possess an earthly headquarters, a sacred site, recognized by all in common as the source of inspiration of the faith, and just as the eyes of all Catholics turn to the See of Rome for light and guidance, so, in something the same way, the thoughts of the faithful of Islam turn to their holy city. It is to Meccah that pilgrimages of incredible hardship bring annually hundreds of thousands of true believers; and it is towards Meccah that the whole Moslem world turns with pious gaze and prostrate attitudes in the recurring motions of daily prayer.

But the question naturally arises: if Islam possesses within itself this solid core of orthodoxy, whence and from what source does it derive the inspiration which confirms orthodoxy and preserves it? Catholics can lay a finger on the source of their inspiration. They can say "this inspired individual is the guardian and interpreter of truth. Within the sphere of faith and doctrine his voice is the supreme guide." But this Mohammedans cannot do. They can appeal to the teaching of their prophet, thirteen hundred years old, as embodied in the Koran. They can appeal to the more doubtful authority of the Sunna tradition, a thousand years old. But authorities of this order, propounded ages since, inflexible in their operation, liable to diverse interpretation, doubtful in their exact significance, and needing fresh elucidation to adjust them to the life and thought of later generations, have never in the world's experience sufficed for the preservation of unity. It was as long ago as the tenth century that the standard of Moslem orthodoxy was propounded by Al Ashari, and no authoritative voice has spoken since.

As we know life, life with its perpetual developments, its alter-

ing conditions, its ceaseless intellectual curiosity, and eager investigation of all subjects given to human contemplation, we can with certainty say that no body of doctrine, however true in itself, can permanently suffice for it in any given, finite form. The altered point of view, the altered mental outlook of later generations, are sure to make demands for a fuller application of the faith to life in given directions, and unless the faith itself can respond to these demands, there will arise those who will undertake in its name the task of interpretation, with the disintegrating results which are so familiar to us.

Looking, then, at Moslem orthodoxy from the outside, studying it as a student might study it in his library among his books, and from the standpoint of European knowledge, it is difficult to see how a satisfactory solution of its continued existence could be arrived at. Such a student would have the fact of orthodoxy staring him in the face. He would perceive at once that it was not sustained and guarded by any operating authority, but, as ostensible guardian, had merely such sources to rely on as are commonly the arsenals whence heresy and schism draw their ammunition. How would he account for the presence of such orthodoxy?

Whether or not he ever arrived at a right solution of the problem, this much, I think, is certain, that he would hit upon it with much greater ease and certainty if he were to quit for awhile his study and books and the intellectual environment of his own age and race, and go off himself on a pilgrimage to Meccah and those desert regions in which Islam was cradled, and amid which the purity of the faith is still best preserved. Seen from the western standpoint, from the vortex of intellectualism in which he himself lives, from the midst of the crossfire of doubts, speculations, questions, and theories, which make up the mental atmosphere he is accustomed to, the problem he has set himself may well seem insoluble. Let him go into the desert and adjust himself to the desert's point of view, and see how it will look from there.

It will look different. Viewed with the desert for a background, Moslem orthodoxy shares in the immobility of nature. These monotonous wastes of sand, these stony reefs and plateaux and mountain chains cut out of naked rock, seem at least an appropriate setting for a thought as fixed and changeless as themselves. The stillness in which the landscape is locked, its grim sustained rigidity, is in strange sympathy with the inflexible spirit which watches over the unity of the faith. And if this sounds to the

reader a mere play of the fancy, and the connection betwixt a landscape and a creed seems an imaginative fiction, let him set up man as the connecting link between them, and the strangeness will disappear. Let him say "this landscape has produced a race of men like to itself in the changeless and undeveloping habits of their lives, men who do to-day precisely what their forefathers did a thousand or five thousand years ago; who water their camels at the same springs, and drive their flocks to the same scanty pastures, and make and pitch their tents in the same way, and preserve with unvarying monotony the immemorial usages and customs of their forefathers"—let him say this, and he will see that if this desert has not guarded the faith directly, it may have done so indirectly. It may have done so by establishing and perpetuating a routine of life which not only found the original enunciation of the faith suitable and sufficient to itself, but which, remaining itself unchanged, finds that enunciation suitable and sufficient still.

Here is a factor which civilized and progressive races are very apt to overlook. Accustomed to their own circumstances, they instinctively regard life as perpetual development: constant growth. Man begins as barbarian or savage, and by slow degrees advances through phases of self-discipline and self-culture to complete intellectual emancipation. This is what life means to us. When we speak of the need of adapting faith to life, we make the assumption that it is the law of life to change, to develop, to be always asking new questions and making new demands. But what if this tendency be obviated? What if life be lived under circumstances which prevent any development from taking place, or any new questions or new demands from arising? In that case it is obvious no adaptation of the faith will be called for. It fits life as perfectly to-day as it did a thousand years ago, because it is the same life.

Whoever is unable to undertake a journey of his own to Arab countries let him pore over the pages of Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, the only book in any language which will give him an adequate idea of the simple, unvarying routine of desert manners. There he will see the way of life of the nomad tribes portrayed, in each minute detail, with such vividness as belongs only to those who feel the human meaning in all that passes before their eyes. The daily wayfaring—the sheykhs riding on together, the harem following on the baggage-camel, the wives, dismounting sometimes, walking together barefoot beside their beasts, spinning as they go, each family

of the clan moving by itself, yet forming part of the tribe, the camping at night, the "building" of the camel's hair "houses," as they call their tents or booths, the least rites of hospitality, of salutation, coffee-drinking, the stern courtesy and etiquette of desert usages—these daily and hourly observances in which the life of the tribes is passed form one and all the life-like touches in this greatest of books of travel. But, as the reader will find, they are more than touches of a present likeness. They depict not only what is but what for long ages has been. Each smallest trait is durable, bitten into a meagre, monotonous existence as the acid bites into a steel engraving.

It is the country itself that has charge of these hourly customs. The desert is what it was; its vast expanses retain their ancient haggard bareness; the sun heats the yellow sand and glittering, polished stones to the same degree of intensity; water is as hard to come by; it is still the same distance to the next well. In a few ravines and nullahs, whose water-courses from the mountains carry now and again in the wet season a fitful spate of water, a thin growth of scrub and scanty pasture lingers, and when the spring rains have set in there are regions fertile enough to call tribes from afar to their grazing grounds. These interludes the desert has. A mouthful of water is yours if you know where to look for it, and a hummock of grass for your camel if you can find it. But these delicacies are as scanty as ever they were. They can but sustain the same sparse population of gypsies, inured to the desert's hardships, trained to its privations and long marches, pitting their vigilance, their tough frames, and practiced asceticism against the many obstacles to living which the desert puts in their path.

Necessarily, where all his surroundings and the conditions of his life remain unchanged, man himself remains unchanged also. Like to these "houses of hair," as used at the present day, "was Moses' adorned homes of the nomad God in the wilderness," and similar to these wooden coffers painted with vermilion from Medina, containing some few treasures and relics and trussed upon a bearing-camel, was "that ark of things sacred to the public religion which was in the nomad life of Beni-Israel." Each slightest observance of daily life under this uniform pressure of circumstances becomes a ritual sanctified by usage, and changing, as Mr. Hogarth says, "as little with the procession of the centuries as anything human."

The imagined freedom of the desert is largely illusory. No race in the world are more bound by a rigid conservatism to the

detail of a strict routine than the Arabs. They are imbued with the true aristocratic distrust and contempt for innovation in any sense or form. And with this physical conformity to the desert's necessities, their minds have become impervious to any ideas from without. They cannot, as Doughty in the course of his endless wanderings again and again discovers, even imagine countries differently endowed to their own. "The Ottoman Empire they could only think to be a tribe," and a sheykh's son "having inquired of us in which part of the world lay the dirat of the Engleys," would know further the name of our market village; and said earnestly: "Tell me, Khâlil, the names of the tribes of our foemen." If he heard them, he thought, he might happen to know them. He could understand that we were "kafirs," but not that we should be other than the tribes of Arabs.

Such is the influence of the desert, despotic, inflexible, unchanging. It was amid such an environment that Islam was matured and nourished, and it is this same environment which guards it still, exacting in matters of religion the same deadly uniformity which it enacts in matters of life. The authority which stands sentinel over Moslem orthodoxy is voiceless and lifeless. It can answer no questions, settle no disputes, define no points of doctrine. Its strength consists in and depends upon an iron immobility of outward circumstance, which precludes it from ever contemplating the possibility of change. Hence, in order to maintain inviolate its form of doctrine, orthodox Islam relies on an attitude of negation. It does not say "You shall accept the answers of a certain authority to your questions;" it says "You shall not ask questions." It may almost be said that active thought is, within the limits of orthodoxy, practically extinct in the Moslem world.

It must be remembered that Islam controls much beyond religion. It is as much a political as a religious institution. Religious and civil law are alike derived from the tradition of the Prophet and the Koran. The first step in education is to acquire the Koran by heart, and the same system is applied to commentaries handed down by tradition. Their explanations are learned *verbatim* without the addition of a word. In a carefully thought out article contributed by Wilhelm Spilta Bey to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the consequences of the absence of lay education, combined with the stopping short of all mental initiative in connection with matters of faith, are trenchantly exposed. The Moslem student "deems all non-theological science to be vain or hurtful,

has no notion of progress, and regards true science, *i. e.*, theology, as having reached finality," so that a new commentary or a new student's manual is the only thing perhaps that is still worth writing. How the mental faculties are blunted by scholasticism and mere memory work must be seen to be believed; such an education is enough to spoil the best head. All originality is crushed out, and a blind and ludicrous dependence in written tradition—even in things profane—takes its place. Acuteness degenerates into hair-splitting, and clever plays on words after the manner of the rabbis. The Azhar students not seldom enter government offices, and even hold important administration posts, but they never lose the stamp of their education—"their narrow, unteachable spirit, incapable of progress, always lost in external details, and never able to grasp principle and get beyond forms to the substance of a matter."

These are strong words, but I doubt if anyone with knowledge of the subject—nay, I doubt if anyone who has even stood in the great Azhar university and listened to the monotonous droning of thousands of voices in vacant recitation, booming through the vast interior as waves boom in a cave—will deny the truth of the description. The present writer is not without admiration for certain aspects of the influence of Islam, and in particular he must respect that influence as, in many cases, exercised upon backward and degraded races. The Moslem insistence on what is humanly dignified in man has acted on many a down-trodden people like a dash of cold water in the face, stinging them back to vigor and consciousness. Our present purpose, however, is not to attempt any general estimate of the characteristic of Islam, but merely to analyze, as far as may be, that trait in it tending to orthodoxy, the semblance of authority it bears, the something in it, as it would seem, superior to the individual will and making for uniformity, which is so marked an attribute of the faith.

Moslem unity is not a unity maintained and perpetuated in the midst of much change and development. It is a unity maintained in a world where all is still. In the bleak landscape of Islam all objects share the stony immobility of the faith. I cannot see, since it does not pretend to emanate from the faith itself, where we should look for the origin of this fixity unless in certain fixed conditions of life, in themselves powerful and unyielding enough to exert an adequate influence on life and character. The more clearly the problem defines itself, the more inevitably we are forced back upon the desert for a solution. Not only is the desert an adequate

authority, but it is an authority of exactly the character and quality we require. It is an authority, that is to say, which acts not by any exercise of intelligence or thought, but by the imposition of a cast iron, rigid routine of habits, manners, customs, daily observances, and prejudices as an inviolable system of life.

I can give to the reader but a feeble idea of the deadly sense of power which the apparently limitless tracts of the wilderness possess; nor of the sure degrees by which that power is exercised on all who come within its reach. Keane, writing of the desert round about Meccah, describes how "every yard into that dead barren waste with its constant flitting mirage phantoms" adds to the feeling of "helplessness" which the traveler experiences; and, in more nervous language, Burton speaks of the same tracts as "a desert peopled only with sand: a place of death for what little there is to die in it. Nature scalped, flayed, discovering all her skeleton to the gazing eye." With even more of scientific accuracy, Professor Schirmer has shown how the rocks and reefs of the desert's structural form are by slow degrees, under the action of the sand's friction, dissolving like a skeleton into dust. But this picture of death and immobility, which all have felt in the desert's presence, is not restricted to the outward aspect of the scenery.

The desert journals of the present writer are full of allusions, not only to the deadly stillness and lifelessness which brood visibly over those desolate landscapes, but to the effect of such appearances upon the mind. There is nothing in all this scenery to think of, no changes and developments to observe and analyze, nothing to excite curiosity, to make us think, to tempt us on to trace the sequence of cause and effect, and so to cherish the habit of reasoning in the mind. It would be impossible to conceive "land more destitute of any features that can suggest a connected train of reasoning. The rich and varied scheme of development to which dwellers in other countries adapt themselves does not operate in these wastes. Here, day by day, and year by year, everything remains almost entirely unchanged. Nothing, or almost nothing, we see invites us to reason forward or to reason back, but the mind is left in idle or stationary contemplation."

It is not only physical immobility which exists here, but mental immobility also. The desert influence is one which works directly upon the character and temperament of men. It cherishes certain fine and virile traits, but it records as clearly its own deficiencies, and of these the chief is its entire lack of all intellectual provender.

In the cultivation of what we call ideas, the desert nomads are to-day, as far as may be gathered, exactly where they were in Mohammed's time, and who knows for how many thousand years before that? It is the desert itself which watches over their uniformity, and by slow processes of impression communicates its own rigidity to the minds of its children. It is difficult for races situated as we are to tear ourselves out of our setting and imagine what such an existence as the Arab's must be like. "But," I have written, "if we try to realize the effect that such an empty life must gradually produce on the mind, and conceive it operating on a race for countless generations, we can recognize, perhaps, the consequences of it on Arab character."

The desert, indeed, has known of but one type. Of the nomad tribesmen, who in the seventh and eighth centuries carried the law of Islam east and west, the ballads of the Arabian poets have left descriptive portraits, drawn with unexampled vigor and decision. It seems to have been designed that the Arab race should go into action singing, for the age of fruition of their poetry led up to and culminated in the furious effort which scattered its hosts like burning seed through the world. The moment of their prime, the moment when, in the midst of surrounding decadent civilizations, they were being insensibly stirred and inspired by the purpose that was drawing them on, when the many clans of the peninsular were uniting in the bond of nationality, and the prevalence of a single language over the various local dialects was preparing the way for united action—this very moment is the time chosen for the painting of that gallery of portraits which these Arab ballads have preserved. Let the reader study the collection. Figure after figure, taken at its best, caught with the gesture and look that most becomes it, passes in review. Proud, fierce, and courageous, cruel to their enemies, but courteous to their friends, each one of these figures is the facsimile of all the others. But not only are they that, they are the facsimiles also of the Arabs you meet to-day in desert travels. They are the facsimile of the Bedouins who even now drive their flocks among the scanty pastures of the desert mountains, of the sheykh who invites you to his tent, of your own camel-driver even. If differences exist they are only in degree. The heroes of Arab song may be more virile, more dauntless, more ardent and irresistible than their modern representatives. They had opportunities which these have not. The season was favorable to them. Their qualities were fostered by the circumstances in which they

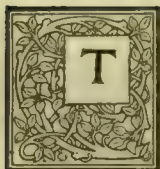
found themselves. But in kind they were the same. What they were these of to-day would gladly be, and would under similar conditions again become. They know of no other excellence. In their fits of enthusiasm they still achieve the old level. The Mahdi, who in 1855 sent a proclamation before his oncoming fanatics to the effect that it was their mission to subdue all Europe to the true faith, was of much the same stamp probably as the followers of Kaled and Omar. Why, indeed, should they be different? The same circumstances bred them and the same faith inflamed them.

Accordingly it is to the sameness, the immobility, of the desert that we return. Here, in what has kept life stationary, we discover the cause of that influence which has kept faith stationary. It would be interesting to consider what exactly is the point of advance thus attained, what are the ideals sanctioned and countenanced by such a faith, and which renders it capable of acceptance by certain races which dwell outside the desert's sphere and reach. Such a consideration must, however, be reserved for a future occasion. Here it is sufficient to have brought together, if I have succeeded in doing so, the idea of the immobile, sterile, yet persistently enduring, spirit of Moslem orthodoxy on the one hand, and the equally immobile, equally sterile, yet equally enduring, image and aspect of the desert on the other.

A NEW CURIOSITY SHOP.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

VI.



HE interruption was a customer!

They had bolted the shop door on the inside when they went upstairs to lunch, but Miss Priddy, breathless with excitement, came up the private stairs to tell them "a grand lady in a carriage and pair wanted to get into the shop to buy a *vause*."

"She might see for herself," said Lord Hounslow, "that there's really no room in the shop for a carriage and pair. I doubt if it would conveniently hold a four-wheeler. She must be an unreasonable female."

"Female, indeed!" cried Miss Priddy, much scandalized. "You should see her rings!"

Miss Priddy had no notion that he was a lord.

"Meanwhile," said Frank, "my first customer is waiting." So he left Lord Hounslow and Miss Priddy to fight it out, and without delay went down to the shop.

He bowed very respectfully as he admitted the lady, and apologized for having kept her waiting.

".....I only moved in this morning," he explained, "and the stock has not been arranged many minutes. I did not venture to hope for so early a customer."

"Perhaps I shall not be a customer," said Miss Priddy's female. "But I want to inquire about that bowl. I saw it through the glass-screen from the post office. I had come to send a telegram."

Frank placed the bowl in her hands, and she turned it about with undisguised admiration.

"Is it *very* dear?" she inquired.

"No, madam. At the price for which I would sell it to you it would not be *dear*. But the price is a high one. I ask thirty guineas for it."

The lady said nothing, but continued to twist the bowl about.

"I saw a similar bowl, but not nearly so fine as this, in a Bond Street shop priced forty guineas last week," observed Frank.

"I bought it," said the lady quietly. "It was, as you say, not nearly so fine as this. It has a crack all across the back too. Yet I am told it was a bargain. I will certainly give you thirty guineas for yours. I will take it with me; I have a carriage here."

Frank began to wrap the bowl carefully in paper. The lady moved about.

"What price do you ask for this figure?" she inquired, touching a beautiful Chelsea statuette of Shakespeare.

"If I sold it without its companion, madam, the price would be sixty guineas. For the pair I would take one hundred pounds."

"They are very fine," said the lady. "Your things are very cheap. I will buy the two figures. But I have not enough to pay for all three in my pocket. I have enough to pay for the bowl; but you must put the figures aside for me. I will return for them after luncheon."

"Please take them, madam. Send me your check by post. I would rather you bought them if you would not mind."

"I am Lady Salford." And she handed him a card. "I live quite near."

This did not surprise Frank at all, for, rather slummy as his own street was, it lay, as often happens in London, cheek by jowl with one of the smartest squares in Belgravia.

When his customer was gone Lord Hounslow came down, having been strictly forbidden to come into the shop before.

"Did the female buy anything?" he inquired eagerly.

"She bought a bowl and two figures for one hundred and thirty-one pounds ten shillings," replied Frank.

"Oh, my aunt!" cried Lord Hounslow. "Are you *sure* you don't want a partner?"

They both laughed.

"Nothing seems to be gone, either. Now one would have missed that sideboard."

"But it would not have fetched so much. All the same the things were cheap."

Frank told his friend about the bowl. ".....the figures would fetch perhaps as much again in a season-sale at Christie's," he added.

"I'll step round to Salford House," said Hounslow, "and explain that the price was really two hundred guineas."

Again they laughed.

"All the same," said Frank, "I did well enough, for I did not

give sixty for the three. They were some of my bargains. Besides when I picked them up that sort of thing wasn't so much sought after."

Lady Salford was a well-known figure in the world to both young men. She was not exactly a beauty, but she had the much rarer gift of charm, which some people say is nearly obsolete. Her story was a little romantic, for at twenty-two she was a widow, as well as being one of the richest women in London. But that story, if it has to be told, shall be told separately. It would take up too much space here.

She was not Frank's only customer on that first day of his shopkeeping, but she was his best. In the course of the afternoon nineteen persons came into the shop, of whom eleven made purchases. Three of the others came to look and handle, and declare that all the articles were very dear. One came in to ask if Frank would give a small subscription to the Royal Society for Preventing Cruelty to Flowers. One wanted to sell him some watercress, and another to sell him some muffins (also, he guessed, they wanted to have a peep at the pretty things); one asked change of a sovereign, and one inquired the shortest way to Pimlico.

The eleven purchasers chiefly made small purchases, but it was a very good day's work for an opening in such a business.

Lord Hounslow went away for a couple of hours, but his curiosity was too great for him to keep away altogether, and about six he came back, full of eagerness to hear what business had been done.

"You've sold nothing since!" he complained, with a disappointed glance round.

"Sorry to disagree with you. I have sold thirty-two articles, including a big screen that you *might* have missed. I know you long to know what they fetched. Well, altogether, they fetched forty-one pounds five shillings. Not quite so good as one hundred and thirty-one pounds for three things. But it would not have been a bad day's business even if I had not sold those three."

Lord Hounslow could scarcely tear himself away, but he was dining out, and from Frank's shop to the "Haunt of the White Man," as he called it, was some distance.

"Old Gummy St. Roe," he said, thus profanely alluding to a noble marquis, "is marrying one of his daughters, and I will make him buy her a wedding present here. I know she goes in for

these sort of things. Good night, Jokes & Co. If you won't have me for a partner, have me as a *traveler* to take in custom."

Very soon after he had departed, Frank's shop door opened, and an anxious-faced lady entered and glanced nervously about the shop. She had a good expression, and her sad, tired eyes were kindly and refined, but there was an unmistakable air about her of being ill-to-do in the world and troubled. Nevertheless she was unmistakably a lady, and Frank felt sure that if misfortunes had overtaken her, they had not been deserved.

He bowed with a grave and quiet respectfulness that seemed to put the poor lady rather more at her ease.

From beneath her cloak she produced a little parcel, and he had no difficulty in seeing that she had come to sell and not to buy.

"I suppose," she said, in a low, shy voice, "that you buy as well as sell."

"Certainly," he answered, with a little laugh. "I have been buying for a long time; I only began to sell to-day."

His cheerful, unaffected manner seemed to relieve the lady of much of her embarrassment.

"I know it is a new shop," she remarked. "I often come to the little post office, and an hour ago I was there and saw that this shop had been opened. Miss Priddy told me that you seemed to have had a good deal of custom already. So I went home and brought them to show you."

She began, as she spoke, to untie her parcel.

"They are miniatures," she continued, unfolding the paper, "and they are by Cosway."

Now Frank had very often been offered miniatures, and very often had been told that they were by Cosway, but he had very seldom had the refusal of any that were genuine.

"Ah," he said, courteously, "genuine Cosways are scarce and valuable."

"There are six. And they are all, as you see, in real old ivory frames, and the name of each is at the back."

The paper was now all unfolded, and the miniatures were lying on the Empire table that seemed the most convenient place for them. In Frank's shop there was no counter. He picked them up one by one, and examined each carefully, but at the first glance his doubts vanished, and he was quite sure they were genuine.

"And you really want to sell them?" he asked.

"Yes. None of them are portraits of any family interest. But

a member of my family was a collector. Of course I admire them. They are beautiful. But I would much rather have the money. Indeed I have no choice——”

She paused, with a faint flush on her pale, tired face.

“They are, I have no doubt at all, perfectly genuine,” observed Frank, not seeming to hear her last words or noticing her slight confusion; “and they are very fine. Some quite genuine antique miniatures are not fine at all. These are exquisite, and they are in splendid state. The proper way to sell them would be in a season-sale at Christie’s.”

“I should have to wait months for that. No, I cannot wait at all. I would rather sell them now and get a quarter, than wait and sell them after weeks’ and months’ delay.”

“The truth is,” he explained, “I could not offer you even a quarter of what you might get at Christie’s. They might fetch as much as ninety guineas each there. I could certainly not offer you more than twenty guineas each.”

“Would you give me that? Would you give me a hundred and twenty guineas for them?”

The pale flush deepened, and the tired eyes glistened eagerly.

“Certainly I would give you that. But you know it is throwing them away. I could not advise you to sell them for so little.”

“So little! I have offered them half over London and have not been offered nearly so much.”

She pushed them towards him, as though joyfully willing to part with them.

“Will you, could you—buy them to-day?” she inquired with ill-dissembled suspense.

“Yes—if you really wish it. I must of course give you a check. I have not got the money in cash in the shop. But if you like to bring them again to-morrow I would pay you in notes and gold.”

“Oh, no. The check would be best. I would rather finish it all up to-night.”

Frank bowed and inquired as to whose order the check should be payable, and was told the name of Margaret Dene; whether Miss or Mrs. he was not told, and did not inquire. He withdrew to write the check, and soon returned with it in his hand.

“A hundred and twenty-six pounds. I think that is right.”

"Oh, I had forgotten they were guineas. It is six pounds more than I expected."

"It is little enough," he answered, smiling.

The lady smiled too, and with a lighter step and much more cheerful air than at her entry, she bade Frank good night and left the shop.

VII.

After he had shut his shop and balanced his accounts, Frank had some supper, a very frugal one; and after that he went out for a walk, with the parcel for Lady Salford in his hand.

Half an hour later he bent his steps towards Salford House. He knew it very well, for a year ago it had been let furnished for a few months to some great friends of his. He rang the bell, and the big doors were promptly opened by the hall porter.

"Oh, are you the young man from Jokes & Co.?" he demanded, surveying Frank rather critically.

Frank admitted that he was.

"Well, then, her ladyship's instructions was as she should see you personally."

The young man from Jokes & Co. did not inquire whether it was Lady Salford's ordinary custom to see people impersonally; but he obeyed the rather imperious gesture by which the hall porter had signified that he was to walk in.

A footman received him, as it were, from the hands of the hall porter, who promptly went back to his hooded wicker-chair, like a dog into its kennel, and the footman led him up the wide, red staircase that he knew so well, to a small ante-room, in which he had sometimes waited before.

The whole thing amused Frank hugely. He was not at all depressed at the memory of his former gentility, and the contrast of his present mean estate. On the contrary he was rather elated. It was the first day of his life on which he had earned money instead of spending it.

"Please take a seat. Her ladyship has not come up from dinner yet."

Frank obeyed. It was the first time in his life a footman had addressed him without saying "sir." It sounded a little odd, that was all. There was nothing insolent or uncourteous in the man's manner. He was much too good a servant.

As he left the room Frank fancied he caught him "taking

stock" of the young man from Jokes & Co. But that might easily be fancy, or the footman might merely be a little curious as to the contents of the parcel.

Presently the door was thrown open by another footman, and Lady Salford entered.

"The young man from Jokes & Co., my lady," the lackey announced.

She smiled a little as she came forward, and the door closed behind her.

"I think you *are* Jokes & Co.," she said.

She looked far more beautiful in her evening dress of black and lilac; and Jokes & Co. admitted instantly to himself that she was the most lovely person he had ever seen. And yet she was not supposed to be a beauty. She was generally called the triumph of grace over feature.

"I have no messengers at present," he replied, "my business is in its infancy—it was born in fact to-day. We shall have, of course, to get a messenger. At present, I must be my own. I have brought the china."

"The reason I asked you to bring them," the lady explained, "was that I would like to ask your opinion as to the genuineness of a Plymouth group that has been sent me on approval. It is unmarked, as Plymouth so often is, but I think it is genuine."

She opened an inner door, and led the way into a much larger room.

Jokes & Co. glanced round. He had known the room very well. The furniture was mostly familiar, though a few bits of special interest had been added; but the china, photographs, etc., were not those he had been used to see here.

"Ah, how stupid of me! I forgot to bring it down from my boudoir. I was rather late and dressed in a hurry. I will ring and send for it."

Before the lady had finished speaking, the young man had hastened to save her the trouble, and had rung the bell for her.

Now he had scarcely done so, before he perceived that he had made a mistake. For the bell, as he had remembered, was in an unusual position behind the portière that draped the door.

As his eyes met Lady Salford's, he could see that the little episode was not lost upon her.

"How clever of you," she remarked with a little laugh, "to know by instinct that the bell was behind that curtain."

"I am not really very clever, I am afraid," he replied.

She was, he knew, still watching him. He stood, not far inside the door, in such a position as he imagined a man of his supposed class would adopt.

"I wonder," the lady said aloud, "if you were ever in this room before."

"Yes, madam." The young man from Jokes & Co. answered frankly. "Yours is not the first piece of china I have been asked to give my opinion of in this room."

The lady seemed a little puzzled, perhaps a little disappointed. It was quite true that Frank had been asked in that very place to pronounce upon a bit of china. And she saw that he spoke the plain truth. But her next remark was to the footman who answered the bell, and whom she sent to her maid for the box containing the Plymouth group.

While he was absent about his errand, a rather awkward pause occurred.

To see the young man standing there doing nothing, "at attention" as it were, embarrassed her somehow, though it scarcely seemed to embarrass him. And yet how could they sit down and wait together, talking as they would have done, had he been what he seemed and not what he chose to wish to seem?

The footman seemed very long.

"Do sit down," she was beginning, when a better idea struck her.

"These Chelsea figures," she said, "are neither so large nor so fine as those I got to-day; but they cost very much more."

Her allusion to them was evidently an invitation to examine them; he moved forward and did so. But not as he would have examined a piece of china in that room twelve months ago. He studiously affected a professional air, and he kept as far from her as possible.

"No, madam," he observed, with a dry manner that was absurdly unlike his own, "they are not so good—not nearly so good as the Milton or Shakespeare you purchased from us."

The "us" struck her ear.

"Have you a partner?" she inquired half carelessly, but watching him all the same. "I thought I caught a glimpse of another—er—gentleman in the inner room."

"At present, madam," replied the young man in his dry deferential voice, "I represent the firm."

He did not tell her much.

"The gentleman that I thought might be your partner seemed so very like a gentleman I have often met."

"Indeed, madam?"

"Yes. Young Lord Hounslow."

"Indeed, madam?"

"Yes. If you had ever seen Lord Hounslow, you would be as much struck by the likeness as I was." She watched him curiously as she said this.

"Likenesses, madam"—at this point the footman returned—"are very interesting."

Lady Salford felt herself baffled. But she had other arrows in her quiver.

The footman opened the box and drew forth the costly piece of bric-a-brac in its multitudinous wrappings of silver paper. Having unfolded these with as much awe and as little enjoyment as if he had been undressing an important baby, he left the room.

"And now," inquired the lady, "what do you think of it?"

"I could tell, I think, with my eyes shut, that this is true Plymouth. There is no other paste at all like it."

Lady Salford watched his long, pointed fingers as they seemed to caress the white china.

"You say the question of likeness is very interesting," she observed. "What do you think of chiromancy? Do you think one's hands really tell much?"

"No," he replied, with a light laugh, and forgetting his "madam," "for if chiromancy were true, I ought to be a duke at least; and my grandfather was the son of a bargeman!"

"Nowadays," remarked Lady Salford, "one meets plenty of people in society who never had a great-grandfather of any sort! And besides one has eight great-grandparents—perhaps yours weren't all bargemen."

"Four may have been barge-women," Frank was beginning; but it struck him that the conversation was no longer professional. He swallowed his remark and coughed it down sepulchral, in a way that really was quite professional—as though he had come to "request a small payment on account."

"It is certainly Plymouth," he declared, setting the group down upon the flat top of the piano, at which he had often sung. "May I, madam, hope that you will continue your custom and patronage?"

Lady Salford looked somewhat surprised, and perhaps a little annoyed. She had not intimated that the interview was at an end.

"I have to-day acquired some very splendid miniatures," continued Jokes & Co., with its hand upon the door-handle. "They are worth your inspection, madam, if you wish they will be put aside until you have seen them."

The lady at once expressed her intention of inspecting them on the following day, and Jokes & Co. withdrew.

VIII.

During the course of the next day Jokes & Co. did a very fair business, though the purchases did not amount to anything like what they had reached on the opening day. A very large Chesterfield sofa, covered with a beautiful silk tapestry, was sold, and for a couple of pounds more than it had cost, the purchaser being an old gentleman, who made a specialty of Italian art fabrics.

"I bought that tapestry at Siena," Frank explained to Lord Hounslow, who had looked in to see how things were going. "It was filthy then, but I spotted it at once."

"It would have been more to the point to get the previous spots removed," suggested the jocular young man.

"I did that afterwards. I am delighted to have sold that sofa; it took up such a dreadful lot of room, and it was such a temptation to customers to sit down. It would soon have needed cleaning again if it had not gone off."

But most of the things sold that day were small and cheap; nevertheless when closing time arrived the firm was well satisfied.

"Old Gummy St. Roe is coming down here to-morrow," Lord Hounslow announced. "He is quite keen about buying Lady Olivia a *Virtu-ous* present here. I invented that joke while he was talking to me, and I practiced it on him first. I said: 'Cousin Plantagenet, Olivia is such a piece of virtue that you ought to go to Jokes & Co. and buy her one for a wedding present.' The pleasantry can be varied by turning it that way. He asked who Jokes & Co. was, and I said they were the people where everybody was going now to get art bargains. Mind you ask him twice what you intend to take; he doesn't care for anything unless he bargains for it. He would rather give one and ninepence for something marked two and six, than pay eighteenpence for exactly the same thing if that was the price asked for it. And he would fancy he had cleared ninepence."

Having given this advice as to the treatment of his eccentric old cousin, Lord Hounslow lit another cigarette and sauntered off, not, however, before promising that one of his father's wagons should call early the next morning for the sofa, to remove it to the house of its purchaser.

In the afternoon a short note came by post from Lady Salford. It was addressed to the firm in the third person, and apologized for being unable to call at present and inspect the Cosway miniatures. Lady Salford had been called out of London by the illness of a relative, but she hoped to be able to return in a few days, and would then look forward to seeing the miniatures if they were not already sold. As it turned out, she did not return for a fortnight.

Meanwhile many other articles had been brought to the shop by persons anxious to dispose of them. Some were of no use, and some were valued absurdly high by their possessors, especially when the latter happened to be entirely ignorant of the subject. But a fair proportion were good enough to purchase, and their owners were sensible enough to bear in mind that a dealer buys to sell again at a profit, and that, though he may ultimately realize a very good one, he may not be able to sell the article at all for years, so that it is so much absolutely dead capital.

As a rule Jokes & Co. found that the vendors of art objects were only too anxious to part with them, very much more anxious than the firm was to purchase them, and there was no need for any bargaining at all. In fact, Jokes & Co. would not bargain over their purchases.

"What price do you ask?" the firm would say. If the price named was such as to suggest a reasonable likelihood of profit, it would be given at once. If not, Jokes & Co. never offered a smaller price. They simply declined the article altogether.

A great many of the customers bought nothing but prints, and some of them would look through a whole portfolio and only buy a sixpenny print, or perhaps buy nothing at all. It must not be supposed that Jokes & Co. were always selling articles whose price was counted by guineas.

One day a very smart landau stopped outside, and a resplendent footman helped a very resplendent lady to descend. From the ducal coronet on the panel, and the large single letter under it, the firm of Jokes & Co. had no difficulty in arriving at the identity of the lady. The Duke of Fulham is the only duke whose title begins with F, and as there is no dowager alive, this must be the reigning duchess. Her

accent soon clinched the matter, for it was unmistakable New England.

"I want to look at that round print of John, Earl of Lambeth," she announced, with a brief stare of surprise at the shopman, "the one in the gold olive-leaf frame in the window."

She need not have informed Jokes & Co. of the identity of the portrait, but the firm did not say so.

The print was taken down and placed in the great lady's hands.

"He was our great-grandfather," she remarked, in a slightly loud voice, and speaking almost as though she also belonged to a firm. "Lambeth is the second title in our family."

Jokes & Co. bowed with solemn respect. In the family of McSlay there had been as yet no first title, as the firm was amusedly aware.

"It is a very fine print apart from any family associations," the young man observed gravely. "It is also very scarce, for the plate was accidentally destroyed when only a few impressions had been pulled off. It is after Sir Joshua Reynolds. The original is at Fulham Court."

"I guess I know that," answered the lady. "I'm the duchess."

She stared at the portrait with her pretty head on one side.

"My husband has a birthday week after next," she announced. "It would be just lovely for one of my presents. What's the cost of it?"

"It is ten pounds. But I have a Cosway miniature of the earl's wife—Lady Agneta Bohnn, the beautiful Countess of Lambeth. Would your grace care to see it?"

She certainly would, and in spite of its very high price she bought it. Both print and miniature went away in her carriage, and next morning a check arrived for a hundred and ten guineas.

When Jokes & Co. had bought the miniatures they had been paid for by check, and now the firm made it its business to ascertain through what bank the draft had been cleared. As he expected Frank found that the check had been cleared through a bank in the neighborhood, and through it he ascertained the address of Miss or Mrs. Margaret Dene.

To her he wrote as follows:

MADAM:—We recently purchased from you, for the sum of twenty guineas each, six miniatures by Cosway, one of which we have now sold for one hundred guineas. We have pleasure in

now enclosing a check for sixty guineas. Our own profit has been quite satisfactory, considering the quick turnover, and we remain, madam,

Your obedient servants,

JOKES & Co.,

p. p. F. S.

The firm did not mention this transaction to Lord Hounslow or anyone else. But its commercial conscience pricked it.

"Its not business; no, its *not* business!" the original partner admitted to himself as he wrote the check. "Perhaps I may never sell the other five at all. No, it isn't business, and there's no use pretending it is. And 'business first,' but 'pleasure after,' its pleasure after."

IX.

Half an hour after Jokes & Co. had stepped in next door to post that unbusiness-like letter, the postman delivered one to the firm informing it of the return to town of Viscountess Salford, and requesting that if the Cosway miniatures were still unsold they might be submitted to her. "Lady Salford," said the note, "will be at home and disengaged to-night at 8:45; and if the miniatures could be sent then, it would give her great pleasure to see them. Perhaps the representative of the firm whom she already knows would bring them."

One soon gets used to a new state of life; and Frank did not now feel it particularly odd to be a shopkeeper. As he was a tradesman, he was glad that it seemed likely that he should be a successful one, that was all.

Lady Salford received him in the same room as before, and he was conscious that she still scrutinized him in the same watchful manner; but he found it much easier already to act his simple part and appear impervious to her conjectures.

The lady was an instant victim to the miniatures. They were the most beautiful she had ever seen, and several of them were of family interest.

"I will keep them all five," she said quietly. "I wonder you can bear to part with them."

"I only bought them," he answered, "to sell again—at a profit. That is our trade." He paused a moment, and then reminded the lady that she had not inquired the price.

"No, I forgot. Well, what is it?"

"Five hundred guineas," he replied. "It is a good deal of money."

"Yes, it is. But I should rather have the miniatures than the money."

She sat down at an open bureau—of tortoise-shell inlaid with jasper and ivory and cornelian—and wrote the check.

"To the order of the firm, I suppose?" she said.

"Yes, madam, if you please."

Her back was turned to him, but by her side was a small mirror, and, framed in its silver round, was the charming portrait of herself. The firm of Jokes & Co. sighed a little, catching sight of it, and wondered which of the miniatures was equal to it. On the bent face was a sort of smile—or so it seemed to the firm of Jokes & Co.

The young man drew still further back, and seemed to wrap himself closer than before in his quiet disguise of chill respect.

When the lady had blotted the check, she stood up and turned to face him.

"When are you going to take a partner?" she inquired.

"Our business, madam, is not yet large enough to justify the firm in extending itself," he answered.

"I know someone who wants to join it," she said.

Though she watched his face so carefully he betrayed nothing.

".....He is quite sound financially," she continued, still watching.

Jokes & Co. bowed again.

"Anyone, madam, who obtains your recommendation is fortunate."

"The young man whom I allude to—who would like to join you in business," continued Lady Salford, "is called Lord Hounslow; his father, Lord Mortlake, is a very rich man."

Jokes & Co. bowed.

"You know Lord Hounslow, perhaps?" continued the lady, with the same watchful carelessness of manner.

"The name is quite familiar to me, madam," admitted the young man.

At that moment their eyes met, and the lady's was full of laughter.

"He is dining here to-night," she went on. "I thought he would be company for my younger sister, whom I brought back to London with me——"

The lady's blue-grey eyes were still laughing, but her voice was quite steady and innocent. As for Jokes & Co., that firm was beginning to look distinctly annoyed. The expression of its face demanded of the universe what possible concern it could be of his what dinner guests Lady Salford might invite.

"Besides," added that lady calmly, "I know that Lord Hounslow would be so glad to meet *you*."

A sudden flush swept across Frank's expressive face; his manner grew ten degrees icier than before. He gave no other sign of having heard the lady's last words, and with a stiffly respectful salutation, he turned to take his leave.

"If, madam, I can be of no further service to you, I will encroach no further on your goodness," he began, but Lady Salford laughed gently.

"Oh, but you can!" she declared easily. "You can help me to amuse Lord Hounslow."

Her eyes traveled behind the firm of Jokes & Co., who turned involuntarily to follow them. Framed in the wide doorway, leading to the saloon, stood Lord Hounslow and a lady younger than the Lady Salford, but singularly like her.

The doorway was an arch which could be filled by a rolling double door, sliding into the wall at either side; a heavy velvet curtain also draped the opening, and this Lord Hounslow was now holding aside.

The red flush deepened on Frank's face, and all three saw that he was annoyed.

"Now, my dear young man," begged Lord Hounslow persuasively, "do not look so savage. It is fortunate that the Evil Eye is not a British Institution or I should shiver in my shoes."

"I am afraid," said the gentle voice of Lady Salford, "you accuse your friend of playing you false and not keeping your secret."

"I did my best," protested Lord Hounslow meekly. "It was not my fault if Jokes & Co. looked suspiciously like a gentleman."

Lady Salford's sister laughed. She had been considering the firm with obvious and undisguised interest.

"I should not have been deceived for an instant!" she declared in a subdued aside to the company in general.

"It is very tiresome!" ejaculated Jokes & Co., as if it meant it.

"What is?" inquired the company.

"Being found out," explained the firm, with a short laugh of considerable irritation.

"Found out!" cried Lord Hounslow. "Did you think we should serenely pass for a few curio dealers?"

"I said nothing about passing for a few," protested Jokes & Co.

"Why, you were bound to be spotted by the very first customer who entered the shop!" declared Lord Hounslow.

"I was the first customer," remarked Lady Salford mildly, but with complacency. "I certainly spotted!"

"For my part," declared Lady Salford's sister, "I object to all the laugh being turned against the eminent firm of Jokes & Co. It is not justified by the facts. Mr. Street——"

"Margaret!" cried Lady Salford.

"Miss de Senlis!" shouted Lord Hounslow.

"You're not going to turn the tables against us?" expostulated her sister.

"Aren't I, though;" laughed Miss de Senlis, with a fine indifference to grammatical restrictions. "Mr. Street," she continued, turning to our hero, "I am rather hurt by your failure to recognize me again. I did think I had made a deeper impression."

The firm bent all its attention on the lady, with some glimmering of a suspicion that the voice was somehow familiar.

"Don't you remember writing to me?" she demanded. "Don't you even recall the little fact of having bought six Cosway miniatures of me?"

"Were you the distressed Miss Margaret Dene?" inquired Frank, with a dawning and rather grim amusement.

"I was—I was! But remember it was not my scheme; it was Annette and Lord Hounslow who invented the shameless plot. And it was Annette's miniatures I sold to you, and of which you have sold one to the Duchess of Fulham. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

All four burst out together into peals of laughter.

And thus it was that the great intimacy began between Lady Salford and her sister, and Mr. Street and his friend Lord Hounslow, which ended, as may be told elsewhere, in a certain "Double-Wedding in High Life."

(THE END.)

THE MUFFIN MAN.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.



USK was falling over the distant empurpled hills. The peaks of the Laurentian chain and the misty shadows were scarce discernible in the distance. From the summit of Mount Royal, in the foreground, it was stealing down from the Northern city. It was Autumn, when the short days, robbed of their midsummer glory, seemed to hurry into the shadows of night, but sunset still lingered over the river St. Lawrence in long horizontal lines of clear topaz, vivid scarlet and purple. The air had that peculiar clearness which belongs distinctively to that season in Canada. The trees, which a month earlier had indulged in a very carnival of color, crimson, amber, carnation, retained only here and there faded samples of those glories, or, leafless, shivered at the approach of Winter.

In a dwelling that occupied a corner in a quaint street of Montreal, the candles were already lighted. Over a quilting frame, which held in process of manufacture a coverlet composed of squares of silk and satin, were bent three women—Mrs. Warrington, the mistress of the house, Elinor, her daughter, and Philomène, who had been nurse to a succession of children, and was now something between an upper servant and a housekeeper. A sound presently broke the stillness of the room. A bell rang merrily on the street without. “Oh, the Muffin Man,” cried Mrs. Warrington, arising and throwing up the nearest window. A whiff of bracing air entered the apartment, and with it the odor of burning maple wood, so suggestive of comfort and so characteristic of Montreal. Mrs. Warrington saw the short, wiry but familiar figure of the Muffin Man. A large basket was suspended from his shoulders. This was covered with green baize, though underneath a clean white napkin protected the muffins.

“Good day, Michel,” said Mrs. Warrington.

“Good day, madame,” replied the man, touching his cap respectfully. “You want some muffins to-day?”

“To be sure; go round to the door; Philomène will be there in a moment. You may give her two dozen.”

"And the Missy, is she well?" asked the Muffin Man in a voice that penetrated the apartment.

"Oh, yes, very well," answered Mrs. Warrington, carelessly. Elinor, rising from her place, went to a window, other than that at which her mother stood. Her eyes were fixed anxiously upon the vendor, who contrived to make her a sign. Instantly she withdrew her head, saying to her mother:

"Philomène need not stir. I will go and take the muffins. I love to see them, looking so fresh and tempting in the basket. . . ." So saying Elinor hurried out of the room. It was characteristic of her to be prompt in little as well as in great things. She ran along the darkened halls, opened the front door, and paused upon the threshold. The street without was bleak, the gray stone houses opposite dull and dreary. All the color had faded from the sky, leaving only a rim of pale gray and white at the horizon.

There were but three steps from the pavement to the door, and Michel, seeing Elinor, rapidly ascended them. He withdrew the covering and displayed the muffins, lest the watchful eyes of Mrs. Warrington might observe him speaking the while in a rapid monotone.

"Will you be in the garden this evening, at the corner farthest from St. Urbain Street, just before the bell rings for the dead?"

"You have news?"

"News that presses. There are the muffins."

He covered up the basket, touched his cap, and went down the steps. Elinor shivered despite the warmth of the big hall stove, as she pursued her way towards the larder.

The comfort of the house struck her forcibly. The stove gave out heat, and the aromatic odor of spiced pears mingled with savory herbs from roasting chickens. Returning to the quilting, Elinor stitched away at the squares which Philomène marked out, fearing lest her mother might notice the trembling of her hands. Being eager to finish their allotted work, all three continued to sew until the Angelus sounded from the great tower of Notre Dame. With one accord they knelt, and Mrs. Warrington gave out the prayer, after which came the signal for the cessation of labor.

II.

A northerly wind swept down from Mount Royal. The pale crescent of a moon converged towards its zenith in the sky. The garden's quaint rows of bachelor's buttons, phlox, carnations, and

mignonette had long since settled down to a serious gray greenness of branch and leaf. Elinor noted these signs with a pang of regret, as she passed hastily through the paths. Having arrived at the far corner of the garden, she paused and looked anxiously about her. Michel did not keep her long in suspense. His brisk step soon echoed on the pavement, and in a little while he lifted the latch of the gate.

"You are punctual, mademoiselle," he said touching his hat with grave respect. "It is well, for time presses."

Elinor's serious eyes were fixed upon the peddler's face. "Your news concerns Monsieur de Laverdure?"

"Yes, yes," answered the Muffin Man, "What have you heard?"

"Of the fight at St. Denis, and a rumor that he has been taken prisoner."

"He has been taken prisoner," declared Michel.

"And can it be true," inquired Elinor, "that Sir John Colborne, having come into power, has proclaimed martial law, and that the prisoners will be shot?"

"If worse does not befall," answered the man grimly.

Elinor gave a low cry and shrank from Michel, as though he had been the executioner, and was prepared to carry out the sentence.

"That is what I have come here about," went on Michel, rapidly. "Monsieur Maurice is indeed in the jail, but if all goes according to my plan, he shall not remain there."

The girl's eyes devoured the man's face, but she asked no questions.

"I have been down there to-day with muffins, you understand. My basket had other contents: a rope, a file, a word of instruction."

Elinor drew in her breath sharply.

"How brave, how splendid of you, Michel," she cried.

"To-night, as quickly as I can return, he shall leave there. I have come here for a disguise—such a costume as will not excite attention. In fine, I want a bonnet, a dress, a cloak, some hair."

"You shall have them," cried Elinor, "as soon as the eight o'clock prayer is said. My absence from that might be noticed."

"True," said Michel. "I can wait here."

"But where will he go?" inquired Elinor. "Every place is watched."

"We must get him across the river," answered Michel with determination. "Were it not for this right arm which is paralyzed,

I could row a boat, and all would be easy. But as it is, whom can I get. Whom can I trust?"

There was a note of despair in these questions. "But the attempt must be made," he added quickly.

"Michel," whispered Elinor, looking about her as though she feared some lurking eavesdropper, "I can row a boat."

"You?" cried the man in horror. "No, it would never do. Monsieur Maurice would be the first to object. Besides you could not row so far."

"I am strong. I can use my arms, and there is Philomène."

Michel's face brightened. "Philomène. Oh, I forgot; she will do. She is one with us, and can be trusted. She, too, was a tenant of the Laverdures."

His rugged face worked with irrepressible emotion.

"But to think," he cried, "that I am of no use. Like a tree with its branches withered. Oh, were I young again! If it had not been for that accident——"

"You would perhaps have been at St. Denis yourself," suggested Elinor.

Michel shook his head. "I am not so sure of that," he said. "Though it is not that I fear fighting. I have seen some, you understand, with de Salaberry at Chateaugay. I was a boy, then, but to-day, well—wiser heads than ours have said that we should keep out of this business. I obey. But with Monsieur Maurice it is another thing. He is foolish; he has the hot blood of youth in his veins, but we must save him."

"With the help of God and our Blessed Mother, we shall do it, Michel," cried the girl.

"Yes," said Michel. "Wonderful things *ma foi* are done by prayer. Some time I will tell you of those I have seen, but not now. It must be time for the bell."

With a swift direct movement Elinor hurried towards the house, just as the bell of Notre Dame solemnly tolled its appeal for the remembrance of the departed. In answer to the summons, the entire Catholic population of Montreal knelt, forgetful of the strife and uneasiness of the hour. As Elinor prayed for the dead, she added a supplication, that likewise came from the depths of her heart, for the success of the desperate undertaking wherein she was to have a part.

She found, a few minutes later, that her plan commended itself to the French woman, who had the daring and the resourcefulness that had enabled her forefathers to penetrate the all but inaccessible

wilds of New France. Yet she felt it a duty to offer a remonstrance against the peril and grave inconvenience to which her young mistress would be exposed. She was met by a response from which there was no appeal.

"If you do not come with me, I will go alone."

Philomène knew that, under pressure, her young mistress was capable of carrying out such a threat, and, moreover, she herself was deeply moved by the spirit of feudal loyalty that inspired the *censitaires*, or tithe-payers of each manorial domain. Like Michel she had passed her youth on the Laverdure estate, and had a special devotion to Monsieur Maurice, the last scion of that fine old stock. She quickly understood what was required as to costume, and hastening to the garret she procured some clothing, and some false hair that had been used in private theatricals. The Muffin Man was waiting in the garden. She placed all these in his possession, and, receiving from him a few precise instructions, she and her young mistress followed him out through the garden gate.

III.

It was a dark night. The pale crescent of the moon had gone down behind the misty rim of the horizon. The jail loomed gloomy and forbidding. Within all was still as death. The round had just been made, and the guards yawned at their posts. Only in one corner of the building was there life and activity. That was in the cell of Maurice de Laverdure.

This young man was not robust, but his frame bespoke capabilities of endurance. His limbs were supple through constant exercise in the open. He stood erect, alert, with his keen eyes fastened on the grated window, waiting the signal from below. He could only surmise the hour from the setting of the moon. Presently his strained ears caught the low but distinct call of a bird. It was one which he had learned from Michel in the woods, surrounding the manor. That was long ago before this dream, foolish and fallacious, as many wise men thought, had carried away his ardent spirit. On the instant he knotted a rope around his waist, one end of which had already been made fast. Then, with such a prayer as men pray in the face of death, he mounted the sill of the window and steadied his nerves for the descent. He fancied he heard steps in the corridor. He paused, but it was some steps from afar which his imagination had brought near. He glanced downwards, but there was nothing to be seen. Still hesitating he looked upwards into the dark, blue vault, studded at irregular intervals with planets

that glowed and burned. Into his mind came the line, from a dimly remembered page of the classics, "through difficulties to the stars."

The words harmonized well with his character, eager, impetuous, swift to dare, prompt to accomplish. What if this attempt failed, and he were re-captured? Would it not be better to die in effort than in inglorious waiting? He lingered no longer, but slung himself over the sill and went down, half enjoying the swift movement and even the very consciousness of danger. In the twinkling of an eye he had reached the bottom, and forth from the shelter of a tree darted a shadow, endowed with life and motion. The rope was cut and Maurice stood free. He hurried away at a fearful speed, always keeping pace with the shadow. Suddenly, the shadow began to speak, and the voice was the voice of Michel, explaining that the fugitive must array himself in the clothes offered him. Maurice betrayed an expression of disgust and repugnance. Into his ear came the admonition, "Don't be a fool, Monsieur Maurice, and spoil everything." In a few moments of rapid walking the two reached the shore. The river glimmered through the darkness, as it lapped sullenly against the wharf, its swiftly flowing current rushing downwards towards the gulf. Soon they were within sight of a boat, wherein were two figures. "Enter, Monsieur Maurice," the shadow whispered, "and not a word until you are across. The human voice carries far."

Maurice, awkward because of his unfamiliar apparel, took his place in the craft, and the boat, skirting the shore for some distance, suddenly pushed out into mid-stream. Purple black, at first, was the vast plain of water, save where it was lightened by wavelets, that caught the light of the stars. A dreary wind whistled by, driving the water into formless eddies and propelling the boat onwards. From the receding shore the turrets of Notre Dame and the pointed steeple of the Bon Secours stood out in bold relief. The farther bank, towards which the boat was heading, lay, as yet, formless and indistinguishable.

Upon Maurice came a sudden realization of the situation: that he was flying for his life, and that, at any moment, his flight might be discovered. How interminable seemed that distance! How slow their progress despite the strenuous work of the rowers! He strained forwards, as if to grasp the oars, only to remember his disguise, and the possibility that his identity was unknown even to his companions. With a shock he suddenly discovered that they were women. He watched them eagerly, with a growing suspicion that delighted while it appalled him. The idea became so over-

powering that, as his eyes fastened themselves on that one of the rowers who sat farthest from him, unmindful of Michel's warning, forgetful of aught else, he leaned towards her with the single word, "Elinor."

There was no answer, and he saw immediately the imprudence of mentioning her name, for his suspicions might be unfounded. The possibility that they were not filled him with a new exhilaration, and served to shorten the period of enforced inaction and suspense. He could at least anticipate that moment of landing when he should find himself face to face with this being so dearly loved, who had risked so much for his sake. He worked himself, meantime, into a very fever of gratitude, and he told himself that his love could neither change nor waver until the stars above grew pale. He had no eyes for the other rower, and it was only after reaching the shore that he discovered it to be Philomène. That excellent woman, in stepping aside to allow him a few undisturbed moments with her companion, did him another service. Fervent was their greeting and earnest the vows of life-long constancy; so easy in the light of hope and love; so difficult in the darkness of absence, doubt and discouragement.

Philomène, chafing with impatience, at last interrupted their interview: "Children," she said, "there is not a moment to be lost. Everything, as the excellent Michel has declared, depends upon haste. And see there——"

The two turned, and beheld in the shadow of the high-steeped parish church of Laprarie, motionless as a figure of fate, the driver of a horse and light wagon. Yet still the lovers lingered, and it was Elinor, who first found courage to say:

"You must not wait a moment longer, Maurice."

Convulsively he clasped her hands, as she exclaimed through her tears:

"May God keep us both till we meet again."

Then Maurice, approaching the driver, repeated the bird call that had been Michel's signal. It was answered instantly, and the young man sprang into the vehicle, and was whirled into the shadows, but not without many a backward glance for a glimpse of the face that had paled in the agony of farewell. When he could see her no longer, he folded his arms resignedly, making no inquiries as to his destination. In many a farm house along the route sleepy habitants stumbled to the window for a sight of that flying vehicle. Some crossed themselves and shook their heads, while in all the neighborhood legends were set afloat of the strange conveyance

which, in the dead of night, dashed at full speed through the shadows of the trees. It was not until a considerable distance had been covered that Maurice was informed that his hiding place was to be in the Beloeil Mountains, where pursuit would be practically impossible. Suspicion was little likely to be directed to such a place. There he was to remain until it would be safe to make his way to the United States. He would be supplied with food by this same cousin of Michel's, who had agreed to convey him thither on the condition that he should not be asked to cross the river.

IV.

During all this time the Muffin Man was left to anxious reflections. His anxiety for the safe departure of Monsieur Maurice, for his own safety and the convoy homewards, through sentry-haunted street, of the two women, caused him no little fear. A quaint figure he made, as by the light of the stars, he watched the boat upon its way, praying in simple but devout fashion, until it had passed from his range of vision. He then took up his station in a doorway that was surrounded by the impenetrable blackness of the deserted wharf. There he waited; his thoughts moving backwards and forwards like a shuttle cock. He thought of the Maurice whom he had known as a boy, as well as of the Maurice who had become involved in the revolutionary attempt.

When, at last, he helped ashore the two weary and exhausted women, and drew the boat into hiding, the three took their way through the least frequented streets of the drowsy old city, which had lately taken on a sinister activity. More than once, by Michel's quick-witted ingenuity, they eluded the sentries stationed at regular intervals. At the garden gate, Michel parted from his companions, and took his way secretly to his tiny, white-walled house.

V.

During the absence of Elinor, her father, who sat smoking while his wife knitted in the living-room, suddenly inquired where the girl had gone. He appeared to be satisfied when Mrs. Warrington explained that she had probably gone to her aunt's, and that Philomène was with her. He made some grumbling remark as to the folly of women gadding abroad in such unsettled times, and that he would have to go and bring them home. By some inexplicable instinct Mrs. Warrington combated this latter suggestion, reminding him that either uncle or cousin would be sure to act as escort. The master of the house was easily persuaded that he

should not have to inconvenience himself by stirring out. He was a thick set, pursy man, of a type that made people wonder why his wife had married him, and who delighted in that petty despotism which forced the women of his household into unnecessary concealments. He began to talk presently of the arrest and almost certain condemnation of young Laverdure, who, other matters apart, was the son of an old neighbor, since the Laverdures commonly took a town house for the winter. Mrs. Warrington reminded her husband that they had a deeper interest in the affair, because of the engagement existing between the young rebel and their daughter. To this the father replied that it was an engagement of which he had never approved, since Maurice had but little money, and that his connection with the insurgents would now bring the matter to an end, even if the hangman did not save them any further trouble. Having worked himself up into decided ill humor, he took himself off to bed, leaving the mother a prey to misgivings for which she could scarce account. She frequently went to the window, but she seemed to watch in vain. It was, in truth, through the garden that Elinor finally came, and by this very circumstance the mother inferred that the two had come home unattended, and that they had not been to her aunt's. She said nothing, however, waiting quietly in the hall, while Philomène passed upstairs, and Elinor came directly towards her, with pallid, weary face, and eyes unnaturally bright.

"Mother," she began hurriedly, "do not ask me where I have been. It is better, far better, that no one should know."

"It is not better," declared the mother gravely, "that I should be kept in ignorance. In fact, it is imperative that I should be told."

Elinor's serious eyes, startled out of their usual expression, met her mother's glance frankly. In them was neither fear of reproach nor displeasure, but their expression conveyed that the girl had gone far past that point, and had entered into the tragic realities of existence.

"If you wish," she said quietly, "I will tell you, but it would be much better not."

"Tell me," said the mother with some sternness.

"There was a life to be saved," confessed Elinor, "I have given what help I could."

"But, how, where?" the mother cried, frightened out of her composure.

"Maurice was a prisoner. It was said that Sir John meant all prisoners to be executed. There was no other hope."

Then throwing one arm round her mother's neck, she added :

"Don't look like that, you must forgive me. I had to do it, and now I am tired, very tired."

She seemed, in fact, so utterly exhausted that there was nothing to be done but help her up to bed, where, with a long sigh of relief, she closed her eyes and lay motionless. Mrs. Warrington stole away, only to return now and then to see if all was well with Elinor. Each time as she stood looking down upon her, the conviction grew that whatever might be the rash indiscretion into which Elinor had been betrayed, her work was done, and she could sleep. Not so the mother. She was full of a torturing anxiety as to the consequences of her daughter's act, through which gleamed the hope that the venture had been successful, and that the bright, impetuous, lovable youth whom she had seen grow up almost from infancy might be saved. By the intensity of her own feelings, too, she gauged what would be those of Maurice's parents, as well as of her own Elinor, who from early childhood took everything so poignantly to heart. She could understand even while she wondered.

VI.

When Michel reached his dwelling upon that eventful night, he looked up at the roof and down at the walls, as though in the stirring events of the last few hours they must have changed. But without and within the cottage was the same. Even the muffin basket stood waiting in its accustomed place for those rounds which he should have to make in the morning.

It was a bright morning that followed. The grayness of the previous day having departed, and stifling those misgivings which oppressed him, he started upon his customary route. He was aware that nothing must make him omit a single step in his itinerary, lest that circumstance might excite remark.

As he went from street to street, from house to house, something of the excitement that possessed the ordinarily quiet city crept into his mind. On the one hand he seemed to feel the thrill of those incendiary meetings which, with the engagements at Charles and St. Denis, had added fuel to the flame of popular agitation. On the other, of those nightly parades, the enrollment of volunteers, and the enforcement of martial law. The more prominent leaders had nearly all been arrested, and in some instances had broken jail, with a facility that argued the connivance of a friendly or indifferent official. That stern soldier, Sir John Colborne, had been sent

as military commander, with the avowed purpose of taking drastic measures to put down the insurrection.

Everywhere Michel found the city divided in sentiment. The sympathizers with revolt were chafing under new restraints, and the partisans of the existing order were ready to condemn their adversaries. Everywhere there was an eager seeking for news, and an expectation of momentous happenings. Michel feared to ask a question, or to hear tidings which might point to the latest feature in the highly colored panorama of the time: the escape of Maurice de Laverdure.

As the muffins disappeared from his basket, and the cold November day merged into early darkness, he was both relieved and astonished that no fresh sensation had agitated Montreal. It was only as he sat quietly at his frugal supper, that he became convinced that the flight must have been discovered, but that the authorities for reasons of their own were keeping the matter private. In considerable agitation of mind, he rose and paced the room, mechanically putting away the remnants of his supper, and regarding his muffin basket where it stood against the wall. He had come to regard it almost as a companion, so long had it accompanied him on his rounds.

All the old soldier was alive in him at the rumors of battle that were all around him, but his common sense informed him that, just as might be the demands of these insurrectionists, no man who had passed three decades could deceive himself as to the military outcome of the struggle. Not even the wisest could see with prophetic eye that near future when the demands of those same rebels would be the foundation of the new, national policy, lending fresh vitality to the State.

The thread of his meditations was cut short by a knock at the door, that filled him with instant and sure foreboding. He seldom had visitors. Throwing the door open, he found those without whom he expected to see. When placed under arrest, he made no outcry, only expressed his wonder that so insignificant a person as himself, so infirm physically and of advanced age, should be suspected.

"All that, Messieurs," he said, "is for youth." But farther than that, he neither affirmed nor denied, listening with composure to the charge against him. Next day the town was treated to a new sensation. The news spread like wild fire that the Muffin Man had been arrested for the rescue of a young and popular prisoner, Maurice de Laverdure. The public was still talking of the capture of that brilliant social favorite in the engagement at St. Denis, and

now it had to fix its astonished eyes upon a less picturesque but no less daring figure, that of the Muffin Man.

Despite the utmost efforts on the part of the authorities, nothing could be discovered of the whereabouts of Maurice de Laverdure. It was presumed that, like other fugitives, he had found his way to American soil and successfully eluded justice.

VII.

The trial of the Muffin Man was the next sensation. The court room was crowded by all who could gain access thereto, and every eye fixed upon that familiar but hitherto insignificant figure. Called to the bar, Michel comported himself with singular dignity. His name was taken and his occupation demanded. His answer contained so much of drollery that there was a speedily repressed burst of merriment in the audience.

Question followed question as to his movements upon that eventful night, and his answers displayed a rare ingenuity in telling little, while adhering to truth.

He baffled his questioners at every point. The case against him rested solely upon his visit to the jail on the morning preceding the escape, and so the prosecuting attorney had presently to change his ground, and seek to establish a motive through the relations of Michel with the prisoner.

It was then that the impassive countenance changed, and a light came into the faded eyes and behind the dull coloring of the skin, as though a lamp had suddenly been lit. There was deep silence in the court. Everyone listened for the reply of the prisoner. It came swiftly, impetuously, as if the accused had thrown off all disguises:

"I would die for Monsieur Maurice."

The applause that broke forth was genuine and spontaneous. The little gray man in the rough, frieze suit had suddenly attained heroic proportions. It was presumptive evidence, however, of the strongest kind, and, together with his visit to Maurice and a fragment of conversation which had been overheard by a gaoler, sufficed for his condemnation.

VIII.

Meanwhile at the house on the corner of St. Urbain Street, the father alone went his ordinary way, openly rejoicing that Maurice de Laverdure was likely to be out of his daughter's way for an indefinite period. The rest of the family were possessed by a subtle uneasiness. They were in constant terror lest the result of

that memorable night's adventure might become known. Mrs. Warrington was well aware that to Elinor the absence of Maurice would be a merely accidental circumstance, with no bearing upon her engagement.

At first Elinor rejoiced at the success of that desperate venture, and went about the house gayer than was her wont. Her separation from Maurice was indeed an evil infinitely less. But the arrest and condemnation of Michel to imprisonment threw her into a tumult of feeling. She suffered acutely from remorse, and a passionate self-reproach that he alone should be punished for an offense wherein she had played a conspicuous part. Nor was she comforted by the reflection that Michel had originated the plot, and would doubtless have found other instruments for its execution; nor yet by the peremptory message which the Muffin Man contrived to send her: that she would only make matters worse, and possibly lead to the re-capture of Maurice, by any confession of her share in the undertaking.

Elinor was not of a nature to sit down under such a condition of affairs. With her mother's consent, and the reluctant concurrence of her father, she went about the city, in company with Madame Laverdure, obtaining signatures to a petition for Michel's pardon. Apart from the influence of those instrumental in framing this document, there was scarcely one of the Muffin Man's customers who did not affix his signature. Armed with the petition, and accompanied on that occasion by her mother, she sought an interview with the military commander. In Elinor's mind was the resolve, which she did not confide to her mother, of confessing to the Governor her own share in the rescue, and permitting him to take such steps as he thought fit.

Sir John, who had purposely departed from the conciliatory methods of the Earl of Cosford, late ruler of the colony, found his stern principles put to the test when confronted with a pale, slender girl, scarce out of her teens, who, fixing soft and serious eyes upon him, inquired if it were just that a poor, illiterate man should suffer the whole vengeance of the law for an attempt in which she took a leading part. Never was man or soldier placed in a more difficult position. And yet, even if his heart or his humanity had permitted him to arraign this self-confessed offender, what a storm would be raised and what sympathy evoked for the cause! In his secret heart he knew, moreover, that the offence committed had, in fact, saved the government from the onus of putting to death, on a charge of high treason, a young and popular son of the soil.

He paced up and down, deep in thought. Finally, he halted before Mrs. Warrington, who was pale and dismayed by the turn which Elinor had given to the interview. The Governor found her a person upon whom he might vent some of those emotions which were agitating his mind.

"And may I inquire, madame?" he said gruffly, "if you were aware of this unspeakably rash and culpable proceeding on the part of your daughter?"

"Most emphatically, I was not," Mrs. Warrington answered.

"You would have prevented it?"

"There is little doubt that I should, but—" and pausing she looked the Governor steadily in the face, "I cannot say that I regret that ignorance on my part, since you know as well as I that the generous enthusiasm of youth is its own best excuse."

There was something in her frankness that the Governor liked, but he said: "Just now that enthusiasm has created a very unfortunate situation."

"Is that so certain?" inquired Mrs. Warrington quietly. "Monsieur de Laverdure has practically banished himself from the country, to which some day, if so permitted, he may return a wiser man, with the capabilities of a useful citizen. Or he may remain, where we suppose him to have gone, and be one more exemplification of that saying of a British king: 'Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects.'"

Sir John would not, of course, discuss that part of the subject, though, in truth, he was surprised at the superior intelligence of the woman, the sane and just view she took of matters, and the courage and resolution which made her thus bold to speak. He saw the same qualities reflected in the deep, steady gaze of the daughter. After a few denunciatory sentences against rebels in general and Laverdure, and the leaders of the movement in particular, punctuated by moments of silence, which neither of his visitors broke, he asked abruptly:

"And what would you expect me to do in such an emergency?"

"To keep what my daughter has confided to you inviolably secret," answered Mrs. Warrington boldly.

"Still more," added Elinor, fixing her gaze, wistful, innocent, appealing, upon the rugged countenance of the soldier governor, "to give your favorable attention to this petition."

"Petition—what petition?" cried Sir John, as one who, when drowning, catches at straws.

Elinor silently presented to him the scroll praying for Michel's pardon, and bearing the names of Montreal's chief citizens, loyal or disloyal. Sir John, having glanced hastily over it, responded:

"Leave this with me. I will see what can be done. All I promise at present is to take the document into consideration."

As the women rose to go, he added:

"Of course the details of this visit must be kept absolutely secret by you as they shall by me. No more confessions, if you please, young lady, and no more tampering with rebels, or I shall be obliged to order you into captivity. Unless, indeed," he concluded with a grim smile, "you would prefer a sentence of banishment."

The smile, the blush, the glance of humorous intelligence, with which Elinor received this witticism captivated the governor, who stood looking after the mother and daughter, reflecting that some of these colonials were particularly charming women.

So in that instance, at least, Sir John Colborne showed executive clemency, and very soon Michel was ringing his bell and peddling his muffins as of old. In fact he was better off than ever, for his custom was enormously increased. Not only did his old customers support him, but others through interest, sympathy, or mere curiosity were led to make purchases from the now celebrated basket.

IX.

The excitement caused by that rebellion, which, though ineffectual at the time, caused such important results, had long subsided. Eleven years after Montreal could scarce realize why it had been stirred to its depths by the capture, condemnation and escape of Maurice de Laverdure, in which the Muffin Man had been implicated. Many of the chief actors in that brief but momentous drama had passed beyond the bourne, or had faded into the obscurity of private life, when suddenly it was announced that a general amnesty had been proclaimed by the British government, permitting those who had been exiled or had escaped to return to their native country.

Elinor Warrington heard the news with a curious mingling of emotions. Many months had elapsed since she had last heard from Maurice de Laverdure from a town in the middle West of the American States. She had decided that he must be dead, that he had forgotten, or was married to some one else.

His earlier letters had been so full of ardor. In fact, there had been times when she could scarce restrain him from braving all

things by returning for a sight of her. As the years went by, his letters changed in character. He had apparently accepted his situation, and recognized the folly of such an attempt, declaring, moreover, that he would never ask her to accept the rude conditions of his present abode. This common sense view of the matter had been dispiriting to the ardent girl, and the total cessation of correspondence had seemed its natural corollary.

The years which stretched between had brought Elinor from sweet nineteen to thirty, and robbed her figure of something of its slenderness, and her face of its first elusive charm. To the girl herself, it had seemed as if she had grown old. She exaggerated the changes with the hypercriticism of one who sees not with her own eyes, but with those of another. Her first gladness of spirit on reading the headlines in the paper announcing that a long deferred hope had been realized, therefore, gave way to a sickening fear. If Maurice came back at all, it might be under circumstances that would end the old romance forever. Or he might perceive the alteration in her with a chill disappointment, which honor and gratitude would compel him to hide.

It was November once again, and the same monotonous round was going on in the Warrington household. Again, the three women sat at the quilting frame, engaged upon a coverlet, the dull green whereof was faintly outlined with red. It seemed in harmony with the landscape, for the sun of late Autumn was sending pale gleams from the misty atmosphere, and scarce a leaf of green or yellow or crimson lingered upon the trees.

It seemed to Elinor, when suddenly she heard the Muffin Man's bell, as if all the intervening years, including that night when she had gone forth with Philomène, were a dream. She went, as she had done upon that other day, to the door, and there stood Michel, more bent, more frizzled, but substantially the same quaint figure.

"Oh ma'amzelle," he cried, at sight of her, "the splendid news—Monsieur Maurice has come home."

The old man could not contain himself for joy, but with tears streaming down his cheeks related how, on the previous evening, there had come a knocking at his door, and how on opening it he had found Maurice. Elinor's heart sank. The fact that her lover had been so many hours in the city and had not come to seek her, seemed a confirmation of her worst fears. The Muffin Man, however, seemed to take for granted that all would be as before, and Elinor, giving him no clue to her feelings, listened with smiling countenance to whatever he had to recount.

After Michel had gone, the girl stood a moment chilling herself upon the threshold, and looking down the cheerless street where the dust blew in eddies. Quietly, as such things happen in life, she suddenly saw the figure of Maurice, familiar, yet how unfamiliar, coming around the corner. This was no brilliant youth walking as if the world belonged to him, but a quiet subdued man, whose very gait showed self-restraint and the wholesome discipline of years.

Something of his old impetuosity appeared when, as they were seated together in the drawing-room, he cried :

"When can we be married, *chérie*? The time has been so long."

To which he added more soberly, as if in consonance with his new character :

"You know, since the dear father is no more, I have the *seignorie*, together with the money I have made out yonder."

And Elinor had responded rather irrelevantly :

"Then you do not find me changed?"

"Changed? No, let me look at you. Well, yes, perhaps a little. But you are more beautiful and dearer a hundred times. And you must not keep me waiting long, for you see we have already lost eleven years."

"And," said Elinor, hesitating and blushing, "we shall take Michel with us to the manor. He is getting too old for selling muffins, and Philomène, too, if she can be spared from here."

"Oh, yes," assented Maurice, "I owe her also a debt of gratitude."

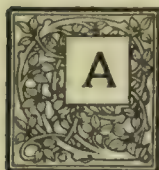
That was a great wedding shortly after at Notre Dame. Those directly concerned would have preferred it to be quiet, but it was the universal wish of friends and acquaintances to be present. Never was there a more popular pair, for their romantic story, of course, had been widely circulated. The bridal gifts included an ancient silver loving-cup from Sir John Colborne, though he had long ceased to govern Canada.

The most interesting figure, next to the bridal pair, was that of the Muffin Man, who thenceforth and forever more had renounced his avocation. His baize-covered basket and its contents were likely to be sorely missed by many of the inhabitants of the Northern city, which was even then beginning to undergo, with the disappearance of many of its primitive customs, evolution into a metropolis.

THE PARDONS OF BRITTANY.

BY ANITA MACMAHON.

One must be a native born; one must have been cradled in the homely dreams of the race, if he is to understand what an all-important part the pilgrimage to his parish church or that of his province plays in the life of a Breton. The Breton's finest and deepest feelings are one with his lowly house of prayer; with its moss-grown enclosure, planted with elm or beech, its mystical atmosphere sweet with the odor of incense.—*Anatole Le Bras.*



ALL the old chroniclers of Brittany write as though this province were an island, "*bois au milieu mer alentour*," and even to-day the national stamp is still so strong that one receives the impression of a land surrounded and protected by the sea.

This effect is particularly striking if, instead of landing at any of the populous seaports, the stranger sails up one of the lovely rivers which form natural roadways leading into the heart of the country, where a Celtic people have retained their language, their customs, their costumes, and their Faith.

Part of Brittany has of course long been gallicized, and it is only in *Basse Bretagne*—and especially in the department well named *Finis-terre*—that life still has that distinctive individuality which is fast disappearing from the world of to-day, where no spot, however secluded, is safe from the descent of the tourist in his motor-car. A line drawn from Plouha, on the English Channel, to the estuary of the river Vilaine, on the Atlantic coast, would mark the division of the language: all the country to the west speaks Breton, all the country to the east French.

Where the Breton language has held its own, we find, as a rule, that the people have successfully resisted all foreign influence, and if old King Grallon, looking down from the porch of Quimper Cathedral, could take note of what passed beneath him, he would have no difficulty in recognizing his people in the Bretons of to-day.

No other country is perhaps so distinctively Catholic as Brittany. There is an absolute harmony between the people and their surroundings, which only comes after many centuries of undisturbed union, and one becomes immediately conscious that in this land the Catholic tradition has continued unbroken from the time that the Gospel was first preached in Brittany.

There is something Catholic even in the physiognomy of the country: in the meditative beauty of the fertile valleys; in the austere grandeur of the wild moor lands; and, above all, in the cathedral silence of the cool green woods, where the veneration of the early Celt for the forest still finds an echo to-day in the Breton saying: "The woods are kind to those that suffer; God has made them a sanctuary, where peace abides and the harmony of the universe reveals itself."

In this naturally harmonious setting the actual symbols of Catholicism seem to crystallize the general impression, and to supply the "high-lights" of the landscape. The *clocher-à-jour* of the Breton church, rising among the trees, is everywhere the pivot of the village. Along the routes, and in the midst of lonely wastelands, the crosses and calvaries are so numerous as to appear integral to the landscape; and interwoven with the hum of Breton life—whether of work or play—we always hear the sound of church-bells, dominating even the clack of the sabots.

It was chiefly the followers of St. Patrick* who brought the Faith to Brittany, and, here, as in Ireland, realizing that the Celt had need of beauty and color, the missionaries were, when possible, tolerant of ancient customs.

The Breton thus retained his veneration for all the wonders of nature: the sun, the storm-cloud, the forest solitude, the bubbling spring, the unfolding of the wild flower, the rustle of the wind in the trees—each continued to have its individual life, with the difference that the Christian Celt, believing that all life comes from God, henceforward worshipped the Creator in every living thing.

The importance of the pardons or religious pilgrimages of Brittany lies in the fact that in them we find not only the religious feelings of the people manifested in the utmost intensity, but also all the unconscious, artistic, and poetic sentiments of the race. These fêtes run like a thread of gold through the otherwise somewhat grey life of the Breton peasant.

*Apropos of the fact that Ireland is the traditional cradle of most Breton saints, the following charming legend is told by M. Anatole Le Braz, who once asked an old woman at Bégard where she thought Hibernia was situated:—"I've heard tell," she replied, "it was a bit dropped from heaven. God formed it into a steep and solitary land, and anchored it with diamond cables in regions of the sea unknown to sailors.....An impenetrable fog encircled it, hiding the island from the eyes of all, but within it was illumined by a soft, unfailing light. There, under the form of great, white birds, floated the souls of the saints elect; thence, when called, they set forth to evangelize the world. In the beginning, it is said, they numbered eleven thousand souls. When the call came for the very last one, the diamond cables parted, and, with the lightness of a cloud, the island returned to heaven."

The pardons begin in March and end in October, the vast majority coming between Easter and Michaelmas. During this period it would be difficult to pass a week in any part of *Basse Bretagne* without witnessing one of these fêtes, which are often held round shrines of Druidic origin, as ancient as the race—as in Rome the pagan temples were converted into Christian churches. The pardons vary in minor points of ceremonial in each diocese, and even in each parish, but the chief traits are everywhere the same. The lighting of a bonfire on the eve of the pardon generally announces the beginning of the fête, which always lasts two days: the first devoted to religious ceremonies, and the second to popular amusements. The pardon is, however, essentially a religious fête, to which people come to obtain an indulgence or ask some grace or blessing, and if on the morning of one of the celebrated pardons one could obtain a bird's-eye view of the country around, one would see on all sides streams of people moving towards the church, as though drawn by a magnet. Delegations are sent from all the neighboring parishes, and these march, banners flying and pipers playing, with the parochial cross at the head of the procession. The pilgrims proceed to their destination with the utmost gravity, reciting the rosary or litanies until they come in sight of the church spire, when they kneel to salute the patron saint they are coming to visit, and then resume their march, intoning a canticle. Many of the pilgrims come barefooted in fulfillment of some vow of thanksgiving, and when the shrine is a famous one they begin to arrive at nightfall, and spend the night in or about the church, unless they are lucky enough to have a friend at one of the farms around, where the women folk have been busy for days beforehand getting provisions ready.

The Masses begin at dawn, and the day is occupied by High Mass, vespers, and the procession.

The procession is, in some ways, the most attractive feature of the pardon, for all can take part. It would be difficult to imagine a more impressive sight than one of these sacred pageants—such as that of the Pardon of Notre Dame de la Palude, or that of the Pardon of St. Yves at Treguier. By their antique splendor they recall the frescoes of the early Renaissance painters. A joyous carolling of bells, answered by all the churches in the neighborhood, announces the departure of the procession, which winds either through gaily decorated streets, or through country lanes

and fields, where nature supplies a still more effective *mise-en-scène*. The musicians—fifers, drummers, and pipers—usually precede, the sailors of the French navy, who take a prominent part in Breton pardons, lining the aisle during High Mass and vespers, and carrying a little frigate gay with bunting, at the procession. The real éclat of the procession, however, comes from the Breton costumes, which are then seen in their full splendor—these gala dresses, so stiff with silver and gold embroidery that they stand upright if placed on the ground, are veritable heirlooms, and are laid by in tissue paper and lavender for the rest of the year. At all times much of the charm of Brittany lies in the survival of the national costume, which gives a touch of mediaeval picturesqueness to the ordinary routine of every-day life, and, like everything else that is distinctively Breton, this too has a Catholic stamp. The white *coiffes* and stiff-goffered collarettes of the women give them quite a nun-like appearance. This is heightened by the conventional sobriety of the long-waisted, pointed bodice with hanging sleeves, and pleated skirt bound with bands of velvet and embroidery. In the beautiful Breton embroidery, as in the old Breton furniture, some sacred emblem is usually interwoven with the arabesques and garlands, showing us in yet another instance how the spiritual fervor, which found its most striking expression in the symbolism of the calvaries and shrines, really pervaded the whole of Breton life.

There is a noticeable difference between the pardons of the Spring and those of the Autumn, and it is necessary to witness both if one would understand the Breton character. In Brittany the Spring has a peculiar charm, a freshness and delicacy of coloring only to be found in humid countries. The sky is veiled in a sort of luminous mist, and the gorse and broom are spreading over the land. From the first days of March when, according to the picturesque Breton expression, "the heavens expand," it is as though the face of Mother Nature softened into a tender smile, and the Breton is too true a Celt not to respond. The first volley of bells ushering in the pardon season seems to set a world of unsuspected sentiments vibrating in the heart of the people, and the Breton, ordinarily so grave, becomes gay and *insouciant* as a child. The young girls take out their most delicate *coiffes* and ruffles, their gayest ribbons and aprons, and all their silver finery. The young men—not a whit behind the girls in naïve vanity—don their velvet suits, their embroidered vests, and their summer hats

of white felt, adorned with silver buckles and long velvet streamers. The roads become crowded with all sorts of conveyances and pedestrians, and after the long silence of the Winter there is everywhere a revival of hope and energy, which gives the pardons the nature of a *fête champêtre*, especially as at this season they are often held in some tiny oratory in the heart of the country instead of in the parish church.

This Spring blitheness rises in a sort of crescendo up to Midsummer-Day, when the fête of the Summer solstice is celebrated with ardor throughout Brittany, where it would be difficult on St. John's Eve to find a village, or even a farm, in which the symbolic bonfire (the *Tantad*) is not kindled.

After Midsummer-Day there is a noticeable change in the pardons, which begin to lose their festive character just as, by a curious coincidence, the sombre note of the heather becomes the distinctive color of the landscape. As the momentous question of the harvest begins to preoccupy the people, the joyousness of the Spring disappears, and the Breton resumes his habitual gravity.

The two great pardons in honor of *Saint Anne* are grave in character. Ste. Anne d'Auray is entirely a religious fête, a pilgrimage rather than a pardon, and it is justly called the *Lourdes* of Brittany. And despite the magnificence of the procession at Ste. Anna de la Palude, of which mention has already been made, the general impression is melancholy owing to the tragic evidence of the havoc wrought by the sea during the year, which is presented by the mourning groups of the widows and orphans of shipwrecked sailors and fishermen, and by the pathetic remnant of "survivors"—a special feature at this pardon—who follow the procession clad in the weather-stained clothes they had on at the time of the catastrophe.

To a population which mainly draws its living from the sea, the stormy Winter months are typical of danger and want, and as the Autumn advances the shadow of coming disasters seems to cast a gloom over the pardons; until these, having begun in the Spring when everything was full of joy and hope, come fitly to a close on All Soul's Day, well placed by the Church at the season of the year when nature speaks of the ultimate decay of all things terrestrial, and in Brittany grey skies and rolling mists seem to enclose the land in a perpetual twilight.

* * * * *

Such is the Breton Pardon—the fervent religious pilgrimages

and fêtes in honor of a patron saint. It is the expression of the highest aspirations of a people, and occupies in their national life an importance beyond that of the fêtes of any other country.

Such is the Breton Pardon; but now, alas! one is obliged to make the melancholy admission that it is extremely doubtful whether it will be possible ten or even five years hence to say the same.

It is always perilous to generalize about a country, and this is particularly true of Brittany, where the old Celtic individualism still survives, giving each commune its own peculiar characteristics, so that in one village will be found all the old religious fervor; in another a strong anti-clerical element; in another indifference—hence the conflicting accounts of the Bretons given by tourists according to the part of Brittany visited.

Taking, however, *Basse Bretagne* as a whole, it must be evident to any close observer that though the pardon still flourishes, though the framework is still intact, the fine spirit which created it and gave it its vitality is dying out. For the last ten or twelve years, owing to a variety of causes which will now be briefly indicated, an insidious change has been working beneath the surface of Breton life, undermining the whole structure, and now only a resolute and united effort on the part of all people of good-will can save Brittany from the modern blight of scepticism and materialism—a truly lamentable fate for a race which remained tenaciously faithful to its old traditions throughout the turbulent period of the Revolution.

Brittany has suffered the usual fate which overtakes picturesque countries where the national life has been maintained. Artists, flying from the horrors of our spurious civilization, discovered a veritable *el dorado* in this primitive country, peopled by simple folk with beauty in their lives: a beauty which is never found in non-Catholic countries, as an artist (not of our faith) observed to the present writer in a little out of the way Breton village. These colonies of artists made little difference at first. Workers themselves, and generally impecunious, they gladly adapted themselves to the life around them. There as elsewhere, however, they were placed in the unfortunate position of being obliged “to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs.” These artists had to paint in order to live, and by the pictures which brought them fame they revealed the beauties of Brittany to the wealthy tourist, who promptly proceeds to destroy the picturesqueness and simplicity

he has ostensibly come to admire. To supply the tourist with the luxuries he requires, the whole life of the country is disorganized, and monstrous hotels, fitted with all modern requirements, soon replace the old-fashioned inns. Even in more sophisticated countries every year brings fresh evidence of the deteriorating effect which the introduction of a visitor's season has on simple village folk. Among primitive people like the Bretons the advent of the tourist bids fair to rub all the bloom off the native life. The short tourist season, with its extravagant prices, upsets the economic conditions, and introduces the fever of money making among the people—quite a different thing from the love of money, or closeness, which has always been a characteristic of the Breton peasant—and the evil is increased by the ill-judged lavishness, or ostentation, of the tourist, who scatters coppers about and then declares that all Bretons are beggars. The result is that in many of the well-known resorts the natives regard the tourists simply as “purses,” out of which they try to get enough during the Summer season to support them for the rest of the year.

How would it be possible for the people to remain simple and unaffected when they find their whole life—their religion, their amusements, their costumes and customs—regarded as a curious survival of archaic days by a host of inquisitive strangers? Tourists crowd to all the pardons, where, as a rule, their attitude is either one of contemptuous superiority or of indulgent amusement. They smile discreetly at the air of grave *recueillement* with which the peasants accompany their parochial cross in the procession. They endeavor to secure snapshots of the most striking incidents, that is, of the most solemn moments of the ceremony. Some of them “vote the whole thing delightfully quaint,” and the people “dear simple creatures;” others “find the show over-rated,” and observe with a certain indignation that “when you have seen one pardon you have seen them all.” Others again, and happily these are numerous, behave in a manner more creditable to their intelligence and breeding—to one and all the pardon is simply a spectacle.

Besides the tourists a large number of natives also attend the pardons as *spectators*, estranged from the Breton spirit by education, residence in the larger towns or absence from Brittany. Such people think it “the correct thing” to treat the pardon as a *partie de plaisir*, arriving in *char-à-bancs* and motors to picnic *al fresco*, and amuse themselves at the expense of the simple villagers. Naturally the result is that, except at the lesser pardons which by their

obscurity have preserved their original character, the Bretons are gradually giving up many of their most touching pieties—delicate flowers of devotion which have withered under the inquisitive gaze of the spectators.

There is indeed danger that all the beauty of Breton life will be destroyed as the modern spirit, with its false ideals of culture, advances into Brittany. All the characteristic features of Breton fêtes are now threatened by some modern innovation: the *biniau* and *bombarde*, by the pianola or the concertina; the *gavotte* by the valse; the folksongs by dubious music-hall ditties; the national costume by the latest Parisian mode; the bard with his *gwerz* by a sensational newspaper. In this arcadian land, until quite recent times, important national events were made known by wandering bards, and even to-day at the pardons an attentive crowd always gathers to listen to the rhymed tale of any dramatic occurrence.

The position of the Breton pardon is therefore, as can be imagined, seriously imperilled, but real irreverence—except that caused by drunkenness—is still happily very rare, and though there is a decided and annually increasing leakage in the ranks of practical Catholics, there is on the other hand no country where one can find examples of a more perfect Faith. At pardons, in the churches, by the wayside calvaries, one sees immobile figures absorbed in a very ecstasy of prayer: men and women lifting up their hearts in supplication or thanksgiving, with an absolute confidence in the power of the Almighty to work miracles for their sake.

In spite of the ravages caused by alcoholism—the curse of Brittany—the people have not yet degenerated in physique, and, except in certain unhealthy districts, the Bretons, men and women, are fine types of humanity. Among the women one frequently sees types full of mystical charm; the men, well-grown and muscular, have a real dignity of carriage, and express themselves with a grave courtesy.

As to the excellence of the material from the moral point of view, one cannot do better than quote a non-Catholic writer, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who writes thus of the Bretons: “Christianity—that is Christian morality—has steeped their lives in its principles. There is drunkenness; it is almost their only vice. Their religion has made them honest, God-fearing, tender-hearted, and leading pure lives.”

In considering the causes which are undermining the religion of the Bretons—chiefly the anti-clerical war waged by the government,

the demoralizing influence of the tourist and the spread of alcoholism—it is scarcely necessary even to allude to the efforts of Welsh Non-conformist ministers, and others, to substitute some form of Protestantism for the national faith. They have not, and never can have, any success, though their charitable gifts of fire-wood, remedies, and linen are naturally very acceptable to the poor, with whom they are able to establish an unusual intimacy, owing to the close affinity between the Welsh and Breton languages.

The Breton will be Catholic or nothing. Religion to him is the Catholicism which is interwoven with the web of Breton life; the Faith he may be said to imbibe with his mother's milk. It is fortunate, therefore, that the clergy have realized in time the danger of exalting distant places of pilgrimage, as the Breton is much attached to his national saints, whose intercession he usually implores with a touching humility as though feeling himself too unworthy to address himself directly to the Almighty.

The extraordinary increase of temperance in Ireland shows, however, what *can* also be done in Brittany to eradicate the evil of intemperance, and in this, as in everything else, we must place our hopes for the future of Brittany in the success of the Celtic renaissance now stirring throughout the land.

Brittany was made part of France in 1532, but was practically independent up to the Revolution, when all her privileges came to an end. From this on the French Government systematically endeavored to destroy the spirit of local patriotism under the mistaken impression that by ceasing to be a Breton one would become a better Frenchman. All the ancient divisions were broken up, and the country divided artificially into *départements*, confusing the different dialects and uniting quite different peoples—in short, pursuing that disastrous system of centralization which necessarily creates a race of *déracinés*.

In spite of all repressive measures, the limits of the two languages have changed little since the sixteenth century, and Breton is still the ordinary vehicle of speech with one million two hundred thousand people in *Basse Bretagne*, though owing to its exclusion from the school curriculum it has in many places assumed a corrupt form. In the churches Breton necessarily continued in use for sermons, confessions, and catechisms in spite of a law—which remained a dead letter—ordering that no language but French should be used in the pulpit, and when M. Combes, who fully realized the advantage the Church gained by the use of the national language,

tried to enforce this law the Bretons raised such an agitation that the Government had to yield. Since the separation of Church and state the clergy are of course free to do as they please.

In France, even more than elsewhere, political differences impede all progress, and here again, but for the example of Ireland, one would despair of the possibility of getting all to work together for the common good of the country. At the present union is rendered impossible by the intransigent attitude of the Royalist party, which, in the opinion of the present writer, works incalculable harm to the Catholic cause. The Republic is fixed in France, and, instead of wasting time in chimeras of a restored monarchy or empire, all should unite in endeavoring to make the Republic worthy of a great people, with a fine history behind them and, let us hope, a glorious future. Even in Brittany the old attachment to the monarchy is dead, and the mass of Bretons are republicans, so that they are placed in a most awkward dilemma at elections, where the only choice is between a royalist candidate and a supporter of the government's anti-clerical policy, which, as Catholics, they of course condemn. If, on the other hand, all the Catholic votes went together, a far greater number of députés of moderate views could be returned. In the same way the position of Catholic functionaries, a numerous class in Brittany, is made peculiarly difficult: on the one hand they are threatened by the government (directed by the small section which has unfortunately obtained control in France), who declare that no good republican can be a Catholic, and on the other hand they are attacked by the royalist party, who are equally vehement in declaring that no good Catholic can be a republican. Thus all the Catholic employees of the government are deprived of the support of the wealthy and influential Catholic families, who stand aloof from the life of the country, and by their avowed anti-republican propaganda furnish their enemies with a pretext for their policy of tyranny and persecution—which they could hardly wage in the name of Liberty, Equality, or Fraternity! The masonic system of espionage is too well-known to need description here, but it may just be mentioned that to the personal knowledge of the writer, not content with stationing emissaries at the church doors on Sundays to note down the officials who attend Mass or who permit their families to do so, they also introduce themselves into private dwellings, and question the *concierges* as to the newspapers taken by the occupants, their mode of life, their visitors, etc., etc.!

Brittany has an association similar in idea to the Gaelic League, *L'Union Régionaliste Bretonne*, founded in 1898 for the reconstruction of Breton life in all its forms: artistic, literary, linguistic, and economic, and here all political opinions are supposed to find place, the one point in common being that all demand that the government should raise the interdict against the language in the State Schools. *L'Union Régionaliste* issues many Breton publications, arranges exhibitions and fêtes, and organizes the representation of Breton mystery plays, notably that of *Nikolazig*, now given annually at Auray during the Pardon of Ste. Anne, but it cannot be said that it has as yet reached the mass of the people, and many of those most interested in the language have never even heard of the *Union*, which is confined to a few centers.

The wonderful Celtic renaissance which has transformed Ireland during the last ten or fifteen years, expanding the life of the people physically and intellectually, has yet to take place in Brittany, and it remains to be seen whether here too the movement started by a cultured group will finish by gaining the popular classes.

THE ELECTRIC STORM.

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

WITH the brilliant pen of the lightning golden,
An angel wrote on the blazing walls
Of Night—that palace of Belshazzar olden—
Impending doom to the ancient halls.

On the silver throne of the moon in Heaven,
The King sat trembling as he saw the hand
Move over the walls in the halls of even,
While white as spectres his satellites stand.

The stars are the cups of gold and amber
That shake and shiver in their quivering hold,
And the gorgeous guests, in the banquet chamber,
Gaze terror-stricken on the scroll of gold.

Is there any sage, saith the King Belshazzar,
That fiery scripture on the wall can spell?
And the sovereign shook till the golden mazer
He held in his jewelled fingers fell.

Then into the hall came a man of wonder,
The prophet Daniel, the portentous cloud,
With an eye of fire and a voice of thunder,
And he read the ominous meaning loud.

Thy soul is weighed in the mighty balance,
The rainbow balance in the Hands of God!
Thy reign is over. Like a tattered valance
Thou shalt be shattered, and under-trod!

Day dawned, and the sun, like a splendid Cyrus,
Assailed the City of imperial Night:
And the stately palace like a purple iris,
He wracked and razed with its banners bright.

In the House of Life, like Belshazzar olden,
There sits a King on a silver throne:
And he drinks the wine of melody golden,
And he calls the pearl of the world his own.

But the time will come when an angel argent
Will write his doom on the crimson walls,
And the prince shall pass o'er the purple margent
Of the world where the Judgment trumpet calls.

GLIMPSES OF THE ALL-BEAUTIFUL.

BY HUBERT HULL.

"Or if that language yet with us abode,
Which Adam in the garden talked with God."

—*Francis Thompson.*



OR all the commonplaces that follow I plead youth, a fatigued body, and the road. It came up towards me, the road, in little leaps, as it were, over the folds in the ground, and I was reminded of that old way between Stow and Cirencester which the natives, I am told, liken to the road through life, since in sixteen miles there are seventeen hills. With that, as the day was drawing towards evening—indeed the sun, even now, was lost in the mists of the plain—I was led to consider how apt is the old simile which speaks of the life of man as a journey along a strange road. Most of all the manner of our end seemed to me like the coming of a traveler round a sudden bend to the sight of the place which was the goal of all his journeyings.

As I sat and considered these things a man came up the path towards me. He was tall and walked fast. A knapsack was round his bent shoulders. As he drew closer I could see that his eyes were full of dreams, and that he was talking to himself, as men do who live much alone. I called out, and he came up and asked for a match, lit his pipe, and sat silent. I asked him where he was going. He said "nowhere," and added that if he sought anything at all it was Pan. He said this with a queer smile, which showed me I need not fear ridicule, and so I told him of what I had been thinking, and how apt it seemed to me was that ancient simile which declared a man's life to be like a journey along an unknown road.

Now when I had told him of these things, he was quiet again for a little, and when he spoke it was as to himself and of things very familiar. He said: "Yes, it is a good comparison, though wanting of course in many things which are important, as must be any attempt to sum up in a single simile such a complex and inconstant thing as the life of man. For myself I have often thought that in our lives we are like men born in exile, coming at last to

their own country, to sights and sounds strange, yet in some way familiar, of which though they have no memory, yet the meaning sleeps in their blood. Or again it is as though we traveled by night in a strange country, and every now and then a flash of lightning lit up the way and the place towards which it made. For a moment the road is plain, and we get a glimpse of the goal. It is only a moment, and the vision is not long enough for us clearly to understand. Yet in our blindness it heartens us and gives us strength."

At this I was somewhat puzzled, and asked him whether he had in his mind such high moments as when the sight of a belt of trees lined against the dawn, or a strange sunset brings one a flash of understanding, so that one reads a sudden meaning in the flaming characters of the sky.

"In part that is my meaning," he replied. "*Coeli enarrant gloriam Dei*. But surely it is not only through our eyes that these sudden meanings reach us. I sometimes think of a sixth sense, which can take sensations received by the other five, but too delicate for them, and interpret vibrations unmeasured by eye or ear. For yourself you say that this experience is born of the especial glories of Nature. In that way, I suppose, most men are so touched and inspired. But one may find this same thing in painting and architecture and literature. Indeed, the highest in all these arts is to be found in these sudden flashes of enlightenment. I seek and find them most often in music."

A phrase of Newman's sprang to my mind. I remembered how he spoke of such music as "Echoes from our home," and the meaning of his words grew plainer.

He went on: "More, it is given to some men to see these things, not only in the grander and more arresting moments of Nature, and the greater achievements of Art, but even in things which we others call common. Such a man once told me that had men but eyes to see, this hidden meaning is to be found in the bluff bows of an ordinary boat, or the strenuous framework of the plough, no less than in the 'pomp of eve and the cold glories of the dawn.' He would quote these words, for he loved Stevenson, and used to say that he had some unconscious knowledge of this great fact. St. Francis, of course, had it to an extraordinary degree. That is why he used to talk of his little sister the well. Where we stumble as exiles he walked as a child at home."

He sat silent for a while after this, and I was too full of what he had said to speak. After a while he went on again:

"Some people think of such moments as merely the revelation of the Beautiful. For myself I would rather, though the word is almost as inadequate, call it Truth. I think of such moments as of words caught here and there in a tremendous answer; as if we were eavesdroppers on a tremendous secret. That is what I meant when I said that I sought Pan. I did not mean that old Greek god of Fear. I meant that I sought what all men seek: the answer to all their half-understood questionings, the *X* of the world's equation, the solution which shall make the crooked ways straight and the rough ways plain."

He stood up to go. We said good-bye, and he swung off over the hill. As I went down I came on a small child standing in the last rays of the setting sun, and in the light of that child's face, its plain features strangely beautified, I began to see a fuller meaning in what my friend had said.

What was it that gave the child that subtle something which, for lack of a better word, must be called Beauty. Its features were plain; its clothes unlovely; its gesture common. It came to my mind how it is in the eyes of little children that Thompson makes the soul come nearest to peace in its frenzied flight from the all-pursuing love of God. Like calls to like, and surely that which shines in the eyes of the child is the soul. This is its beauty. It disappears soon, that timid shining spirit, before the splendors of our mortal experience like a fairy at the coming of dawn. But, at the beginning of life, and some say, at the end, also, the soul trembles on the senses' threshold. They are weak these sentinel senses; the mind, their master whom they serve, is half asleep. Only the soul, the unresting soul, stands at the door of its sepulchre of clay. Hence, then, I thought, comes the rare spiritual beauty of a child—the mind still sleeps, only the soul, made in the image of the All-Beautiful, stirs.

Now it is a thing difficult, nay, almost impossible to separate the idea of the soul from that of the mind. We live, the most of us, in and by things of sense; a taste in the mouth; a scent in the nostrils; sounds ringing in our ears; the subtle learning of the fingers; the watchful vision of the eyes. By the miracle of memory these impressions live. Imagination rummages among them, shakes and shuffles the kaleidoscope. But imagination does not create; it combines old experiences. Through the five channels of our senses runs all the flood of our daily lives.

At one time or another everyone must pass through the stage of wondering worship of this intellect of ours and its victories. By everyone I mean those whom Providence has seen fit to confront with such things. It is not to be considered here how their lot compares with that of those whose lives are fed with simpler things. Newman, at any rate, poor tortured soul, considered that, as a critical analytical instrument, our intellect is one of the penalties of the Fall. Poor, timid, groping, lonely thing, strong and weak, clumsy and subtle, curse and blessing, this intellect of ours, at any rate, stands sentry over the garden of our lives. Yet, as I say, sometimes the sentry seems to doze. For beyond all this, separate from and independent of the mind and its gropings, there lives the soul.

“Il y a entre les idées d'âme et de pensée une telle connexion qu' on ne peut en aucune manière imaginer l'une sans l'autre. Je dis imaginer, et je dis bien, car si on se contente d'avoir une notion obscure, vague, et presque nulle, de l'une et de l'autre, on peut aisément supposer que l'une peut être sans l'autre.” (*Joubert, Pensées* I. 78.)

Of this notion, I thought, the child was an example. Its beauty—the word is inadequate, for its appearance satisfied no canons of beauty—its beauty lay just in this: that the mind was dormant, and the truant soul shone from its eyes. And, I say, in the light of its face, I began more clearly to understand what my friend had said, and to find it inadequate.

He had spoken of Truth and Beauty and a sixth sense, but his thoughts, obviously overflowed the shallow vessel of his words. I began to be certain that that sixth sense we should do better to call the Soul.

These sudden moments of feelings, these stabs of high experience, surely mean more than a special quickening of eye or ear. Through eye and ear they come, in truth, these subtle vibrations, but surely the chord they touch is not that on which we play the common tune of life. These high moments are something greater than the senses' daily food. We are told of Heaven that “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God hath prepared for them that love him,” and we whose pains and pleasures come from the mind and its servants, the senses, find it a dark saying. But the saints, even within their mortal experience, speak of such things with evident conviction, and, indeed, we cannot think that all God's rewards

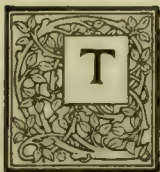
are on the other side of the grave. And so, for us lesser beings, may we not think, then, of these high moments as some dim shadow of the joy of Heaven.

There is an old fable which can be bent to this meaning—"the fable," as Stevenson tells it, "of the monk who passed into the woods, heard a bird break into song, hearkened for a trill or two, and found himself on his return a stranger at his convent gates; for he had been absent fifty years, and of all his comrades there remained but one to recognize him." Here surely was an "outpouring of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound," "an echo from our Home." It affects something greater than the senses, and therefore time, which is a thing of the senses, vanishes, and the monk, as it were, steps out of the plane of space and time. We have, inevitably, to fall back on sense-words to speak of such things. For my part I would think of them, as though for a moment we overheard the everlasting conversation of the soul. As my friend had said, these moments are words caught here and there in a tremendous colloquy, as if we were eavesdroppers on a tremendous secret. We may call it Truth or Beauty, but we are clutching at the hems of something greater and stronger and more real than these, which is the Revelation of God.

So thinking and very hungry I came down to the smoke of home.

LOVELACE AND VAUGHAN: A SPECULATION.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.



THE poem *To His Friend*—— (whose surname is not hinted at), is one of the best examples of Henry Vaughan's spirited "second manner," which covers the years 1645-1650. It has never been annotated in any way. It is a deeply-felt meditation, in adequate verse, on the old familiar conjunction of genius and the garret, such as already had been partly foreshadowed in Randolph's *Parley With His Purse*.^{*} Vaughan's epistle seems to have been addressed to some highly sympathetic fellow-craftsman. His name was James, a name which in those days was not common. Vaughan knew the not very admirable James Philips of the Priory, Cardigan, the Matchless, Orinda's husband, whose sympathy with poets would be assured; he also knew James Herbert, afterwards Sheriff for Montgomery, who had been with him at Jesus College, Oxford; and James Vaughan, Tutor and ejected Fellow, apparently no relative of his own. These academic amateurs, like all their world, committed occasional verse in local publications. Then there were two professional literary contemporaries bearing the name who were well known: Shirley and Howell. The first is almost out of reckoning in this case; but there are several indications (which need not here be examined), of a connection between the young Vaughan and his distant kinsman and senior countryman, the celebrated author of *Ho-Eliaæ*. Miss Morgan, the best biographical authority on Vaughan, is of this opinion in regard to the possible identification of "James."[†] Posterity has not taken that engaging gentleman very seriously as a writer of verse. There is plentiful evidence, however, that he considered himself a poet first and foremost, and that he was so considered by the Tribe of Ben, into which he had been regularly adopted. It would be at least perfectly of a piece with Howell's known temper, and not otherwise than highly welcome to him, had Vaughan chosen him for confidant of this little poem *ex intimo cubiculo cordis*, with its unaffectedly rueful

^{*}In one of the British Museum copies of *Olor Iscanus*, (King's Library 238, b. 41), this poem is subtitled in ink, in a contemporary handwriting on p. 7, *De Inopia Poetarum*. The book belonged to one Thomas Leach.

[†]See Muses Library ed. of Vaughan, 1896: ii., 336.

"we" and "us," implicitly inclusive of speaker and hearer, and all their luckless rhyming clan. As it happens, moreover, James Howell in person provides us with the very text on which Vaughan's decasyllabics may have been hung, fringe-wise.

The first edition of the ever-charming *Ho-Eliaæ* was issued in 1645. One of the Letters to Dr. Prichard contains this passage: "I have read that it hath been the fortunes of all Poets to die Beggars; but for an Orator, a Lawyer and Philosopher as he [Sir Francis Bacon] was, to die soe, 'tis rare."* Such a sentence, out of a book very much in everybody's mouth, may well have struck Vaughan, who cared always and most sensitively for the honor of his Royalist Muse. "It hath been the fortunes of all Poets to die Beggars!" Strange, this grim old circumstance! older far than the Greek and Latin pens which mused upon it thousands of years ago. So Henry Vaughan breaks forth into protest, worded as with ribboned steel.

I wonder, James! through the whole history
Of ages, such entails of poverty
Are laid on poets.....

.....In all the witty score
Thou shalt not find a rich one! Take each clime,
And run o'er all the pilgrimage of time,
Thou'lt meet them poor, and everywhere descry
A threadbare, goldless genealogy.

.....When I by thoughts look back
Into the womb of time, and see the rack
Stand useless there, until we are produced
Unto the torture, and our souls infused
To learn afflictions, I begin to doubt
That as some tyrants use, from their chained rout
Of slaves to pick out one, whom for their sport
They keep afflicted by some lingering art,
So we are merely thrown upon the stage,
The mirth of fools, and legend of the age.

When I see in the ruins of a suit
Some nobler breast and (his tongue sadly mute)
Feed on the vocal silence of his eye,
And knowing, cannot reach the remedy;

*Jacobs ed., Vol. i., Book iv., No. 8. Jan. 6, 1625, is the date; but Howell's dates are arbitrary.

When souls of baser stamp shine in their store,
 And he of all the throng is only poor;
 When French apes for the foreign fashions pay,
 And English legs are dressed the outlandish way,
 (So fine, too, that they their own shadows woo,
 While he walks in the sad and pilgrim shoe),
 I'm mad at fate, and angry even to sin
 To see deserts and learning clad so thin.
 To think how th' earthly usurer can brood,
 Upon his bags, etc., etc.

Here the indignant Silurist is overwhelmed by the maleficent mood into which mention of usurers generally throws him, and he whacks them right and left. No proceeding, by the way, could have been more pleasing to Howell, if "James" indeed were he: for that cheerful and philosophical spendthrift was always in debt, and even more familiar with the bailiff and the gaol than with "the carelesse neglects and despisements" of the profession of letters. The duty of castigation performed, Vaughan ends in a sweet C major strain of utter and ultimate compensation.

But we'll be wiser, knowing 'tis not they
 That must redeem the hardship of our way.
 Whether a Higher Power, or that star
 Which, nearest heaven, is from the earth most far,
 Oppress us thus, or, angel'd from that sphere
 By our strict guardians [we're]* kept luckless here,
 It matters not: we shall one day obtain
 Our native and celestial scope again!†

Even in these excerpts, which exclude the less immediately relevant passages, there is much to arrest the critic. Every twist and turn of the masculine couplets is packed with meaning. They have verbal echoes of Marlowe, Randolph, Herbert, Drummond, and Crashaw; they gird at the imitative London men of fashion as Peacham does before them, and Evelyn after; they furnish a hint of the writer's early astrological studies; they negotiate gracefully and tellingly a simile drawn from the Biblical fall of man, that primeval casualty with which Vaughan's sacred verse is passionately preoccupied, but which in his secular pages shows rather unexpectedly. In neither does he advert to the fatal break in "the

*"Are" in all editions, ancient and modern; which makes no sense.

†Vaughan: Muses Library ed., ii., 70-72.

chime and symphony of nature" without instant recurrence to the correlated theme, the final re-tuning and inter-harmonizing of the jangled universe, "when Thou shalt make all new again." Our young moralist sings of humanity as "angel'd from that sphere" of Eden: that is, driven out by angels, here equivalent to a celestial police force. The curious verb is also employed by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, in *Mustapha*:—

"So bless'd are they, so angel'd, so eternized,"

where it stands obviously for something much more passive and conventional. Vaughan's usage, an unique one, has escaped even the scholars of the *New English Dictionary*.

Now by far the most interesting stanza of this interesting outburst of Henry Vaughan's is the fourth one quoted. One phrase in it, that about "the vocal silence of his eye," may now in our day be called even famous. As a descriptive stroke indicating the pathos of gallant uncomplaining anguish which is yet guessed-at by the wise, it would be hard to beat. There is something like it, but not nearly so fine, in Habington.

Vaughan's sincere generalities on the sorrows of poets bring forward one, and only one, personal instance, to give them point and the color of a concrete tragedy. Does it not seem probable, on the face of things, that a photographic negative lies hidden among the lines, and is, perhaps, the very norm and motive of the whole poem? For Vaughan is a quite formidable psychologist, a lover and a hater like few. It is a mistake to consider as an abstract dreamer one who describes himself in his very first Preface as a deliberate satirist of persons and events under his eye. He misses not many major actors on that wonderful stage of "the Warres" and the iron Commonwealth; now in verse, now in prose, he casts on the wall of his dim cell, like a sorcerer, the strange ghost-like profiles of the great who tread Whitehall, or even of the little clashing partisans of that Breconshire where he is never quite happy save when alone with woods and streams. This street-sketch of "some nobler breast"* beheld in 'ignominy and rags, while the children

*"Some" is a favorite circumlocution of Vaughan's "proud and humorous" mind. With him "some son of a butcher" is, pretty conclusively, Major-General Harrison, the Regicide; Keeper of the Rolls for Breconshire; "some of those desperate adventurers... the principal or most learned writers of English verse... who dash the Scriptures with their impious conceits," etc.; Milton, in his pamphlet propaganda; and so on.

of darkness swagger past him,—is it a mere exercise of rhetoric? has it no application? or, Vaughan being Vaughan, is it not at least as likely to be history, the intensely emotional presentment of some fellow-royalist, an unfortunate but blameless brother of the lyre?

By the intrinsic evidence of style and theme, this poem of Vaughan's could hardly have been written before 1645, nor after 1650. Was there indeed any English poet at that period whose circumstances the poem would, without undue stretching, fit? And secondly, was the writer so placed at the time that he would be likely to have met with such a person, and to have taken his troubles to heart? The answer to the first query is a simple matter. As all the world knows, the poets of the reign were almost without exception King's men, and adverse destiny singed them sorely with "the travelling flame" which overtook and devoured their master. By 1645-50, Carew, Suckling, Francis Quarles, Cartwright, Godolphin, Falkland, had passed from the scene, the two latter on the field of honor; Drummond was at Hawthorndean, a non-combatant, but moping, desperately, it is said, over the turn things were taking; Stanley and Habington, both good passive Royalists, were wisely keeping out of the way. Sherburne, Fanshawe, Cowley, Denham, Davenant, l'Estrange, Cleveland, figures in the van of Royalism, were hard hit by the Parliament's triumph, and were driven into a pinched and retired private life. Of these, Davenant was the greatest sufferer, inasmuch as he lay in prison for three years, although allowed to pursue his literary labors. Crashaw came temporarily to real destitution, until Cowley rescued him. The favorite of Court circles in that mid-century, the most conspicuous personality of all the Cavalier poets, Colonel Richard Lovelace, was also that one among them whose fortunes fell into irretrievable ruin, and who had to look beggary squarely in the face. Unlike Crashaw, Lovelace was never rescued at all. As the mouthpiece of an unpopular petition, he had been cast into Westminster Gatehouse, and he had borne part in many a losing fight in England and abroad, but none of these things gave the final blow to his spirits. Everyone remembers his tragic story, how on his return home in 1648, after having been reported dead of his wounds at Dunkirk, he found his unknown Lucasta or Althea married to another suitor. Utter affliction and discouragement, due to the loss of her love, may have disabled him from profiting by such common measure of alleviation as fell to his colleagues. He sank slowly; he sank in the public view. His

fate made the deepest possible impression on the contemporaries who, so to speak, yet watched him die.

There is an exquisite account of him by Anthony Wood:* it most remarkably corroborates and supplements Vaughan's picture of genius in distress. Lovelace, says Wood in his most sympathizing mood, was a man "accounted the most amiable and beautifull Person that ever eye beheld" "adored by the female sex" even as an Oxford undergraduate (he matriculated at Gloucester Hall, 1634); and "as much admired by the male;" in bearing and conversation "incomparably gracefull;" one who had "a most generous mind in his prosperity," and failed not to be "a great Patron to all ingeniose men in want." The Muses' darling, in short, and of the true breed and mould: another Sidney, as knightly, and almost as short-lived: one who had no living peer in Britain for sheer ideal nobleness of character, except Montrose.

Vaughan's eulogy is for a "nobler breast," and "deserts:" Wood's Lovelace "drew respect from all men and women," and was "of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment." (How fine is this last touch, characteristic of an age which still looked on manners as a necessary symbol of moral perfection!) Vaughan mentions "learning," a quality hardly conspicuous in Lovelace's divine hurried lyrics, struck out in the scant leisure of a soldier's life. But learning then meant culture, not that very different modern thing, information. Wood again bears out the statement fully. "He was accounted by all those that well knew him to have been a Person well-versed in the Greek and Latin poets; in Musick, whether practicall or theoreticall, instrumentall or vocall; and in other things befitting a Gentleman." Vaughan dwells upon the "ruins of a suit," the "sad and pilgrim shoe" in which his man is "clad so thin," and contrasts him most graphically with the "souls of baser stamp" in their "foreign fashions," the "fine" and "outlandish" dandies of the hour. Now singularly enough, Wood dwells on this very matter of dress: singularly, inasmuch as all human males of the upper class were then veritable birds of Paradise, entirely eclipsing their womenkind; and as to excel in the arts of apparel, while these were so sensitively understood and so fearlessly practiced, was no small prerogative. This Lovelace who went, Wood says, "in ragged cloathes," had been a brave sight once: "in his glory," he assures us, "he wore cloth of gold and silver!" And then he goes sadly on: "Having by that time (1649) con-

**Athenae Oxonienses*: iii., pp. 461-2.

sumed all his Estate, he grew very melancholly, which brought him at last into a consumpcion; became very poore in body and purse. became an object of Charity and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places." For ten years he wandered about Cromwell's London, his bright courage quite broken. He died, according to Aubrey, "in a cellar in Long Acre;" according to Wood, "in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane." From the door of one or the other, he was taken in the year 1658 to the vault of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, where some of his kinsfolk were buried, and there left to his long-sought rest.

Henry Vaughan was in London throughout 1640-42, the heyday of Lovelace's "glory." This has nothing to do with the date of the poem, but may have supplied its contrasting memories. He may have been in Oxford during the Winter and Spring of 1645-46. His *King Disguised* seems to have been written there in April. Charles resumed in the loyal City his court and camp, so soon as he had beaten his retreat from the disastrous campaign ending at Rowton Heath. Henry Vaughan had been one of his Welsh body-guard of cavalry troopers at Rowton,* whose natural place, it would seem, was still at the royal fugitive's side; and if he were there, he must have seen Lovelace every day, as well as Denham, Cleveland, and Crashaw.

University life had become quite disorganized before the King's flight to Newark, but the Bodleian Library was in use, well-protected up to the surrender of the garrison, and equally well-protected afterwards, thanks to Fairfax's chivalry. It is by no means improbable that Vaughan's grateful and affectionate Bodley† poem belongs to this year, "the author," as a clause of its title tells us, "being then in Oxford." In 1650, he may have gone up to London from Brecon, in order to put through the press a book of his own which he very much cared about: the first part of his *Silex Scintillans*, bearing that date. The guess is purely tentative, that either at this time, or during a subsequent visit to his brother after the Restoration, Vaughan may have produced *To Lysimachus*,‡ a poem which has its depreciating touches concerning "trimmed gallants" in their "lace" and "gold," much in the vein of similar strictures quoted in this paper. The plain country gentleman evidently bore a grudge against all beaux! In London also, getting news in its

*There is unpublished documentary evidence on this interesting and disputed point.

†Vaughan: Muses Library ed., ii., 197.

‡*Idem*: p. 195.

freshness of so mournful a fate, he may well have penned his lovely and touching elegy* on the little Princess Elizabeth, who died at Carisbrook Castle in September. The elegy is full of the same passion of pity, the same reaching forward towards the eternal righting of the wrongs of earth, which light up *To His Friend* with a quite intimate beauty. Were Vaughan during 1650 in London (the little London of the Carolian writers, where to know one was to know all), he could hardly have avoided meeting Lovelace in the streets, if nowhere else. The order of his release from Peterhouse, Aldersgate, had been signed on the tenth of the preceding December; he was in town again, wan and changed, for Vaughan or any other spectator to moralize over. In the year 1646, the troubled poets under arms in Oxford had all been poor together; but should the line,

“And he of all the throng is *only* poor,”

be meant for Lovelace, it can only apply to him while haunting the hostile Roundhead capital of 1650, and at no other time before 1651, when Vaughan's poem to “James” was published in *Olor Iscanus*.

The Silurist, a child of South Wales, would be aware that the Kantish Lovelaces had their own ties with his then not very populous native country. Sir Richard's younger brother Francis, himself a Colonel of distinction in the King's army, had been Governor of Caermarthen Castle from January, 1644, until it was captured by Laugharne in the October of 1645; and William Lovelace, who had served under his poet-brother in the field, was killed at Caermarthen at the time of the surrender.

Wood's pathetic and startling detail, especially were there no other contemporary report on the same subject, would carry one's thoughts back to the passage in Vaughan; and Lovelace himself was such an acknowledged pattern of chivalry, and so filled the eye of England in his poetic prime, that did Vaughan's lines not exist, a really thoughtful critic, knowing the latter's habits of observation, might still be tempted to search for Lovelace in just some such characterization in *Olor* or *Thalia*. Moreover, were there within reach, in real life, such a tragic fact to prove Vaughan's thesis in hand, would it not be fantastic indeed to whip oneself into a rhetorical fury over an imagined injustice?

**Idem*: p. 102.

Thus in the crowded alleys, or in St. James' Park, Henry Vaughan may have looked again upon a man who had suffered far more than himself for that ever-sacred cause of the martyred King: upon the Lovelace, once so "adored and admired," now penniless and infirm, who has become

"The mirth of fools, and legend of the age."

He is the living victim of the cruelty of that new order which Thomas Vaughan, Henry's twin, accuses of "some strange desamour to poesy." The two poets accost each other with glances if not with words, and go their ways. Henry Vaughan too, is poor, and will always be so until his medical practice shall have brought him a competency. But the heir of Trenewydd is not so destitute as this man; and this man is Lovelace: Lovelace the heroic singer, the heartener of no mean generation, through his glorious lyrics, instinct with moral power; Lovelace, the bugler of

"Stone walls do not a prison make,"

the banner-bearer of

"I could not love thee, Dear, so much
Loved I not honour more!"

Hot unshed tears over the terrible irony of this world, smart in Henry Vaughan's generous eyes; and when he gets back to his lodgings at night, he goes to his writing-table, and pours forth to his friend his impressions and opinions, out of that "anger even to sin" which does the very greatest honor to his own mind and heart. Such is our theory.

One point further. James Howell was acquainted with Lovelace, who was his junior by nearly a quarter of a century, and only by three or four years older than Vaughan; moreover, he cherished his memory with much affection. Dudley Posthumus Lovelace, the youngest of that brilliant family, had his brother's poems published in 1659. Appended to this rare *Lucasta* are a number of elegies on its author "by severall of his Friends;" "D. P. L." having "collected" them for the press, under the date 1660. And among these commemorative verses is this, signed "Jam. Howell."

Upon the Posthume and Precious Poems of the nobly extracted Gentleman, Mr. R. L.

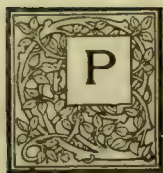
The Rose and other Fragrant Flowers smell Best
When they are pluck'd and worn in Hand or Brest:
So this faire flow'r of Vertue, this rare bud
Of Wit, smells now as fresh as when He stood;
And in these Posthume Poems lets us know
He on the Banks of Helicon did grow.
The beauty of his Soule did Correspond
With his sweet out-side, nay, it went beyond!
LOVELACE, the minion of the Thespian Dames,
Apollo's darling, born with Enthean flames,
Which in his numbers wave and shine so cleer
As Sparks refracted in rich gemmes appeare:
Such flames that may inspire, and atoms cast
To make new Poets (*not like him in hast.*)

James Howell is the only "James" among the not circumscribed group of friends who thus honored poor Lovelace in his too early grave.

Around Vaughan's poem we have woven a web of conjecture: as conjecture, can it be deemed altogether wild? It is interesting, this full descant on the hardships of a literary career, because chronologically it is the first thing of its kind in the English language. It would take on, in addition, a deeply dramatic value, could it be proved to have drawn inspiration from a casual meeting with Richard Lovelace in the year 1650; and doubly, could we learn that the young Vaughan was walking with Howell when the piteous apparition crossed their path of "the faire flow'r of Vertue . . . as he stood . . . with his sweet out-side," now dimmed and harmed by the usages of life, yet innocent of all blame: the best possible text for a vehement indictment of unjust fate. But the true *pièce justificative* of such a meeting will never be forthcoming.

SPIRITUAL READING.

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



ART of Ezechiel's commission as a prophet was to eat the written words of his prophecy.* It shall not be otherwise with any energetic servant of God. Whether for self-discipline or the saving of his neighbor, the Holy Scriptures, and all other devout books, must be eaten and drunk and assimilated into our soul's very substance before we can rightly play our part in life. As to self-discipline, spiritual reading, when it forms part of one's daily routine, has a most elevating influence. It so refines our nature that temptations are easily rejected, and our passions are effectually tamed. In addition to the ordinary feelings of faith, of hope, of love, and of sorrow for sin, we gain a deep insight into the principles, the reasons, the inspirations, the heroes, of these virtues.

In some ancient Benedictine monasteries, it was customary that each novice at his entrance should present the community with one or two books. These were the substitute for a dower of money, it would seem; and for so enlightened a career as that of a servitor of holy wisdom, what gift to his brethren could be more appropriate than a good book? The great Abbot Thrithemius gave out as a maxim: "The neglect of study and the breakdown of discipline ever go hand in hand." Holy study and holy living are the weft and woof of the tapestry of life. The history of Christ and of His saints should be made to us both a perpetual joy and a stimulating reproach. What ails us that ten minutes reading about Christ and His heroes tires us out, and hours and hours of reading inconsequent stuff entertains us highly? Blessed is the man who can say that at the day of judgment he will stake his fate on the kind of reading that best pleased him during his life.

Thomas à Kempis adopted as a motto: "I sought for rest, but found it not, save in a little corner with a little book." What

*"And He said to me: Son of man, eat this book, and go speak to the children of Israel. And I opened my mouth, and He caused me to eat that book. And He said to me: Son of man thy belly shall eat and thy bowels shall be filled. And I did eat it, and it was sweet as honey in my mouth. And He said to me: Son of man, go to the house of Israel, and thou shalt speak My words to them" (Ezech. iii. 1-4).

he found he gave forth. His own "little book" was the New Testament, and reading it in a quiet cell, or within a shady nook among the trees, he learned how to write his *Imitation*. Many an hour of heavenly rest has he furnished us by that "little book."* A daily custom of good reading is like prayer. It may be left in God's hands for a future—often a very near future—of advancement in virtue. Speaking of so practical a love of holy wisdom, the Wise Man says: "Come to her as one that plougheth, and soweth, and wait for her good fruits" (Ecclus. vi. 19).

St. Philip Neri says that perfection is a life of toil. Toiling at what tasks? Intellectual and moral tasks of the greatest interest, reading and studying and resolving and acting in the ways and wisdom of the Most High. His biographer, Bacci, tells us that when St. Philip came to the last day of his life, which he knew well and had foretold, he spent the hours in saying farewell to his closest friends, and in listening to the lives of the saints, especially that of St. Bernardine of Siena, "which he caused to be read over to him a second time." St. Teresa said: "I am always wishing I had time for reading, for I have ever been fond of it. But I read very little, for when I take up a book I become recollected through the pleasure it gives me, and thus my reading is turned into prayer" (*Relations* i. 7). Herein is a solution of the problem of distractions in meditation, as well as of that painful vacancy of mind so common to busy mortals when they strive to pray. Listen to another master in spiritual lore: "Use books when you find your soul weary; that is to say, read a little and then meditate, then again read a little and meditate, till the end of your half hour. Mother (St.) Teresa thus acted in the beginning, and said that she found it a very good plan for herself. And since we are speaking in confidence, I will add that I also have tried it myself and found it good for me" (*St. Francis de Sales, Letters to Persons in Religion*, Mackey, Lett. ix).

No mental prayer is better, none is easier, than reading divine truth in a leisurely, thoughtful frame of mind. Are you troubled by distractions in vocal prayer? Substitute the reading of the Psalms or of the Book of Job, or of Our Savior's sayings and doings in the Gospels, or St. Paul's Epistles. The eye is thus enlisted in the work of prayer, and the holy questioning of the mind

*The late George Ripley, in his day one of our foremost literary critics, being hard pressed by debt, sold his library. As he saw the books he loved so dearly being carted off, he said: "I can now understand how a man would feel if he could attend his own funeral."

is stimulated, double interest is aroused, relieving the monotony of the recitation of words. The writings of all approved authors contain God's teaching, and their reading is at once the joy and the guidance of intelligent Catholics. St. Augustine says, that when we pray we speak to God, and when we read a religious book, God speaks to us.

"And take unto you the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God" (Eph. vi. 17). The word of God here named by the apostle is primarily the instruction of the pastors of God's Church. But it includes the Holy Scriptures, especially those of the New Testament, the reading of which is a principal means of enlightening our souls unto salvation (2 Tim. iii. 16). Hence our Holy Father, the Pope, has bestowed an indulgence on all who devoutly read the Gospels of Christ, whether in the official Latin version or in any authorized translation. "God's words are deeds" is an expression of a saint, referring to words spoken in the soul during the higher states of contemplation. But the saying is true of God's words in Holy Scripture, spoken as they are through His inspired writers, for they work a work upon us so strong, so sweet, so enduring, that their force often equals that of the divine locutions of a saint's ecstasy.

Thus is meditation fed by reading; and the same words might be used in the reverse order, for reading is most fruitful of virtue when it is fed by meditation. Book in hand does it happen that our souls grow warm with sympathy for Christ crucified, or with zeal for His lost sheep: "My heart grew hot within me; and in my meditation a fire shall flame out" (Ps. xxxviii. 4). Prayer and the sacraments will lead us to read that we may hold fast to the good which they produce; that such good may be deepened and increased in our souls. Each virtue as practiced has a literature which tells of its extension, amplification, development, illustration. By reading we learn its history, praise, defence; we are warned against its counterfeits, we are instructed in its dogmas. And conversely, whatever good and true thing we read, breeds thoughts that are prayers, or that are resolves of a practical kind, or pictures for the memory, or discipline for unruly tendencies.

St. Hugh of Grenoble, during whose episcopate and in whose diocese St. Bruno founded the Carthusians, wept tears of emotion whenever he heard the Scriptures read. And no part of them is so fruitful of useful lessons as the history of Our Lord's Passion. In early days this love of the Scriptures was a prominent

trait of Christians, and it won many a martyr his crown. In Diocletian's persecution there was one named Emeritus, who, while undergoing torture, was interrogated by the pagan judge: "Have you any Scriptures in your house?" He answered: "I have some; but I also have them in my heart." But the judge repeated his question, wishing to get the holy books to burn them publicly; and the martyr never changed his answer: "I have them in my heart." And thus he suffered martyrdom, according to the prophet's boast to the Most High: "Thy words have I hidden in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee" (Ps. cxvii. 11).

"Philip said to Him: Lord show us the Father, and it is enough for us" (John xiv. 8). This petition was the longing of a contemplative spirit for the unveiled vision of God. Our Redeemer's answer is the practical method of all prayer, even of the highest contemplation: "Philip, he that seeth Me, seeth the Father also." Now the pages of the Gospel are as it were the Beloved's lattices: "Behold He standeth behind our wall, looking through the windows, looking through the lattices" (Cant. ii. 9). Through those inspired pages He darts the glances of His eager love, those fleeting glimpses of the Deity which are all that we may hope for now, and which, in very truth, are all that we can now endure.

"If thou shalt seek wisdom as money, and shall dig for her as for a treasure, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and shalt find the knowledge of God" (Proverbs ii. 4, 5). From some writings you dig ore, and then you must smelt it by set meditations; that makes the treasure more intimately your own. Out of other books you get some ore and some virgin metal ready smelted by the authors; and these are very delightful books. Out of others, again, you get money ready made—the ore dug, smelted, stamped and delivered to you in current coin of God's realm of truth and love. Holy Scripture contains all these treasure troves by turns. But one must always do some digging—even the minted coin of holy wisdom is hidden treasure to millions of careless spirits. Do you want a watchword for Scripture reading? It is dig! dig! dig! "If thou shalt seek wisdom," says the Sage, "as money, and shalt dig for her as for a treasure, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and shalt find the knowledge of God" (Prov. ii. 4, 5). A fondness for God's written word is like the prospector's zeal for finding rich diggings in the gold-mining regions of the west.

St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, met St. Ignatius of Antioch

on his way to Rome to be martyred, and he reverently kissed his chains. Afterwards St. Polycarp himself was crowned a martyr. So we, by reading of the martyrs, kiss their chains in spirit and receive their benediction, and thus we are ourselves made martyrs, at least in holy envy. It is a unique honor paid to the lives of the saints, that from the earliest days of Christianity our forefathers publicly read the acts of the martyrs during divine service, especially on the anniversaries of their triumph. Apart from Holy Scripture this was the only liturgical reading of the early Church. In reading such books as Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, what a wealth of virtue is there found on deposit as in a bank, from which we draw out and which we spend in every practice of faith and hope and love. Annuities and daily doles; food and drink; rich garments; all the soul's heavenly furniture are there, especially the imitation of Christ, which is the bequest of God's blessed martyrs.

One should read the lives of the saints so constantly as to live a life apart with them and among them. Our usual environment is men like ourselves, of imperfect spirit and abounding in faults. But the true Christian should at close intervals be back and forth with Christ's discipleship of perfect souls, whereby the virtues of our Master and His maxims shall form our familiar atmosphere. The saints should be our only heroes. Why read of men's warlike deeds, when these champions of the Prince of Peace are given us for our models? "They were stoned, they were cut asunder, they were tempted, they were put to death by the swordbeing in want, distressed, afflicted; of whom the world was not worthy" (Heb. xi. 37, 38). Great from statecraft? No, but from holy simplicity. Great by the might of their swords? No, but from undaunted endurance of the swords of tyrants for God's true faith.

It is related of St. Ignatius, in the earlier period of his sainthood, that he and two or three devout companions journeyed through Spain teaching the little catechism, going always on foot, and carrying each his own pack on his back. An ignorant but kindly-disposed peasant joined them once, happening to be bound in the same direction. Edified by their cheerful and pious ways, he now and then induced them to let him carry their packs. When they came to an inn he saw them each retire to a quiet corner apart, kneel down and meditate for some notable time. Struck by their example he did the same. A bystander asked him what he was doing. He answered: "I do nothing else but this; I say to God, Lord, these men are saints, and I have been glad to be their beast of burden.

And what they do, I wish also to do." It afterwards turned out that this rude clown became a very spiritual man.

Many a thing in the lives of the saints we cannot understand. But we can understand at least their virtues of the more common kind, and these we can practice because we see them done by God's saints. "Be ye imitators of me," says the apostle, "as I also am of Christ" (1 Cor. iv. 16). "Giving thanks, with joy, to God the Father, Who hath made us worthy to be partakers of the lot of the saints in light" (Col. i. 12).

All really devout souls have some stated time for daily spiritual reading. Spiritual reading holds rank second only to the sacraments and to prayer in every plan of a perfect Christian life. Give some part of the day to such reading if it be no more than fifteen minutes; and you will soon experience a wonderful deepening of religious motives. Take the time before breakfast, for instance, rising just a little earlier for the purpose, or some other part of the day that you may claim for private use. Let not your first daily mental occupation be the newspapers, reading things that you intend to forget, but rather the reading of the things of God and of paradise, whose sweetness and glory are eternal.

It is well to keep more than one book for daily use, if only to have the advantage of variety: as a portion of the Old Testament and a portion of the New; something from the lives of the saints; a few pages from a book on ascetical doctrine. A daily choice of two, even three, from a list embracing half a dozen volumes is a good plan; experience proves that it makes the devout task easier.

Another help is the custom of making short notes and copying out selections, whether for use in prayer or as an aid to memory. Remember that when you learned to read you learned to write. As these two endowments came together, so should they continue working together. Jot down any thought that particularly pleases you. Of matter that is not worth writing down read little; and this may be said of nearly the entire bulk of the daily papers, especially the Sunday editions. What is not worth writing down is hardly worth reading.* It is thus that "Wise men lay up knowledge" (Prov. x. 14). The Son of Sirach says that the wise man "Will keep the sayings of renowned men" (Ecclus. xxxix. 1)—*keep* them close at

*"As ideas occurred to him, he wrote them down on slips of paper, and when the meeting drew near, after weighing every thought, scrutinizing every sentence, and pondering every word, he fused them together into a connected whole." This was the method of Lincoln as described by the historian Rhodes.

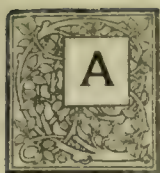
hand; write down their gems of wisdom; learn portions of them by heart.

Acquiring spiritual doctrine is not learning a science, even a spiritual one. It is rather like learning how to paint pictures, an accomplishment gained by constant repetitions, which gradually develop taste and appreciation in equal step with manual dexterity. So it is by spiritual taste and appreciation (*sapere*) rather than by understanding that one benefits by the study of divine literature. It is not truth that we seek in this exercise, but the beauty of truth. As a novice to the pictorial art copies masterpieces over and over again, so does a novice to the art of holy living make of his memory a veritable picture gallery, filled with his own copies of the events of Christ's life, and of the lives of those of His saints for whom he has a special attraction.

Here are some tests for guidance in choosing a book for constant use: I have read this book, and I wish I had it new to read over again so as to enjoy the charm of novelty. I wish I had read it years ago. I wish I could stand examination in it. I wish I had it by heart. This book is too short—yet all too long for my keeping its instructions. Here is a book I will give to the friend I love best. O what an immense grace to be able to write a book like this!

WHAT DO THE METHODISTS INTEND TO DO?

BY FRANCIS P. DUFFY, D.D.



FEW months ago eight hundred and twenty delegates, representing the American Methodist Episcopal Church and its missions, met at Minneapolis in General Conference. It was not an epoch-making occasion, but it is of sufficient importance for chronicle and comment. The Church they represent is insignificant when compared with great religions; it is recent in origin and far from Catholic in spread. But, as Protestant organizations go, it is large, compact, and vigorous. Judging from the detailed report of the proceedings in the *Daily Christian Advocate*, there is a fine spirit of energy and hopefulness among the leaders of the Church. They have their own difficulties arising from divergent views and personal ambitions, but these are not the sort of things we care to dwell upon. They are family matters, and, as Catholics and gentlemen, we do not concern ourselves with them. It is more pleasing to note that the religious element in the Conference was strong and earnest. The prayers and addresses show no wavering on the Divinity of Christ or the Inspiration of Holy Scripture. So many Protestant organizations are dropping away from dogmatic beliefs, it is refreshing to find one that keeps a firm position on the most essential ones. We hope that they will remain constant in the beliefs they have inherited from the Elder Church of Christendom.

It is no gratification to anyone who worships Christ to hear that the Methodist connection is not keeping up its normal rate of increase. The opening Episcopal Address says: "We have a reported increase of but fifty-five thousand to our Church membership, less than two per cent, as the outcome of a year's activity and the outlay of so many millions of dollars. . . . The statistical paradox stares us out of countenance. It shames and humiliates us." It is to be hoped that the losses are really accounted for by lack of proper registration on change of domicile. Those who are lost to Methodism are in the main lost to organized religious worship, and tend to lapse into a vague religiosity, or into the deeper depths of indifference or agnosticism.

It would be a pleasure to us, as believers in Christ, and as fellow-citizens of the Republic, if we could dwell on points of agreement between ourselves and them; the positions, for instance, which they hold on the great moral and social problems which agitate the public mind. On most such questions all the Churches have ideals and principles which are identical. We would be glad to work with the Methodists for the common good. We can do this without any sacrifice of religious principle on our part or on theirs. As a matter of fact we do meet and deal with individual Methodists on terms of friendly intercourse and mutual help as neighbors, partners, or fellow-citizens. We do business with them, work for or employ them, mix with them in political parties or in schemes for social betterment. Some of the delegates hold office to which they were elected by the votes of Catholics, who never gave a thought to the candidate's religious opinions.

It is therefore astounding and disconcerting to find that the whole spirit of the Conference was one of bitterness and hostility against the Ancient Church. This spirit manifests itself not only in special formal resolutions, which we shall consider, but in incidental and frequently recurring remarks on topics which bore only the most distant reference to the principles or polity of the Catholic Church. Much of this could be forgiven in their missionaries to Catholic countries, who have passed through disagreeable experiences at the hands of a people who resent being classed as pagans with Tartars and Hottentots. But it comes also from men who have been in constant touch with us here in this Republic—ministers, business and professional men, office-holders—men who pretend to be friendly with us.

During the whole Conference there was scarcely a single kindly reference to anything Catholic. One man mentioned the work of the Catholic press against Socialism; another admired our unity, and was promptly rebuked for so doing; a third admitted that there are some good people amongst us, as one might admit that there are some innocent men in jail. Sympathy was shown only with Modernists. Now, one somehow does not expect much display of scholarship in the Methodist body. But after all, one has the right to expect that a group of fairly educated men should not put themselves on record in approval of a system with which their own beliefs are entirely in disagreement. The Syllabus and Encyclical are available in English, and it is not necessary for one to be a trained theologian to get a general idea of the theories which

are there condemned. Was there no Methodist brother in the Conference who could tell the others what Modernism means? For we cannot believe that the Methodist body approves the doctrines of M. Loisy and others on the Divinity of Christ, the Inspiration of Scripture, the pragmatic interpretation of doctrine, and the rest. It was a manifestation of sheer ignorance; ignorance that would be excusable only if it were mute.

So far as we Catholics are concerned, olive branches were as scarce in the Conference as icebergs in the Gulf of Mexico. Whenever anything came up to remind them of the existence of the Catholic Church, the brethren saw red, and lashed the air with vigorous cudgels. They got a good start in the Episcopal Address read by Bishop Cranston at the opening of the Conference. One important reason for deploring the slow increase in membership was "the presence of a formidable political-ecclesiastical organization, which carries its rapidly increasing cradle-roll through life, if not beyond the grave, and claims and secures political influence largely on its supposed numerical strength, transmuted into votes."

The Address calls for a Federal Council of American (Protestant) Churches, the main argument being that such a body could bring influence to bear on the government. This Council would keep a lobbyist in Washington. "The voice that speaks for seventeen millions of Protestant communicants, concerning matters of common interest and vital movement, would be respected." The Bishops then donned the mantle of the seer, and announced the awful conflict that is even now brooding for this land of liberty. The Papacy—the brethren heard with shuddering—the Papacy is growing desperate. In its despair it is concentrating its forces for an attack on the strongest position of its adversary, and aims at the destruction of American Protestantism and American institutions, which, of course, are altogether Protestant. "No disclaimer can change the meaning of events. Indeed, nobody is authorized to disavow its manifest purpose. It is boldly avowed." Evidently there is no use in trying to reason with the good Bishops. They know all about it. And so, if we made all the Methodists good Catholics, as we would dearly love to do, the Republic would cease to exist. There is a certain kind of satisfaction in dealing with a man who tells you that nothing you can say will convince him, for it is a weary business arguing with some people.

When they came to the question of divorce, we expected to find some recognition of our services to the common weal; some

indication of a willingness to coöperate with us. But no. We are quite useless. The *Ne Temere* decree, in default of any handier reason, has settled that matter. From us the American people "can expect no aid in their laudable efforts to secure for home and family more effective protection against the reckless laws and burlesque courts of some of the states." There seems to be no good that we can do anywhere. It is dreadfully discouraging to feel that one is so much in the way.

When the Episcopal Board got through with us, the foreign mission people had their innings. Their assault lacked the ordered solidity of the Episcopal charge; but in their guerrilla way they were very thorough and energetic. They had their bishops too. Bishop Burt—Rome is in his diocese, by the way—was the hero of the hour. In his mild objective manner of stating facts, he informed the brethren that "Roman Catholicism is substantially paganism in its conceptions, doctrines, traditions, fears, hopes, and promises." With the exception of these few points, he would probably be willing to admit that there is a leaven of Christianity in the Church of the ages. Further on he makes a remark which reveals the real cause of the persistent spitefulness of the brethren. "Admiration for this anachronism of autocracy seems to have been transferred to this enlightened and democratic Republic, if the daily press at all represents public sentiment."

Bishop Bristol told the delegates how dreadfully wicked are the Romanists in South America; how, as the result of four hundred years of Jesuit teaching, the people there have come to believe that religion and morality are separate things; how eagerly, too, the Spanish-speaking people take to the saving doctrines of Methodism. "But, to my sorrow, I have often been asked: why, then, have we not more encouraging results of our work in South America?" A very pertinent question, one should say, from those who put up the money. The answer he gives is that one in every two thousand in those countries is a Methodist. That reply sounds rather well, until one begins to seek more definite figures. The population of the eight republics in which he works is given by him as 12,000,000. On his own ratio, that would give him 6,000 members, enough to make two or three good parishes. The Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, however, puts the number for South America at 10,336. Since it cannot be supposed that Bishop Bristol understated his own victories over the wicked Romanists, it may be

inferred that the secretary's total includes Americans residing abroad. At any rate the discrepancy arouses a reasonable suspicion concerning missionary statistics. The same difficulty arises in the reports from Mexico. One statement gives the number of Mexican Methodists as 6,583. Another says that there are 4,344 probationers (it must pay to be a probationer) and 3,310 full members. After forty years of work in Mexico, and the outlay of vast amounts of money, such a report, in the words of the Episcopal Address, should "shame and humiliate" them. In Italy they claim "about 4,000." If we had the expense account we could calculate how much a head these Italian adherents cost them in good American dollars. In Austria-Hungary they claim 570 members; in France 174. Spain and Portugal are still without the Gospel, but they have hopes of Portugal as a land into which the principles of religious liberty have at last penetrated. In the Philippines they assert a membership "fast approaching 40,000," with a following of "perhaps 100,000." This sounds serious. If there be any truth in these claims, there is a matter for the American Church to look into. At home, they have missions for the Italians and Slavs. The figures are of the vaguest. "The statistical part of our work is one of the discouraging features." The people move around too much. But they lay claim to "about 3,000 members and probationers." Probationers come in convenient in making up statistics. There are thirty-eight ministers and missionaries in the Italian work.

To get an idea of the attitude of the Conference towards the Catholic Church, we shall give space to the description of a passage-at-arms, in which the more liberal members gained a victory. It is enlightening to view our critics in their most genial mood. A missionary from South America, Rev. W. F. Rice, introduced a resolution, the text of which we do not find in the report. It must have been hot reading. The good brother was much irritated by the fact that missionaries to Catholic and Greek countries were excluded from taking part in the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh. One of the delegates demurred at the resolution. He saw a leaven of grace working amongst us in the form of Modernism. "With China turning," he exclaimed; "with the whole of Hinduism stirred; with the old and gray heathenism of the East failing and falling; do you not dare believe that in His time the power of the Son of God can also reach Roman people?" Strange as it may seem, we rather like this brother. He sympathizes with disturbers, and ranks us with pagans, but there is something relig-

ious and Christian in his spirit towards us that is surprising and refreshing in the records of jealousy and spitefulness which blacken the annals of this Conference.

Then up rose a figure familiar to North of Ireland Catholics, a perfect type of the never-surrender, croppy-lie-down, Protestant Ascendency Ulsterman. He assumed the role of the persecuted but patient and tolerant Christian man. He addresses the brethren as if he were about to announce a ninth beatitude. His speech should be given in full, but we must deny ourselves some of the joys of it, and be content with specimens. "It is well known," he began, "that I am, wherever known, a man of peace. I am never guilty of appealing to passion or prejudice." A very fair and pacific beginning. But Brother Watt is Irish, and not too pacific. "But you do not need to put on padded gloves when you are dealing with the Roman hierarchy. . . . I have a right to speak on this question with a good deal of feeling. My ancestors, to the number of four, were massacred by Roman Catholics in the North of Ireland, and the same spirit that disemboweled those ancestors and measured their intestines with the intestines of a dog, is the same spirit that animates the Roman hierarchy to-day." No prejudice, nor stirring up of strife; nothing but Christian forgiveness and American toleration, and broad views of the memories of the past, and sweet reasonableness. Brother Watt pays his respects to "a certain distinguished prelate," probably Archbishop Ireland. We need not pause over this passage. The old lion of St. Paul showed the delegates more than once during the Conference that it was a foolhardy experiment to venture into his territory. In conclusion, the speaker called upon the Conference "to send its answer around the globe, and say to the Roman hierarchy: We, too, be children of the living God; heirs of a common redemption; lovers of liberty and of God, and thus far shalt thou come and no further." This speech was received with "applause," even "tremendous applause." Were there no delegates in the convention with sufficient knowledge of Irish history, or sufficient sense of the delightfully absurd, to punctuate it with laughter? The Methodists will remain hopeless until they learn when to smile.

We think that at least one member smiled discreetly behind his hand, the most level-headed man in the Conference, Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley. At any rate, he thought it time to interfere. "This affair," he said, "if published as it is now, will divide the American people. If I was a prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, I would rejoice in this thing as it is now; I would publish it and

show it to everybody." Therefore let a committee be appointed to revise it.

The revisionists won the day. The great Methodist body was to put itself on record in a way that would not stultify themselves, nor unduly hurt the feelings of their Catholic fellow-citizens. And here is what they made of it:

Whereas, the limitations imposed on the recent World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh set aside all Protestant missionary work in Greek and Roman Catholic countries, which action saddened and outraged our growing native churches; and

Whereas, Methodism, since its birth in a protest against dead formalism and ceremonial, has ever stood for aggressive evangelism in all lands; and the Methodist Episcopal Church has been for more than seventy-five years actively engaged in work in those lands where Greek or Roman Catholicism predominates; and

Whereas, in all those lands, which form a large part of the missionary field of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the teachings and practices of Romanism deprive the people of the Bible, pervert many of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and foster superstitions which alienate the thinking classes and bind heavy burdens upon the poor; therefore

Be it Resolved, that the Methodist Episcopal Church recognizes its plain duty to prosecute its missionary enterprises in Greek and Roman Catholic countries with increasing zeal; and

Be it Resolved, that we will most vigorously protest against any future exclusion of missions in Greek or Roman Catholic countries from ecumenical or other similar missionary gatherings; and

Be it Resolved, that it is our duty to oppose the machinations of Romanism, and to counteract its attempts to gain an ever-increasing control of our public schools or to use the public funds for sectarian schools; and finally

Be it Resolved, that we feel the deepest sympathy with as well as love toward the priests and people within the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches who are working toward a more spiritual interpretation of the Christian faith.

There are statements made in the third paragraph of this resolution, and many wilder ones elsewhere, some of which we have already quoted, which might seem at first sight to demand a reply. But when one considers the charges and the people who made them, to reply seems such a futile waste of endeavor. Take, for example, the statement that Catholicism is nothing but paganism,

or that the Pope is framing an attack on American liberties, or the above, that "the teachings and practices of Romanism deprive the people of the Bible," and the rest of it. How can anyone who is trained to exactness in logical reasoning and historical method answer statements such as these? "The absurd," says Paulsen, "has this advantage in common with the truth: that it is unanswerable." And if one did answer it, what good would be effected? Intelligent people know the answer already—argument would only weary them. And those who believe in the absurdity are far beyond facts or reasonings. The more powerful the refutation, the more they will feel in their dim minds that there is a cleverness of sophistry in the argument that shows the ingenuity of the evil one.

A more inviting opening is to study the intellectual standing of a body that can satisfy itself with such statements. Different religious bodies have different standards of intellect, which may be observed in their pronouncements. For instance, to take two extremes, one does not expect to find the same breadth of view or ripeness of scholarship in the *War Cry* of the Salvation Army as in the pronouncements of the Episcopal Bench of the Church of England. Where then does the Methodist Church rank itself? The answer is not far to seek. There were, no doubt, educated gentlemen in the Conference, but the Church as a whole cannot be placed intellectually far above the level of the Salvation Army. The speakers use better English than most Salvationists; they have had superior educational opportunities; but they lack the essential qualities of a really educated man—fairness, and clearness, and fullness of knowledge, and calmness of judgment, and breadth of mind. Do they want an example of what we mean? This quotation from *Zion's Herald*, a Methodist organ, will give them an inkling of it. "The article on Methodism in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* is absolutely accurate, and contains no word which we would ask to have altered or omitted." Why should not the members of the Conference treat us and our doctrines in similar fashion, instead of making their appeal to ignorance and prejudice?

We had hoped for better things. There has been a wonderful broadening of view in the whole community during the past fifty years. The Methodists, in the North at least, have improved in education since the days of the campmeetings, and one might expect that they have lost most of the intolerance and narrowness of the first half of the last century. But no! we find the same silly charges; the same bitterness and bigotry. They talk like ancestors. Only one conclusion is possible: that the broad-minded, thoughtful

men that the Church has produced have been driven out by the narrow and intense members. When they began to be reasonable, they had to cease being Methodists. Men whose views of life have been broadened by education and travel, by intercourse with books and men, have found their old Methodist home too straitened for them, and have passed over to the Episcopalians or Unitarians or Catholics, or help to swell that numerous class who tell us priests, when they meet us, that they have no definite religion, but, whatever religion there really is, we represent it. As a result the Wesleyan connection is left without the men who could keep it from making itself look foolish; and religion for a large body of Christians is made to be a prop for ignorance and bigotry. Such language is strong, but the report of the Conference justifies it. We Catholics do not go out of our way to assail our separated brethren, or to stir up needless strife in this Republic. Our bishops do not hold meetings to denounce them, or to lie about them, or to plot against their use of their rights as citizens. But we cannot let unwarranted attacks go by without characterizing in proper language the spirit that has prompted them.

And we have not stated the worst of these assaults on Catholics. This time it is not against the Church in general, but against us, their fellow-citizens and, in many cases, their personal friends. Before the Conference closed the following resolution was adopted:

That an ancient foe of human liberty, the Papacy, as it gains in numbers in the nation, is becoming bolder and more menacing by means of alliance with corrupt politics and scheming politicians. With a secret military organization numbering hundreds of thousands, its priestly dictation over two million voters, its Jesuitical influence over the nation's President, it demands of American Protestantism a sleepless vigilance and the most earnest, prayerful, and persistent effort to give its blinded millions the true gospel of Christ.

There is no need to devote space to the refutation, or even to the denial, of the accusations contained in this resolution. Every man of sense in the Republic knows that they are not true. We prefer to take up the more practical question: What do the Methodists intend to do?

It must be evident to everybody that there is a lack of logical sequence between the charges they make against us, and the methods, at least the avowed methods, they propose as a way of meeting the danger. The same inconclusiveness is to be found in the Epis-

copal Address. The Bishops announce an imminent and terrible conflict between Rome and America. Such a sounding of trumpets and noise of approaching war; and then they fire a broadside of platitudes. "True to the spirit of its founder, Methodism breaks with no man for his opinion's sake. We think and let think, but we exact from all men the same concession we freely yield them."

In the resolution the danger from Catholicism is put in more definite form. We are foes to liberty; a menace to the state. We have a secret army to carry out our schemes when the opportune time comes. Meanwhile we are corrupt and intriguing. In short, the Methodists say that we are now just what Nero and his successors said we were a good many centuries ago—a suggestive coincidence. Well, if Nero and his successors were right then, they are scarcely to be blamed for the measures they adopted. And if the Methodists are right now, the country is face to face with a situation that would justify extreme measures. It would not be an occasion merely to call a prayer-meeting, except as a preliminary to an active campaign. It is evident that either the Methodists do not believe all they say against us; or they do not dare to acknowledge all they want to do to us. What they propose to do is to keep an eye on us, and to pray for us. Pray for us! We may be "blinded millions," but we can see some things. They lie about us, and then offer to pray for us. We know how much religion, how much charity, there is in such prayers. "These Catholics are a menace to the nation—let us pray for them. One of them is even now running for Congress—he stands in much need of our prayers, for he belongs to their secret military organization. Melchior Braun, the grocer, is a Papist, and some of our people deal with him—better pray for him. And Mary McCarthy is a school-teacher; they say she is a Jesuit—we shall ask our brethren on the Board of Education to wrestle with the Lord in prayer for her." Of what avail is prayer with lies on the tongue and hatred in the heart?

What do the Methodists really intend to do besides praying for us? Do their business men take the position that they shall not deal with Catholics nor accept our trade? Do their political leaders propose that they shall not vote for Catholics; nor look for our votes? We have shown in a myriad of instances that we have no such prejudices. During the political conventions the present writer canvassed the opinions of a large number of priests on the leading candidates for the Presidential nomination. At least six of these candidates had supporters, and in no case was the religious creed of

any one of them even mentioned. The discussion was entirely on the basis of political and economic policies. We stick to the good American way of estimating public men by standards of character, ideals, and achievements, rather than by private beliefs. We would like to know whether the Methodists intend to practice a true American policy as generous as our own, or whether they will force us to stand on our defence against them?

Our desire that they cease dealing in subterfuge comes from curiosity, not from fear. We are tranquil and serene. We place our trust, first, on Christ, Who is with His Church; next, on the fairness and good will of our fellow-citizens who are guided by American principles, and will not permit persecution; and, to be frank, somewhat on our own strength, which is sufficient to make selfish bigots sorry for the day they began a needless quarrel with us. Anyone who knows anything about our official pronouncements, our public activities, or our private dealings, knows that we are not trying to start a quarrel. But we are not of a sort to run away from one.

Once more, what do the Methodists intend to do besides praying for us? They dare not tell. They are in an awkward position. They hate our religion and are jealous of our success. They will not acknowledge that these detested Romanists are stronger religiously than they, better organized, more self-sacrificing, more devoted to their faith, and destined to win this country by sheer force of religious superiority. So, like Nero and Diocletian, like Tacitus and Celsus, they invent a bogie-man and call it Catholicism. Nor can they use in this day and place the means which those of old employed against us. They cannot ask the American people, who are devoted to the principle of religious toleration, to adopt repressive measures against us. Such a request would be foredoomed to failure. It would be only a confession of defeat. They cannot even suggest, at least openly, the use of the petty tricks of the persecutor, boycotting and discriminating, and cutting Catholics on the ballot. Therefore they disavow persecution, and they only lie about us. If the lies should be believed, the public attack on our Church must follow.

But it is too late for that. It was tried seventy years ago; it was tried twenty years ago. In both cases it failed. It failed the first time because freedom of worship is, with the citizens of this Republic, not a hollow phrase but a living principle. It failed the second time for that reason too, and also because the American

people in the meantime had received first-hand knowledge of the loyalty and good citizenship of an increasing number of Catholics. It will fail this third time too. All that the Methodists will get for their pains will be the verdict of the American people: that theirs is a Church narrow-minded, trouble-making, rancorous, un-American.

The Methodist Episcopal Church affects to view with alarm the growth of Catholicism as a danger to American institutions, but the American people do not view the progress of the Church as a danger. Most Methodists, we feel sure, do not share in such alarm. The American people look upon the growth of the Church as a support to true American principles. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is the criterion of Our Lord. It is the criterion of common-sense. It is the criterion that has always been used by the people of this Republic. We Catholics are willing to stand or fall by it.

The Catholic Church in America has no apology to make for its existence. It is no newcomer here. It was here centuries before John Wesley, that great and justly honored man, was born, and before Methodism was dreamed of. This America, as all men know, was discovered by Catholics before Protestantism in any form was invented. The larger part of it was first explored and settled by Catholics. In the Colonial period of this country, two of the first charters of religious liberty were granted by Catholic governors, Lord Baltimore in Maryland and Governor Dongan in New York. American Catholics performed an honorable part in the War of Independence, and the Republic could not have been victorious without the aid of two foreign Catholic powers. Our Church in this country has always been a patriotic Church, and a democratic Church. It was for a long time weak in numbers, but never for an instant weak in its Americanism. During the course of years, it received accessions from king-ruled lands, and it has made of these newcomers the most intense and loyal devotees to American ideals of liberty.

There were times when our people had to contend with religious prejudice and race prejudice. But even in those bad days, the calm judgment and sterling Americanism of the vast majority of our Protestant fellow-citizens saved us from at least the worst assaults of bigotry. At the present day we base our claims to brotherhood in this great family not merely on a general principle of toleration, but on our record as Americans. We take our place, not through sympathy or generosity, but by right—by the right

of loyal citizenship; by the right of work done for the upbuilding of this great land; by the right of full acceptance of its institutions; by the right of blood—the blood of Catholics which was so freely poured forth to save this Republic from domestic or foreign foe. If blood be the price of citizenship, we Catholics have paid in full for our franchise.

The last wave of bigotry began with the Columbus celebration. It ended with the Spanish War. A member of a back-country regiment once told the writer of the astonishment of his mates when they went in swimming at Tampa with a number of New York soldiers, and found them all wearing scapulars. They thought, poor boys, that it was somehow a war with the Pope, and that all Catholics would be against the United States. They discovered that about every third man they met was a Catholic. There was no bigotry in the returning army when it reached Montauk Point. And the country at large learned the same lesson as its soldiers.

Now, it seems, after fourteen years of quiet, we are face to face with another attack. The Guardians of Liberty lead the way. The Methodist Episcopal Church is urging them on. Like Nabuchodonosor, when he planned his wanton war of conquest, they are only going to "defend" themselves.

It is too late for that sort of thing. The hypocrisy of it will no longer delude, nor the intolerance of it attract. The people of this Republic know the Catholic Church. They have become acquainted with us as neighbors, as fellow-workers, as soldiers fighting side by side. They admire our religious staunchness, our charities, our loyalty to Church and country. The Methodists themselves are aware that such is the estimate of our fellows. In a grudging, snarling way, Bishop Burt, as we have seen, acknowledged it. Recent celebrations which have been held by Catholics in our great cities have attracted the attention of the country to our numbers and enthusiasm. They have been as gall and wormwood to the bigots. But they have been a source of honest satisfaction to most of our fellow-citizens. Our Church is an American Church. Our success is another triumph of American energy; another proof of the wisdom of the American ideal of religious independence and freedom. The increase in the number of our Cardinals is a tribute to the greatness of our country, and a strengthening of American power and prestige in the most far-reaching institution in the world.

The Catholic Church is in the lime light now. She is not

shrinking from inspection. Students of social factors, statesmen, jurists, professors, publicists, have been observing us for some time past. If a brief symposium were made of the opinions that have been expressed, it would run somewhat as follows: "In the Catholic Church the United States possesses a powerful organism which receives foreigners, offering them the one great institution of enlightenment and betterment which is not alien to them when they land on our shores, thus holding them to their moral practices, while instilling into them our political ideals. This organization is, first of all, a religious one. It preaches Christ. It does not use its pulpit to advocate political measures, nor to stir up sectarian strife. It makes heroic sacrifices for the religious education of its children, the future citizens of the nation. It is incessant in its labors for the relief of all forms of human misery, and has the power of calling forth in its members, especially its sisterhood, a divine altruism which makes one proud that human nature can reach such heights. The Church sets itself in opposition only to those who threaten the foundation of religion, the family, the state. It has stood almost alone in the fight for the preservation of the American home. It is looked upon by our most penetrating thinkers as the strongest force at work for the maintenance of our political and economic principles. It deals with reforms with prudence, temperance, and breadth of view which comes from nineteen centuries of experience with all classes of men. Even if one apply the test of business success, one finds activity, enterprise, ability to meet new conditions, equal to the best America has to show. Its business integrity, too, is at the highest. Crises come and go; scandals arise in the world of finance; reputations suffer; but the old Church retains a financial credit and a reputation for just dealing which the proudest banking houses in the world might envy."

Such is the institution which the Methodist Conference sets itself to criticise and oppose. Their attack will fail, as stronger attacks than theirs have failed. Their calumnies will not be believed; their shafts will return upon themselves. We need not fight with them; we can commit our defence to our fellow-countrymen. Meanwhile, the old Church will go on serenely with her noble work, forming her children up to the level of their vocation as Christians and as freemen; showing to all the world that loyalty to Faith and loyalty to Country is "a double, but not a divided duty."

New Books.

THE MUSTARD TREE. By Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R.
New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.75 net.

The average Catholic apologist first proves the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and then argues the existence of the divine, infallible authority of the Catholic Church which He founded. "But in modern days," as Monsignor Benson says in the preface to this book, "minds are beginning to scrutinize phenomena from a new angle....Once men established the principle first, and examined later its manifestations; now it is the phenomena first and the cause second. Men must have facts first and explanations afterward."

Father Vassall-Phillips, while fully appreciating the value of the usual method of deductive reasoning, believes "it may be well sometimes to reverse the procedure, and argue now not from cause to effect, from Christ to the Church, but from effect to cause, from His Church to Christ. And this on the admitted principle that not only must every effect have a cause, but also that every effect must have an adequate and proportionate cause."...."If the Catholic Church answers to the promises and conceptions of her Founder so precisely as to stand before the world a superhuman work, beyond the power of man to accomplish, then the Founder is, as He declared Himself to be, the Lord our God."

The early Fathers of the Church frequently used this method of argument, which appealed then as now to the man in the street, who is dominated by imagination rather than ruled by reason. St. Chrysostom uses it when addressing "slaves, maid-servants, pedlars, sailors, and farm-laborers." (*Contra Judaeos et Gentiles quod Christus sit Deus.*) St. Augustine also employs it in one of his sermons on the Resurrection. He says: "Throughout all the earth the Church has been spread....She it is who is true; she it is who is Catholic. Christ we have not seen, but her we do see; then let us have faith concerning Him....They (the Apostles) beheld Christ, and believed in the Church, which they saw not. And we behold the Church, so let us believe in Christ, Whom we see not." (Sermon 137. *In diebus Paschalibus*, IX., 3.)

The Bishops of the Vatican Council mentioned particularly

the evidential character of the Church's life. "Nay, more, the Church also, by reason of her wonderful growth, of her marvelous holiness, and unexhausted fruitfulness in all good works—by reason of her unity throughout the world, and her unconquered stability—is in herself a great and ever-living motive of credibility, and an unimpeachable witness to her commission from God." (*Const. de Fide Cat.* Cap. III.)

Father Vassall-Phillips centers the attention of his readers upon certain facts and doctrines, such as the Unity of the Church, the Papacy, Confession, the Real Presence, Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the Religious Life, etc., and then shows in a most eloquent and convincing manner their witness to the Divinity of Him Who instituted them all.

In developing his thesis the author continually calls his Protestant and rationalist opponents to task for their unreasoning prejudice, their confusion of thought, their faulty exegesis, and their inaccurate history, while he utilizes to good effect their many admissions.

The book is not intended for scholars, but, as the author himself, says, "for the busy men and women of English speech, who are seeking the kingdom of God in sincerity—"for the use of any ordinarily educated person." Its argument is convincing, its spirit kindly, and its style lucid and eloquent.

The *Epilogue* by Hilaire Belloc is most suggestive. He insists on the apologists of the day addressing the age in the language it understands. He says: "When you are dealing with a state of mind to which the labor of thinking is unusual and commonly distasteful, you may not only try to re-arouse the love of thinking by the presentation of first principles, and, these presented, by proceeding to show how, in the light of such principles, facts confirm your thesis; you may also approach that state of mind from exactly the opposite direction, and say: 'Since you do not like thinking, here are some facts.' And it is, of course, the Greatest Fact of all which Father Vassall-Phillips has made the business of his book. He presents the Catholic Church."

BACK TO ROME. By J. Godfrey Raupert. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.00.

Many will welcome this new edition of Mr. Raupert's excellent volume of Catholic apologetics. Its spirit is evidenced by the following quotation from W. S. Lilly: "As a matter of fact,

there is only one way which Christianity has ever made, or ever will make, proselytes in the world. Its victories have been won, not by mere argument—arguments have been called the symbols of something deeper—not by mere eloquence, not by the wisdom of this world, but by an appeal to those fundamental spiritual instincts of men whereunto it supremely corresponds.”

The author's aim throughout is to view the objections of his Anglican friend “from the philosophic and common sense standpoint, rather than from the distinctly theological one.” He treats the usual questions of Protestant controversy: the Papacy, the Bible, Confession, the Real Presence, Purgatory, Celibacy of the Clergy, Use of the Latin Tongue, etc.; and while he does not give forth any new arguments, he presents the old ones with a persuasiveness that wins assent. Only rarely does he lapse into the spirit of old-time polemics, which seems occasionally to be the fault of converts from Anglicanism.

Mr. Raupert quotes such widely different writers as Mallock, Gladstone, Calvin, Voltaire, Bishop Lightfoot, Scott, and Thackeray. Indeed his selection of non-Catholic witnesses to the truth and beauty of Catholic teaching is one of the best features of his book.

If the earnest seeker after truth reads this volume, fully realizing that the religious problem “is not an intellectual question only, but a moral and a spiritual one;” if he does his utmost “to place his soul in rapport or affinity with that transcendental world from which he is seeking a disclosure,” he will assuredly “know the doctrine that is of God.”

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER. By F. W. Puller. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.20 net.

It is rather interesting to find Mr. Puller, “in a lengthy but curiously unconvincing book, trying to make out a case in favor” of the false position of the Anglican Establishment regarding marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

Ever since the dishonest and subservient Cranmer declared the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catherine of Aragon null and void on the plea of affinity due to a former marriage with Prince Arthur, the Anglican Church has been forced in very shame to declare all similar unions “incestuous and unlawful, and prohibited by the laws of God.” But in 1907, the Imperial Parliament forsooth changed the “divine” law, and passed an Act declaring:

"No marriage heretofore or hereafter contracted between a man and his deceased wife's sister, within the realm or without, shall be deemed to have been, or shall be, void or voidable, as a civil contract, by reason only of such affinity."

Some High Churchmen, on conscientious motives, began refusing communion to those who had contracted such a union. But a certain Mr. Banister, who had married his deceased wife's sister, indignantly protested against such a gratuitous insult by a state-made church, and appealed to the courts. The Dean of Arches, Sir Lewis Dibden, sustained Mr. Banister in his right to receive communion, and admonished Canon Thompson "to refrain from similar action in the future."

This "amazing action," which deliberately set at naught the 99th and 109th canons of the Anglican Church, was the reason of Mr. Puller's book. As he clearly perceives, this new marriage Act of 1907 "cuts away the ground on which the Church of England has stood for nearly four hundred years." For it brings out, as clear as the noon-day sun, the utterly Erastian character of English Protestantism. The same Parliament, which in the sixteenth century changed the divine constitution of the Church by denying the Papal supremacy, and abolished the Divine Worship of Christianity by legislating against "the blasphemous fable" of the Mass, now in the twentieth century changes the so-called "divine" law of marriage. The Anglican Churchman must now call black white and white black, because the state has so decreed.

In the present volume, Mr. Puller attempts the impossible task of proving that the marriage laws of Leviticus xviii., with regard to the forbidden degrees of consanguinity and affinity, are for all time, binding both Jew and Christian alike, and that no power on earth can dispense therefrom. Needless to say, thousands of his co-religionists, in the full exercise of the private judgment of a "comprehensive" church, fail to see the force of his arguments, as they have long since come to regard the state as absolute in all that concerns marriage.

The Catholic Church maintains that these laws were binding upon the Jews alone, except when she enforced them anew as the infallible mouthpiece of Christ's divine teaching. It is, therefore, always within the competency of the Pope to grant dispensations in cases of consanguinity and affinity, when in his judgment the particular carrying out of the law would do more harm than good.

There is little that is new in Mr. Puller's book. He simply

repeats the statements made by some of his abler predecessors, adding now and again to their already long list of mis-statements and inaccuracies. Like many of his confrères, he shows his *dilet-tante* scholarship by wantonly accusing great doctors of the Church like St. Ambrose and St. Gregory of error; by unfairly citing in his favor great scholastics like St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure; by misinterpreting canonists like Cardinal Parisio; by ignorantly tracing the Catholic claim to dispense in cases of affinity to Pope Alexander VI., and by impudently asserting that "the formal decision of Clement VII. against Henry VIII., in the matter of the divorce, was in manifest opposition to the teaching of Scripture and the Fathers, and to the general tradition of the Catholic Church."

Prior to the Council of Trent, theologians as a matter of fact, did dispute whether all the prohibitions of Leviticus xviii. belonged to the divine natural law, or whether some of them belonged to the divine positive law. But both schools agreed, *pace* Mr. Puller, that the Popes could actually dispense, either strictly speaking, or, as Cardinal Parisio held, by declaring that the divine law did not apply in a particular case.

Fifty years ago Dr. Pusey tried to prove this same thesis, and singularly failed. We recommend Mr. Puller to re-read carefully a book that he sets aside with a sneer, Father Harper's *Peace Through the Truth*. Had he digested it, he would at least have learned how to be fair in setting forth the views of the Catholic scholars of the past, whom he so lightly accuses of ignorance and error.

SCIENTIFIC MENTAL HEALING. By H. Addington Bruce.
Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

"The chief aim of the present volume," says the author in his preface, "is to provide the general reader with a brief yet, it is to be hoped sufficiently, comprehensive account of the principles underlying scientific psychotherapy; and to afford some idea of the method by which it is applied in the treatment of disease, and also of the maladies to which it is applicable."

A very meagre and superficial account of the history of hypnotism is given from the days of Mesmer to the present famous scientific schools of Nancy and Paris. The value of hypnotism as a therapeutic agent in certain functional diseases is clearly brought out, and its triumphs abroad contrasted with the failure of

physicians in the United States to realize its importance. While mention is made of the pseudo-mental healing of Dr. Quimby, Mrs. Eddy, and the New Thought School, who borrowed the "suggestion" idea of hypnotism, and from it manufactured a new religion, there is no attempt made to stigmatize such charlatanism as it deserves.

A rather interesting chapter discusses the debt of education to psychology with regard to defective and backward children, who are treated so effectively to-day in the New York public schools, and in psychological laboratories like that of the University of Pennsylvania. He says: "Not all of these backward children are susceptible of improvement, for sometimes their deficiencies represent a congenital feeble-mindedness, which not even the most skillful educational methods can remedy. But in a great majority of cases, as the results obtained in Prof. Witmer's psychological clinic and hospital school indicate unmistakably, the trouble is due to remedial causes. The teacher may be at fault, or, as often happens, the child may be suffering from some physical trouble, in itself slight, but sufficient to affect his mental development adversely. Eye, throat, nose, ear, and dental trouble, it has been conclusively demonstrated, are frequently productive of intellectual deficiency."

The final chapters on "Half a Century of Psychical Research" and "William James" are rather out of place in the present volume, as the author seems to realize in his rather poor plea for their insertion.

LAMENNAIS AND THE HOLY SEE. From Unedited Documents and the Vatican Archives. By Paul Dudon. Paris: Perrin et Cie. \$1.25.

Many of the non-Catholic biographers of Lamennais, accepting without reserve his own *ex parte* statements, have contended that Rome treated him harshly and unjustly, and finally drove him out of the Church at the instance of the absolutist governments of Europe, who detested him for his great defence of modern democracy.

The Abbé Dudon thoroughly refutes this fanciful thesis* from the original documents preserved in the Archives of the French government and the Vatican. A great deal of this material is here

**Lamennais et le Saint-Siège.* D'après des Documents inédits et les Archives de Vatican. Par Paul Dudon. Paris: Perrin et Cie.

published for the first time. In letter after letter of Pope, Cardinal, Nuncio, Bishop, friend, and opponent, he proves conclusively that "the apostasy of Lamennais was due to himself alone; that his friends did him more harm than his adversaries; that the Pope, Gregory XVI., treated him throughout with the utmost Christian courtesy and patience; that the condemnations of 1832 (*Mirari Vos*) and 1834 (*Singulari Vos*) were perfectly justified."

Lamennais for many years was a most vigorous defender of the Church against liberalism and Gallicanism, although his lack of balance and his pride of intellect brooked no opposition or correction. Within the first year of his ordination (1817), he published the first volume of his famous *Essai sur l'indifférence en matière de religion*, which, despite evident errors, was welcomed by Catholics everywhere with delight: he was at once classed with writers like Bossuet, Pascal, and Mallebranche.

The second volume appeared in 1820, and advocated a new theory of certitude, derived not from evidence, but from the authority of the *common sense* of mankind. He was at once most bitterly attacked, his opponents declaring that such a philosophy led to scepticism by utterly denying the validity of the individual reason, and ignored the distinction between the natural and the supernatural. He answered his Jesuit and Sulpician critics by claiming, in his exaggerated way, that Rome had pronounced in his favor. *De facto* Rome was not at all favorable to his views, but Padre Anfossi, the Master of the Sacred Palace, had simply given his *imprimatur* to Orioli's Italian translation of the *Defense de l'Essai*.

Leo XII. was undoubtedly his friend. He had a portrait of Lamennais in his room, and would have made him a Bishop *in partibus*, if not a Cardinal—though the Abbé disputes this fact—had not the French government put in its veto. While the Pope welcomed him most heartily to Rome on his first visit in 1824, he still spoke of him to Cardinal Turiozzi as "*un de ces amants de la perfection, qui, si on les laissait faire, bouleverseraient le monde.*"

For the next nine years, Lamennais was continually engaged in the most passionate controversies. His bitter tongue spared no one—Pope, King, Bishop, religious order, friend or foe—unless that one admitted unreservedly his new method of apologetics, and his false views on the liberty of the press, the liberty of conscience, the right of revolt, etc., etc. In 1830, the better to propagate his ideas, he founded a new magazine, *L'Avenir*, and his "General

Agency for the Defence of Religious Liberty." Both were condemned by the Pope within two years, and although Lamennais openly professed submission to the Encyclical *Mirari Vos*, he never changed his views.

After one year of correspondence with the Pope, Cardinal Pacca, and the Archbishop of Paris, in which he strove to qualify his acceptance of the Pope's public and private condemnation, he abandoned his priesthood and faith forever. The *Paroles d'un Croyant* was the apostate's answer to the most insistent and kindly entreaties of his friends to be loyal to the Holy See.

No one can read the letters published in this most interesting volume without realizing that everything possible was done by those in authority to make the way of submission easy. They warned him of his errors in the most kindly tone, they praised his talents, they gave due credit to his work as an apologist, they were most patient under his bitter and unfair attacks—but he died impenitent, convinced of his own infallibility, and despising Lacordaire, Montalambert, Gervet, Salinis, and other friends for their loyal submission.

AMERICAN COLONIAL GOVERNMENT, 1696-1765. A Study of the British Board of Trade in Relation to the American Colonies. Political, Industrial, Administrative. By Oliver Morton Dickerson, Ph.D. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co. \$4.00 net.

During the period which this book covers, the American colonies acquired self-government to a large extent, and were not prevented from doing so by the Board of Trade, which was the Department of the British Government officially charged with colonial affairs. The Board itself had varying power, however, being at one time the source of all colonial authority, and at another only an advisory body. Often it was an inefficient guardian of British colonial affairs, and at those times the colonies increased their powers of governing themselves. They would have been in straits for any government at all if they had not done so. The Board was created in 1696 as a committee under the immediate control of the crown, but it came naturally to be a part of the parliamentary executive. It understood the political tendencies of the colonies, and sought to check them, but the Ministers would not support it in many of its most important recommendations. It had power to approve or disapprove colonial legislation; and disapproved many

ills, and acted with scrupulous fairness in doing so. It decided disputed boundary questions in the colonies, and prevented them from enacting regulations inimical to the interests of one another.

The cause which led the colonies to revolt against the mother country was the bad government given them by the home government. Here we have a description of the machinery of that government for seventy formative years. It shows that the defects of the machinery were as much the cause of the bad government as anything else, but that the Board of Trade was as efficient as other departments of the British government were at that time. Systematic and expeditious government by the Board was out of the question, but England was not governed systematically or expeditiously at home.

In writing his book Dr. Dickerson has kept steadily to his purpose of developing the machinery of the Board, showing what its duties were with respect to the American colonies, and how it performed them. The various colonial measures and the conflicts concerning them are another subject, and have been wisely left out. It is hardly too much to say that an understanding of the important preliminaries of the American Revolution is not possible without an understanding of the vital phase of it, which Dr. Dickerson has presented in this volume.

A LITTLE PILGRIMAGE IN ITALY. By Olave M. Potter. With eight colored plates and illustrations by Yoshio Markino. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4.00 net.

That there have been many books written on Italy has nothing to do with each new book's claim. Why should there not be an unending series of such volumes? Or, rather, have we not actual need of them? After all, a book on Italy must be like a poem or a sketch—and of poems and sketches we shall never cry “enough” as long as beauty remains unexhausted and art sincere. So no apology is needed for the publishing of *A Little Pilgrimage in Italy*—well-named indeed, for the reader of it can revisit familiar scenes, view them from an angle that reveals new loveliness, or new suggestions, and return refreshed in spirit. So we may go to Arezzo, Cortona, Perugia, Siena, Assisi, Loreto, Ravenna, Foligno, Orvieto, and many another spot wisely selected and well-described by our guide, cleverly pictured in line and in color by our artist.

Not Catholic, yet generally sympathetic, the author has with fair success depicted outlooks for one and recalled sacred memories

to another class of readers. The book is beautiful, too; in every sense worthy of a discriminating public.

UNTERSUCHUNGEN UND URTEILE ZU DEN LITERATUREN VERSCHIEDENER VÖLKER. By Alexander Baumgartner, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$4.25.

Since the preceding notice was written,* the *Weltliteratur* series has been enlarged by the addition of a volume made up of various essays contributed by Father Baumgartner to the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, the *Literarischen Rundschau*, and the *Kirchenlexikon*. It forms a noble monument, including, as it does, discussions of Spanish, German, British, and Scandinavian literature; and even America—in the person of Poe—comes into this wide field of criticism. The learning and critical acumen of the author make every opinion of his a thing of weight.

THE REASON WHY. By Bernard J. Otten, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.25.

The classical apologies of Christianity are the works of Hettinger, Schanz, and Weiss. All of them are very lengthy, very learned, and soar beyond the capacity and leisure of ordinary mortals. Father Otten terms his little work *A Common Sense Contribution to Christian and Catholic Apologetics*. The usual topics of "Religion in General," "Supernatural Religion," and "The Divinity of Christ" are well and succinctly treated. This work is admirably suited for the busy non-Catholics of our own country. Many a man who, absorbed in worldly cares, has become indifferent to all religion; many another, who insensibly has lost all belief in the sect of his nativity, will be edified and perhaps converted by Father Otten's book. Two chapters in particular, "Religion and Morality" and the "Establishment and Growth of Christianity," struck us as models of brief, lucid and felicitous exposition.

THE LIVING WITNESS. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents.

This is a little booklet of 106 small pages, wherein the author, a Catholic lawyer, gives reasons for the faith that is in him, and extends a helping hand to those hesitating on the threshold of the Church. The work contains in an elementary form the considerations put forward by theologians in their treatises *De Vera Relig-*

*THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1912, p. 405.

ione. We think the author deserves to be congratulated, both on the work he has undertaken and on its execution. Likely enough other works of greater length and more ambitious endeavor are fermenting in his brain. We would suggest that next time he give his name. The days are past when a self-effacing *Idiota* or *Auctor operis imperfecti* penned masterpieces. Anonymity now generally means that a writer has not the full courage of his convictions, or shrinks from facing consequent criticism. Certainly the author has no reason to be ashamed of the present work.

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.25 net.

A clever, clean, entertaining story is *The Principal Girl*, written in a playful vein that might grow monotonous were the story longer. There is much wisdom conveyed through the medium of delicate wit, and the tale leaves a pleasant taste with the reader. The romance, built upon the love of a British peer's son for the daughter of an "old theatrical family," gives occasion to many amusing situations. In picturesque playing with words, the author shows really a quite phenomenal power.

WHEN MOTHER LETS US TRAVEL IN ITALY. By Charlotte M. Martin. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.00 net.

To write a travel book for children without overloading the pages is no easy task, and yet no reader will accuse Charlotte Martin of having committed that blunder. The children of an American family traveling in Italy are taken from place to place—Genoa, Naples, Rome, Perugia, Assisi, Florence, Siena—and the record of their journey is set down for the most part in just such conversation as real human beings indulge in. Enough information is conveyed to stimulate a child's interest and provide useful suggestions.

THE BUSINESS OF SALVATION. By Bernard J. Otten, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.25.

In this volume Father Otten has gathered together more than forty sermons delivered in the St. Louis Cathedral during the Lent of 1911. The only thing unusual about the sermons is their rather novel dress in the language of the market-place and counting-house

—the old themes proposed under new metaphors. But though these discourses cover well-trodden ground, they are none the less excellent, being plain, brief, practical, and to the point.

Busy pastors who in spite of the best resolutions—*experti loquimur*—often find themselves Saturday night without a sermon for Sunday, will be helped by this book. It is also most suitable for home and family reading.

ENCHIRIDION PATRISTICUM. By M. J. Rouet de Journel, S.J.
St. Louis: B. Herder.

This thesaurus of patristic texts forms a good companion volume to Denzinger's *Enchiridion Symbolorum* and Kirch's *Enchiridion fontium historiae ecclesiasticae antiquae*. It has been compiled chiefly for theological students, who hitherto had no text-book of the kind to consult, save the bulky six-volume *Thesaurus Patristicus*, or Waterworth's uncritical three-volume *Faith of Catholics*.

The Greek and Latin texts are given in the original, the former always with a Latin translation; the Oriental texts are given only in a Latin version. The latest and most critical editions of the Fathers are used whenever possible, although references are made throughout to the Abbé Migne's well-known edition, and to Funk's *Apostolic Fathers*.

The choice of texts has been determined by the author's practical viewpoint. Many of the current manuals pay little attention to the proofs from the Fathers, which were so well treated in the classical treatises of a Petavius or a Thomassinus. In this manual the student will find the most important passages arranged in chronological order, with marginal numbers referring to the entire subject matter of theology from the tract *De Revelatione* to the treatise *De Novissimis*. Other numbers in smaller type give us all the parallel passages, while another index includes all the Biblical texts cited.

The chief value of the book is its critical and careful classification of texts, and the ingenious method devised by the compiler to make it of practical utility. He himself deprecates all claims of having given us a perfect work, for he knows that no two scholars in the world would be in complete agreement as to what texts should be omitted or retained. He asks all students to send him suggestions for future editions. They will all be grateful to him and his helpers, Fathers Browe and Burdo, for their scholarly introduction to the fascinating study of the Fathers.

PRIMITIVE BUDDHISM. By Alfred Roussel. Paris: Pierre Téqui. \$1.00.

Alfred Roussel, the Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, has published in the above volume the conferences he delivered on Buddhism at the Catholic Institute of Paris.

His aim is to present a critical yet popular study of Buddhism in its primitive state, and incidentally to refute those Neo-Buddhists who endeavor to set up the atheism of India as a formidable rival of Christianity. He is most anxious to be fair and objective, avoiding, as he says himself, "false estimates of either prejudiced apologists or uncritical antagonists."

His subject naturally falls under three headings: the life of Gotama (Buddha), his teaching (Dharma or Dhamma), and the community of monks which he founded (Sangha).

It is practically impossible to write an authentic life of the founder of Buddhism. As well try to construct a life of Christ from a volume of modern sermons, or to write the life of a mediaeval saint from the pious imaginings of an uncritical convent annalist. The historians and chroniclers of India never bothered about distinguishing legend from historical fact, and her documents are so oblivious of chronology, so full of interpolations, so frequently changed and rewritten, as to be very unreliable.

The thesis of Bunsen, Seydel, and other rationalistic scholars who maintain that the Gospel incidents are borrowed from Buddhist texts, is ably refuted. Christianity reached India in apostolic times, and the Gospels were beyond doubt used to enrich the Buddhist legend; some of the so-called primitive documents, like the *Lalita-Vistara*, were compiled, according to Senart and Rhys-Davids, from six hundred to a thousand years after the death of Gotama; the differences in the alleged borrowings are for the most part greater than the similarities, *e. g.*, the presentation in the temple of Mahâpajâpati, the temptation by Mara, the sermon at Benares, etc., etc.

Roussel shows clearly from many citations that Buddhism is in no true sense a consistent philosophy. He agrees with Barth in holding that the many contradictions of its pseudo-metaphysics argue "cerebral paralysis;" instead of being a *chef d'oeuvre* of the human mind, our author stigmatizes it as a *chef d'oeuvre d'extravagance et de délire*.

Nirvana is the *raison d'être* of the whole ethical system of Buddhism. But what is Nirvana? According to De la Vallée Poussin "it is not annihilation, nor is it a beatific existence; it is neither a place nor a state. Buddhists heap argument on argument to prove that Nirvana is a pure emptiness, the destruction of an apparent individuality, the end of all activity of thought."

The four noble truths are: first, that existence is painful; second, that existence is produced and renewed from life to life by desire; third, that man may be delivered from existence; fourth, but only by deliverance from desire. The absence of desire therefore is the royal highway to Nirvana.

The five moral precepts of Buddhism are wholly negative: they forbid murder, lying, theft, fornication, and alcohol. Buddhism is in no sense a religion, for it denies the existence of a Supreme Being; its love of the neighbor—so often unjustly praised—consists rather in a prohibition not to hate, based on indifference and the absence of desire.

The third part of the book discusses in detail the convent life of the Buddhist monks and nuns; their rules, vows, novitiate, customs, fasting, public confession, pilgrimages, etc. A final chapter deals with the present state of Buddhism in India and Ceylon.

We recommend this book most highly for its subject matter, but hope that in a future edition the author will simplify some of the lengthy and involved sentences which disfigure its pages.

THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE TO LOURDES, by the Rev. G. H. Cobb (St. Louis: B. Herder. 40 cents), will give the reader interesting details of the routes to Lourdes, the hotels and offices there, etc. But it does not take up the traveler till he arrives in London, and it omits to state how long the journey takes from place to place, *e. g.*, from Bordeaux to Lourdes. If these details were included, the little book would be more valuable.

COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY. By Albert Perry Brigham. (New York: Ginn & Co. \$1.30.) Though objecting to the multiplication of text-books, we must own that to the wearied teacher they are oftentimes a blessing, giving variety in matter, and method of treatment. Of late years the cords of the geographical tent have been stretched unduly in order to shelter many correlated subjects, and not the least significant symptoms of the tendency of modern education is the fact that great prominence

is given to Commercial Geography. In old days children learned whence were obtained the various commodities of life, but now they learn *how* they are produced; *how much* has become more important than *whence*, and commerce has crowded out geography. The result is that while the topography of the world has grown more detailed, children are ignorant of countries and cities. After having entered this protest one may with an easy conscience proceed to discourse on the excellencies of the book in question.

The author is well known in the educational world, and his presentation of the subject proper is interesting and methodical. This book, therefore, deals more with commerce than with geography. His chapters on the History of Commerce and the many historical facts scattered throughout the volume lift up the whole from the dead level of tons, bushels, and dollars. And a word of special praise is due to the numerous maps, charts, and illustrations, of which there are two hundred and seventy. The illustrations really illustrate, and give the impression, which few text-book pictures give nowadays, of having been chosen because of their appositeness and utility.

SELECTIONS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT, with introduction and notes by Henry Nelson Snyder, of Wofford College, is designed to meet a recommendation that some knowledge of the Bible as literature should be required for College entrance. The book contains the stories of the Creation and the Deluge, and accounts of some of the chief personages of the sacred record from Abraham to Daniel, so arranged that the unity of each story is preserved. A chapter is added on the poetry of the Psalms, the Canticle of Canticles, etc. The notes contain only explanation of difficult words and phrases, but the introduction is not so satisfactory. The translation used is the King James' version. The book is published by Ginn & Co., Boston.

FATE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$1.25) is the name of a new story by Will Levington Comfort, author of *Roughledge Rides Alone* and *She Buildeth Her House*. Nor is it altogether a bad story, though the various chapters depict so many countries that one gets the effect of a patch-work quilt. But when, oh when, will some kind person fence off the field of theology and put up a sign, "No Admittance to Novelists?"

SHORT READINGS FOR RELIGIOUS, by Father Cox, O.M.I. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.00), contains fifty-two short talks on practical points of the religious life in general. As a manual of meditation, or points of instruction for novices, it will prove a useful aid; also for spiritual reading, when that duty is restricted to a very short period of time.

CLOISTER CHORDS, by Sister Mary Fides Shepperson (Chicago: Ainsworth Co. 50 cents), touches on many topics of the High School course. It will be to the graduate of St. Mary's Convent, Pittsburgh, Pa., when school days are a thing of the past, a pleasant reminder of the months that sped so swiftly when life was free from care.

NUNC DIMITTIS, or THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE. A mystery play by a Religious of St. Mary's Convent, Cambridge, England (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons), is a simple, quaint recital of the Presentation of Our Lord in the temple, and will be found suitable for the Christmas season.

L. C. PAGE & CO. publish two new stories for girls, *Alma at Hadley Hall*, by Louise M. Breitenbach, and *The Girls of Friendly Terrace*, by Harriet Lummis Smith. The second is especially commendable, because, instead of golf or literary ambition, its young heroine possesses the cardinal talent of cookery. Each \$1.50.

SWIMMING SCIENTIFICALLY TAUGHT, by Prof. Frank Eugen Dalton (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.25 net), is intended to help beginners to learn and swimmers to improve. Of course no book can be a satisfactory substitute for an instructor in a matter so eminently practical, but the present volume is even less helpful than might reasonably have been expected.

THERE is no more effective counter-irritant to the pernicious literature that is the order of the day than the history and the example of the Saints. Nor may it any longer be said that their lives are presented to us without that practical inspiration so needful to us sinners who live and work in a valley of tribulation. The din of new theories that blatantly decry all tradition and pretend to remake the world sounds in our ears—yet the still small voice of the Saints of God alone speaks wisdom unto men. Nothing is more help-

ful to the Christian home than the lives of the Saints. It matters not in what field the children of that home will labor, the light that will safely guide them, and the example that will best inspire them, are found in those who, living with God, help us all in our work for God and our fellow-men. St. Paul was a tent-maker; St. Ignatius a soldier; St. John Capistran a magistrate.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD has already recommended to its readers the series of the Friar Saints published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York. These volumes are presented in an attractive size and makeup, and cost but fifty cents a piece. They are within the reach of everyone, and our people should show their appreciation of the labor and devotion of the editors and of the work of the publishers. The series includes the lives of St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Antony of Padua, St. Pius V., and St. John Capistran. Each life is ably written with a view to its practical, popular appeal. The books will be a treasure in every Catholic household.

CONFERENCES À LA JEUNESSE DES ECOLES. Par Ch. Vandepitte. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 2 fr.) A slender volume of 209 pages, containing nineteen catechetical lectures to French school children. The work is divided into two parts: thirteen lectures being on "Duties to God," and six on "Duties to Our Neighbor." The lectures, though of course in elementary style, are well and interestingly written. Many examples and historical episodes are given to sustain the reader's attention; while a page of *reflexions et pratiques* after each discourse sums up and crystallizes the lessons just taught.

Foreign Periodicals.

A House Divided Against Itself. By S. F. Darwin Fox. The present chaotic condition of the Anglican Church is simply the legacy of the compromise known to history as the Elizabethan Settlement. Elizabeth demanded obedience to herself in matters temporal and ecclesiastical. J. R. Green has shown how she looked at theological matters in a purely political light. J. A. Froude also contributed similar testimony. Elizabeth made the Anglican Church. She denied the Mass. But the Mass is the test of Catholic Faith. As Mr. Birrell has said, "It is the Mass that matters." The Anglican Church has abrogated Baptism: it recognizes at least three conflicting sacramental theories. It is difficult, if not impossible, to determine what the Anglican Church teaches as *de fide*.—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*, July.

The Italian Futurists. By A. M. Ludovici. The work and aims of this school of Italian artists demand serious attention as indices of the trend of modern art. When using such terms as art, reality, realism, etc., one must take great pains to define them with precision, so the author opens his paper with a number of definitions that clear the ground. He goes on to show that ever since Whistler, inspired by Manet and the Pointillistes, declared that the subject did not matter, *the mode of expression* has grown to be the sovereign concern of the more advanced school of modern painters. Art became divorced from any definite attitude towards life. Artists who were born in an age of chaos, in an age of the clashing and mixing of values, and among a people who had lost all notion of a direction or a purpose in life, could never feel that intense passion for any particular phase of life which the Gothic or Pagan artists had once felt. They were thrown back upon art forms. As a result technique, decorative effect, color schemes, contours took precedence. The substance was neglected. The ranks of artists were swelled by thousands of mediocrities, incapable of any supreme, masterly vision. The only love that inspires the Futurists is a love of the modern age of chaos: a weak love which has not the power to rise above technical controversies, which has not the power to break

with the past save in manifestoes in words. The Futurists have introduced merely a fresh convention for depicting objects in movement; but they are slaves of the past. They have carried to its logical conclusion every tenet of the studios for the last fifty years. The Futurists then, instead of a beginning, are an end, the last offspring of a senile race of artists who are utterly bankrupt and devoid of all love, ideas, vigor, or promise of life.—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*, July.

Secret Societies in European Politics. Unsigned. The Grand Lodge of Freemasons was founded in England in 1719, and ever since the accession to the throne of the House of Hanover they have enjoyed the protection of the reigning families. So great has been this protection that when in 1799 Parliament passed a law for the suppression of secret societies, only one escaped this law, and that was the Freemasons of England. The writer gives a brief history of Freemasonry in England.

The English Freemasonry was not confined to England alone, but as early as 1721 the Duke of Montagu founded a lodge at Dunterque, France. The Order now spread with amazing rapidity, and before the end of the first half of the eighteenth century every country of Europe was represented by at least one lodge of Freemasons, all founded by the Grand Lodge of England, and dependant solely upon it. In 1826 Mr. Canning, a prominent Mason, in a discourse, made known the mysterious power in the hands of the Masons. The Order was Protestant, and in favor of Monarchy in England, but anti-religious and of Republican tendencies on the Continent.

In Italy, for instance, all the political leaders from Cavour to Crispi, including Mazzini, Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel and King Humbert, have been Freemasons. Jews were admitted to membership in 1831, which accounts for the wretched treatment accorded Catholics during the Jubilee Year at Rome, under the Mayoralty of Ernest Nathan, a Masonic Jew, and of English origin.

Of the numerous "Young Turks," who took refuge in the various countries of Europe, who conspired against the government of Abdul Hamid, the majority of these made their studies in Paris and London, and during this period of study became affiliated with Freemasonry. A short while after the Turkish Revolution, the "Young Turks" declared openly that Freemasonry played an important part in the overthrow of Abdul Hamid's government.

After the revolution, all important posts of the government were filled by Freemasons, following the custom of the other countries of Europe in which Freemasonry holds a strong place.

The massacres breaking out at the present time in Armenia, which have been laid against the Levantine Jews, have been traced to a Mason—Ishan Tikri, director of one of their papers. The “Young Turks” allow these massacres to go on, thinking that they are adding a great help to the cause of Freemasonry, to which they have become allied.

The writer ends his study of the question by these all-important words: “And on the day when the Italo-Turkish war ends, the mask will fall, and will show the Ottomans that in the country of the Mussulman, as in the Catholic countries, Freemasonry, sooner or later, brings to that country ruin and abasement.”—*Le Correspondant*, June.

The Belgian Elections. By B. Van Den Heuvel. Until the revision of the Belgian Constitution in 1893, that country had but two political parties—the Catholic and the Liberal. In 1894 the Socialist Party came into existence. As usual it planned at once radical changes of all kinds that were to be effected by revolutionary methods. But it has since been forced to learn that if it is to accomplish anything, it must accomplish it by methods slower and more peaceful.

The Catholic Party, which includes many non-Catholics, is the one chosen by all right-thinking men, of all shades of belief, and holds, now as ever, the supreme place in politics. It has endeavored to conciliate the interests of all social classes; to do everything that will promote the welfare of the state; to safeguard the vitality of local institutions; to encourage initiative, and to promote the moral and intellectual growth of the citizens of Belgium. The good work which it has accomplished has met with wide praise, and excited even the admiration of a Liberal Propagandist, M. Barich, who some months ago wrote a book entitled *The Clerical Régime in Belgium*, in which he set forth the social and economic works which have been due to the zeal of the Catholic Party.

The Liberal Party is absolutely opposed to the Church. It demands absolute separation of Church and State; severe neutrality in public education, and the withdrawal of financial aid to religious institutions.

The Socialist Party, even more radical than the Liberal, is

making strenuous efforts to gain a foothold in every part of the kingdom. The elections of this year were most important. The Liberal and Socialist Parties were quite sure of success, but the result proved a victory for the Catholic Party. The writer ends his article by tabulating the results of the elections, showing the gains and losses of the different parties.—*Le Correspondant*, June.

The Tablet (June 29): *The Insurance Act* gives directions as to the content and observance of the law regarding the insuring of employees.—*The Boy Scouts* invites the coöperation of Catholics in this National Movement, and suggests the propriety of such coöperation with an organization whose attitude to Catholics is evidenced by the presence of the Archbishop of Westminster on its Board of Directors.—In *The Belgian Elections* Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., gives a graphic account of the Catholic triumph in the recent elections due to a magnificent union of work and prayer. Belgians entitled to more than one vote by educational or property qualifications were summoned from all parts of Europe; missionaries and members of teaching orders congregated to save Belgium from the "hands of the enemy." The vanquished Liberals lament too late their unhappy alliance with Socialism.—*The Primate and The Marriage Law* questions the effect upon Anglicans of the decision of Parliament in the Banister case. The English Prayer Book declares marriage to a deceased wife's sister to be against "the law of God;" and the Rev. Mr. Thompson "failed to note that 'the law of God' had recently been amended by the House of Commons."....."The effect of the decision is to establish the right of Parliament to settle the terms of admission to Holy Communion in the Established Church." The Primate protests personally against the act, but yields officially by pronouncing such marriages only "ecclesiastically irregular." Up to the time when Henry VIII. first saw Anne Boleyn, everyone in England knew that the law forbidding marriage with a deceased wife's sister was an ecclesiastical law, from which the Holy See could grant dispensation; "to oblige the King, Parliament affirmed that such marriages were contrary to 'the law of God.' Now Parliament has changed its mind, and the Church of England must do the same."

(July 6): *Oxford, Ottawa and The Marriage Law* gives the "lonely protest" of the Bishop of Oxford, who "seems not to have apprehended the full force of an Act of Parliament." The situa-

tion demands a revision of the Book of Common Prayer "for the peace of souls." In this connection the recent decisions of the Supreme Court of Canada regarding the civil standing under the law of the Province of Quebec of marriages between two Catholics, and of mixed marriages not "contracted before a Roman Catholic priest" are discussed.—*Catholic Federation in France* is an encouraging picture of the earnestness and success with which both priests and people are working in France to repair the heavy losses sustained under the Separation Law.

The National (July): Episodes of the month speaks of the attitude of England towards Germany in view of recent English political happenings.—Comments unfavorably and in a very bigoted way on what it describes as the disgraceful Home Rule Bill—"the House of Commons is dominated by a gang of sorted demagogues and needy-greedy lawyers."—Rudyard Kipling writes a rabid, unpleasant article, entitled *The Benefactors*, against Trade Unionism.—How England can maintain its naval supremacy in the Mediterranean is treated by H. W. Wilson.—Coulson Kernahan protests against political activities of the Free Church in an article entitled *Politics and the Pulpit*.—*Young China and Young Turkey*, by J. O. P. Bland, compares the recent revolutions in both countries. The writer seems to think that in the latter it will be successful; in the former it will prove a failure.

Oxford and Cambridge Review (July): Discusses current topics.—Second installment of an exhaustive article on the present industrial conditions in England by E. F. Smith.—W. S. George discusses Daudet's *Tartarin*.—*Freemasonry and Christianity*, by Flavien Brenner, is a review of the growth and organization of Freemasonry in Germany and its war against Christianity.

Le Correspondant (June 10): In *Crumbling Shrines of the Faith*, Max Doumic records a tour he made through the southwest of France. He describes the architectural beauty of the churches there, and then tells how they have been allowed to fall into decay by that indifferentism that has of late been sweeping over the country.—*Master of the Sea*, by L. de St. Victor de St. Blancard, reviews the rivalry in naval supremacy now engaged in by England and Germany.

(June 25): *Social Reform*, by Georges Goyau, tells of the

work inaugurated on January 26, 1903, at Rheims by the Abbé Leray to combat the social evils of the day. At its own expense this society published brochures on every subject pertaining to these great questions, and has scattered them broadcast. At the end of each year they publish a "Social Guide," which gives a summary of problems handled and work done. As yet only in its ninth year, it gives great promise of fruitful work for God, the Church, and the state.—*Naval Study*, by Edgar de Geoffroy, is a scientific study of submarine boats of every description.—*Turkish Persecutions*, by André Cheradame, deals with the persecutions which the Albanians are subjected to by the treachery of the "Young Turks," who solicited the help of the former at the crisis of the Turkish Revolution, promising them every advantage if they were successful in dethroning Abdul Hamid.—*France to Canada*, by Etienne Lamy, is the speech which Etienne Lamy delivered on the 25th of June, 1912, as a representative of the Académie Française at the Congress of French-speaking people held at Quebec.

Revue Thomiste (May-June): *The Idea of God and the Psychology of the Subconsciousness*, by R. P. Montague, O.P., is an answer to unbelievers who maintain that the subconsciousness in us is the source of man's idea of God.—*The Vital Principle and the Traditional Philosophy*, by R. P. Mélizan, outlines the teaching of Christian Philosophy on life and its principle, and then shows that spontaneous generation is incompatible with this philosophy. The article is for the most part a refutation of the opinions advanced in favor of spontaneous generation by M. Bonyssonic. The author denounces such theories as irrational and unphilosophical.

Recent Events.

France.

The Chamber of Deputies has been devoting the greater part of its time to the discussion of the Bill for Electoral Reform introduced by the government. To this measure the most numerous, and hitherto the most influential, of the parties in the Chamber has offered a determined opposition; and at one time the existence of the Cabinet was seriously endangered. The rank and file of the Socialist-Radicals feared that its passing would result in their losing their seats. No French government, under present circumstances, can retain office, even if supported by a majority, unless that majority is made up of strictly Republican votes. The Bill is supported by those members who sit not only on the Extreme Left, but also by those who sit on the opposite Extreme, that is the Right. The support of the latter has to be eliminated in a vote which involves an expression of confidence. On one occasion in the discussion, the government barely secured a majority of the required kind of supporters. Its passage through the Chamber may now be looked upon as assured. It has, however, still to make its way through the Senate, and no one can tell how it will be treated by that body. The Bill, in the shape in which it leaves the Chamber, provided for the election of all its members by *scrutin de liste* and for the representation of minorities. The electoral area is in all cases the Department. The means to secure the representation of minorities seem to be very complicated. This is in fact the great objection to every form of proportional representation. Supporters of the Bill, however, maintain that it will work perfectly well in practice.

Both the Chamber and the Senate have been discussing the virtues and the vices of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the government having called upon Parliament to make a grant of money in order to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of his birth. Considerable opposition was offered in both of the houses. In the Chamber M. Maurice Barrès pointed to the singular inappropriateness of showing honor to the father of anarchist theories, at the very time when the government was engaged in shooting down like dogs his anarchist disciples. There was no essential difference of

theory, he maintained, between Kropotkin and Rousseau. The opponents of the vote in the Senate insisted, among other things, on the despotism of the masses of which Rousseau was an advocate. He taught that the state might banish everyone who did not believe in its dogmas, and even put to death anyone who, after having publicly accepted them, behaved as if he did not believe them. Moreover, although an enemy of property, he has always lived on the property of others. Both Houses, however, passed by large majorities the grant for which they were asked. The supporters of the vote, while recognizing the numerous vices of their hero, thought honor was due to one who first had the vision of the new city which was being built in modern times on the foundations of social justice and humanity. The Bi-centenary was duly celebrated in the Pantheon in the presence of the President, and with all the pomp of state and circumstance.

Two years and a half ago the Chamber passed a resolution inviting the legal authorities to consider the advisability of establishing an organization for the examination of criminals, and the investigation of the social causes of criminality. It was the increase of crime, and particularly of juvenile crime, that led to this step being taken. M. Briand went further, and established a central Bureau of criminology. This Bureau devotes itself to the study of the physical and biological characteristics of criminals, their physical condition and their social environment. But when the spectacle is presented to the youth of the country of the highest honors being paid by the Chief of the State to a man notoriously guilty of the worst moral crimes, it seems unnecessary to inquire into one at least of the causes of this increase. The labor unrest, of which so many countries are feeling the effects, has led to a large strike of French seamen. Great inconvenience has been caused. On the whole, however, due bounds have been kept; the strikers, although firm in their attitude, have refrained from violent action, and from interference with the rights of others.

The Foreign relations of France remain unchanged. With Russia and Great Britain, the Premier affirms, never were they better. The three governments keep permanently in touch, and exchange views confidentially on all international questions. Between Great Britain and France the warm feeling was so strong that no written documents were needed to secure common action. The fact that in Italy irritation was shown at the reference made to the war by M. Poincaré, in his speech in the Chamber, may be

taken rather as an indication of the extreme sensitiveness of Italians since the war began, than of any real difference between the two countries or of any impending conflict.

With reference to Morocco, the situation is recognized by the government as serious. The opposition of many tribes had rendered it necessary to send reinforcements. But the government is determined to carry the enterprise it has undertaken, however long and arduous it may prove, to a successful conclusion. As soon as, by means of the Army, the country has been pacified, its civilization will be undertaken. A regular Budget will be the first step, to be followed by a proper system of education. Franco-Arab and Franco-Berber primary schools will be established and a French College opened at Tangier. A stop will be put to the abuses in the sale of land. The loyal coöperation of the natives is looked upon as essential, and therefore every effort will be made to win their confidence, so that France may not only be respected but also loved. With Spain the negotiations are still going on. There are indeed great difficulties still to be settled, but every hope is entertained that they will be surmounted, and that the good relations between France and Spain will in no way be impaired.

Germany.

Very little has to be said about German affairs, for very little has taken place. The Emperor has made a couple of speeches, in one of which he expressed his strong desire that Great Britain and Germany may long remain on friendly terms. The relations between the two countries have been under discussion in a Symposium, in which leading statesmen on both sides have taken part. All of them express the strong desire that peace may be maintained, and some even entertain the hope. The Navy League of Germany is again in the field trying to bring home to Germans the necessity of a still further increase of the Navy.

That the birth-rate is diminishing in Germany is a fact which will be a surprise to many. Such, however, is the case. Statistics of births and deaths for 1911 show that in Prussia and Bavaria the growth of population has fallen off by more than 100,000. It seems certain that the returns for the whole Empire will show an increase of population of less than three-quarters of a million—the least favorable return for more than twenty years. It is feared that in Germany the same causes are coming into operation which have been working so disastrously in many other countries. To

settle this question the Prussian government is organizing an inquiry, which doubtless will be conducted with characteristic German thoroughness, and so be of great use to all students of the question. The Ministry of the Interior has issued a rescript to the provincial Governors, requiring them to obtain information from doctors, teachers, lawyers, the clergy, and all available sources. The main questions are whether the limitation is intentional, and if so, what are the principal social and economic causes, and whether the birth-rate is falling among the working as well as among the middle classes.

Austria-Hungary. Friends of parliamentary government cannot feel satisfied with the way in which it is working, even in the countries in which it has long been adopted. As the ideal form, it should bring to the service of the people the best and the most intelligent who are to be found among them for the discussion of their needs. As a matter of fact even in Great Britain, which is supposed to be the model constitutional government, discussion has been largely superseded by the closure by means of the guillotine. In France, efforts are being made by a Reform of the Chamber to restore to it the respect which has been lost. In Italy, the government took special pains to begin the recent war without consulting the representatives of the people, and to carry it on without having recourse to them. The most flagrant example of failure is, however, afforded by the Parliament of Hungary. For nine years, with a few brief intervals, even the semblance of discussion has disappeared, obstruction of the most determined character having been systematically practiced by an obstinate minority. This obstruction has been directed against the increase of armaments, and in support of certain national demands, and more recently in behalf of the universal suffrage bill which has for so long a time been promised. It is said that the practice was favored by the electorate of the country, and up to a recent date the government was powerless to deal with it. But at last a way has been found, of such a character, however, as to destroy constitutional government, and to establish a new form of absolutism in its place. The way out was found by electing the celebrated—or shall we say the notorious?—Count Stephen Tisza as Speaker. In a single sitting he secured the passing of the Army Bill, which had been before the House for more than two years. This he did by avowedly over-riding the rules of procedure, by ig-

noring all protests, and finally by the use of force—policemen being called to eject the opponents. Not satisfied with removal from the House, he proceeded to the arrest of many. So great was the exasperation that an attempt was made to shoot the Count. He was, however, in no way to be baffled, and by these methods the Standing Orders, under cover of which obstruction has for so long been practiced, have been revised. Within a few days the work of years has been done. The House of Magnates has given its consent, and the Emperor-King his approval and benediction. There are those, however, who hold that laws made by violence, and in disregard of all rules of procedure, are in reality not laws at all, and that they will not be recognized by the Courts, or, what is more important, by the public judgment of the country. But is there such a thing? There does not appear to be the possibility of a considered public judgment. Politics in the Dual Monarchy are nothing more than the wrangling of one nationality with another. The Magyars are engaged at the present time in suppressing the rights of the Croats. They have been put under the absolute rule of a M. de Cuvaj. To his high-handed proceedings an assassin has just made an unsuccessful attempt to put an end. Now the police are making efforts, as in the Agram case, to discover and, if not successful in this, to concoct a general conspiracy of the Slavs. In other parts of the country proceedings are of a like character, although not so violent. A few days ago, the Emperor made an earnest appeal to the Ruthenes to lend their support to an Army Bill which he had at heart. Thereupon the Polish representative in the Austrian Cabinet gave in his resignation, on account of the recognition thereby accorded to a race with which the Poles are in continual conflict. This matter, however, was soon arranged, and hopes are even being entertained that between Poles and Ruthenes terms of mutual agreement may be found. The same hopes are also felt of a settlement being made of matters in dispute between the Germans and Czechs of Bohemia. This is eminently desirable; for the Emperor is a very old man, and has an influence for good which it is not expected that his prospective successor will wield. A settlement, if possible, should therefore be made at once.

Russia.

The development of sympathy, and even of common political action, between Russia and Great Britain have been greatly imperilled by the savage sentence of a Russian Court of Justice passed upon a

lady who claimed to be a British subject. By this Court Miss Malecka was condemned to deprivation of all civil rights, to four years penal servitude, to be followed by exile to Siberia for life, for belonging to a revolutionary organization. The defendant admitted that she had made the acquaintance of a noted Polish Socialist, whom she knew to be a political exile, but denied that she sympathized with his ideas. Strong feeling was excited by what appeared to be so unjust a sentence, especially in the ranks of the Radical supporters of the government. Meetings were held, and repeated questions were asked in Parliament. The Foreign Secretary found himself in a very difficult position. On the one hand, the good relations with Russia were involved, for no foreign interference with internal affairs would have been tolerated; and on the other, there was the danger of alienating an influential section of his own supporters. A way out of the difficulty was found in the end. A petition was addressed to the Tsar, by friends of Miss Malecka, for her free pardon. This petition was granted upon the condition that she should leave the country—a condition with which, no doubt, she was very glad to comply.

Another question has arisen threatening in some degree the existing relations between the two countries. It also illustrates how easily credence is given in Russia to accusations made against the Jews. In the Middle Ages charges of the same kind were condemned by the Popes. In this case a charge has been made of a Ritual Murder, commonly called the Blood Accusation, against the Jews of Kieff. A Protest against such a charge was signed by so large a number of the leading men of Great Britain that the signatures filled, closely printed, more than a column of the *Times*. Among the signers were Archbishops and Bishops, Dukes, Earls, and Barons, Deans, Canons, and clergy of the Establishment, with Presidents and ex-Presidents of the various Free Churches, scores of Professors, Artists, Literary men and Scientists and Editors of newspapers. The feelings of many Russians was considerably hurt that a charge of such a kind should be brought against their country. They looked upon the Protest as an unjustifiable interference with lawful order and justice in Russia, and as an aspersion upon the intelligence and humanity of its people.

The projected Trans-Persian Railway has also a certain bearing on the relations of Russia and Great Britain. Such a project would not have been listened to for a moment a few years ago, and there are people in Great Britain, whether they are to be looked

upon as unduly suspicious, or as really extremely far-sighted and sagacious, it is hard to say, who think it ought not to be listened to now. The railway if built would bring the enemy up to the very gate of India, were Russia ever again to become an enemy—and who can say that she will not? The project, however, is on the road to accomplishment, at least the first steps are being taken. If carried out it will be possible to travel from London to Delhi within a period of shortly over a week.

Russia has been foremost in promoting, so far as practicable, mediation between Italy and Turkey to bring to an end the war which has for so long a time been waged between the two. It is the commerce of Russia that is chiefly affected by this war. Moreover, she is very desirous that the state of things in the Balkans should remain unchanged. Italy, although a member of the Triple Alliance, has a special understanding with Russia, formed at the time when war with Austria was very probable. The interests of Italy and Russia in the Balkans were then declared to be identical—they had the same objects in view: the strengthening of the *status quo*. The action in Italy in bombarding forts at the entrance to the Dardanelles, an event which led to the closing of those straits for some time, and the consequent protest of Russia, led to the impression that something more than an understanding existed between Italy and Russia. Nothing, however, so far, has been done to confirm this impression. The drawing together of Austria and Russia, which a few months ago was thought to be near, has made no progress. Things are as they were. The Foreign Minister of Russia, speaking of the good relations which subsisted between his own and other countries, mentioning them by name, placed Austria in the fifth place. So sensitive are the feelings of some Austrians, that one of the leading papers took umbrage at this, and declared it showed a growth of coldness of feeling on the part of Russia. What effect the recent visit of the German Emperor to the Tsar may have upon the relations between Germany and Russia, it is too soon to learn. Some think, or at least say, that the Kaiser has persuaded the Tsar to throw in his lot with Germany in the struggle with Great Britain, of which so much apprehension is felt. To this we would advise our readers not too readily to assent.

The war with Japan practically destroyed the Russian Fleet. It has ever since been a question whether the nation should be put to the expense of building a new Fleet to take its place. The Duma at last has accepted the proposals of the Admiralty, and a Bill has been

passed appropriating something over two hundred and fifty millions of dollars for ship building and construction during the period 1912-17. Four armored cruisers, eight small cruisers, thirty-six destroyers, eighteen submarines, together with auxiliary vessels, are to be built. Ports are to be equipped, one of which is specially suitable to guard against Germany. A new base is to be established in the Baltic. The purely defensive policy, advocated by not a few, has been set aside. Russia will thus be enabled to give additional strength to the fleets of her ally France, and her friend Great Britain, in any conflict that may arise with the forces of Germany or even of the Triple Alliance. With the passing of the Navy Bill, the work of the Duma's Session was brought to an end. On the occasion of the prorogation the Tsar made a speech in which he said that he was pleased to inform its members that he had, for the past five years, followed with attention the work it had been doing. He would not, he said, conceal the fact that some questions had not been handled in the way which appeared to him desirable. The debates had not always been calm, and work required calmness above all. On the other hand, he was glad to state that much care and industry had been devoted to the solution of the questions which he looked upon as of the greatest importance, namely, the organization of farming among the peasants, the insurance and care of working people's families, the education of the masses, and all matters touching defence of the Fatherland. On the whole it is gratifying that among the many experiments in constitutional government that are now being made in various parts of the world, so large a measure of success has been accorded to that which has been made in Russia. That so much attention too has been paid to the bettering of the lot of the peasant, and of the social condition of the people, is a proof of the benefits that have come within a few years as the result of the change from an autocratic and aristocratic government.

Turkey.

Even in her internal affairs Turkey has to contend with serious difficulties. The elections for the second Parliament resulted in the victory of the Committee of Union and Progress—a body which has proved such a maleficent influence, having practically by its usurpation of extra-Constitutional powers taken control of every thing, and by its extreme efforts to strengthen the Ottomans alienated all the subject nationalities. A third revolt of Albanians has

been for some time on the point of breaking out, although various concessions have been promised to their just demands. Some of the Young Turks have so far yielded to the necessities of the case as to propose the re-appointment of the European inspectors who were doing a good work under the old *régime*, and who were removed on the establishment of the new. The dissatisfaction with the proceedings of the Young Turks has extended to the Army, and on a day very near the fourth anniversary of the uprising against Abdul Hamid, and in the very same neighborhood, a number of officers and men did the precise thing which the Young Turks had done—deserted their ranks and took to the hills. The authorities long hesitated to take action, lest the troops should refuse to serve against their comrades. This trouble, and what led to it, have resulted in the resignation of the Cabinet. The immediate cause of this mutiny was the arbitrary methods adopted by the Committee of Union and Progress in order to secure their majority in the recent elections—the destruction of the Committee being now recognized as the best way of serving the country. The inhabitants of the dozen or so of islands in the *Ægean* which have been seized by the Italians have formed themselves into a new state, confirming with a vow their determination never again to submit to the rule of the Turk, hoping to preserve their independence, but willing to be annexed to Greece. It is taken for granted that Italy will not continue to hold permanent possession. Little progress has been made with the war, although a few successes in Tripoli have to be credited to Italy. No real advance into the interior has been made.

China.

Discouraging rumors about the progress, or rather the want of progress, in the establishment of the new order in China have been published from time to time, but there is reason to believe that these reports are considerably exaggerated. There have, of course, been various disturbances. A revolution effected by soldiers could scarcely be entirely peaceful. The troops are, however, being steadily disbanded in many centers. The number said to have been under arms at first was indeed greatly exaggerated. The rumored intention of Canton Province to declare its independence is believed to have no foundation. Trade throughout China is good, the Customs returns have exceeded anticipations, the harvests in nearly every province are unusually bountiful, and the railways in Northern and Central China are earning the largest returns ever

known. The attempt to raise a vast loan of three hundred millions from the Six Powers has indeed broken down, because China would not accept the supervision over the expenditure which the Banks made a *sine qua non*. But there is a prospect of China being able to manage with a far less sum, and this there will be no difficulty in securing. Increasing remittances are being received from the Provinces by the Central Government. The Premier, Tang Shao-yi, has given in his resignation on account of the breakdown of his health. His place has been taken by the former Foreign Minister, who is said to be more familiar with the affairs of Europe than with those of his own country. One disheartening thing is the fact that no power has so far recognized officially the New Republic, and this, many Chinese believe, for the still more disheartening reason that the Powers wish to encroach on its integrity. For this we believe, or at least hope, that there is no foundation. The Portuguese Republic did not receive recognition for an even longer period. A difficulty has arisen about the cultivation of opium. Under the Empire it had been suppressed; under the Republic in several Provinces it has revived. This is in violation of the Treaty with Great Britain, and may bring about complications with that country, not, however, of a serious character, or at all likely to endanger the existence of the Republic.

With Our Readers.

TO MY MOTHER.

(*In Honor of Our Lady's Assumption, August 15th.*)

BY EMILY HICKEY.

MOTHER MY BELOVED: Let me sit at your feet and look up into your most lovely face, that face, of all faces, most like the face of Him, the altogether lovely. I am your child, yours, given to you when on the cross-shapen throne the King with the crown of thorns gave to His Mother—who stood at His right hand there, as now she sits at His right hand in glory—gave to her His Church and to His Church her, in Motherhood and Daughterhood most perfect.

I want, as I sit here in your presence, most dear and gracious one, to talk to you, as I think of you in the small degree and measure in which it is given me to think of you. Assuredly none here below can think of you wholly and entirely as it would be their hearts' desire that they might attain to think; but we love you, and you love us, with the love that pardons all shortcomings, the love that seeks most utterly to show us the beauty of that fair Son of yours, the loveliest of all.

This is something of how I think of you: It is in my mind how you came to bless the age and quicken the dead hope of your father and your mother; the hope that one day their seed might be the seed to bear the Flower of high promise, the Fruit of the Tree of Life, for the healing of the peoples. I think of their faith and love in the giving outwardly to God her who was ever inwardly His own; the giving of her when she was as yet one of the babes of whose like the Blessed One said, *Suffer the little children to come unto Me.*

I think of the sweet stories that have floated down to us through the ages; the tale of your mystical joy in the dance on the altar-steps, and of the gradual psalms borne in singing on your baby voice, as you went up those steps with unfaltering feet. I think of you as God's handmaid, waiting on His servants, perhaps most of all on Anna, even then the aged prophetess; waiting in all the ways becoming a young maidchild. I think of the virtues that were your comrades and handmaids, yours, in whom was all virtue enclosed as in the fairest of gardens.

Your prayer comes to me, your prayer that to you it might be

given to see the Lady who should bear the Christ of God, and to wait on her in service most loving and most tender.

I think, my Mother, of your home-coming, and of your making all around you wondrous fair and sweet; you, a girl with all the grace and beauty of girlhood, and with all the comeliness of the Spirit Divine, heightening and hallowing that beauty and that grace. I love to think of you as dowered not only with the sinless soul, but also with the open eye and the open ear for all the glory of sight and sound in the world that God made good.

You come before me as the worshipper, as the keeper of the outward law and ceremonial wherein the Spirit of God was hiddenly abiding. And I know you were comforter and helper of all who came within your love and your smile; you, the peasant-princess to whom work was a crown, and humility high honor, and charity a robe royal. Quiet days of your betrothal, my Mother, were to come; your outward betrothal to the glorious workman-knight, in his humility and tenderness; him whom now the heart of Christendom holds in such supreme honor and such reverent love.

And then, O my Mother, my Mother, the mystery and the glory of your divine Espousals proclaimed by the angel tongue that had brought you the news of the Choice of God, that Choice which the courtesy of Heaven left you free to confirm. Who can know the height and depth and breadth and length of the meaning of that *Fiat* of yours. On and on it reverberates down the ages—on and on. Always your will had been one with the Will of God, and your word was only the utterance of what had been and was always to be indeed your life itself. Oh, do we not thank you and bless you for that *Fiat*, without which the redemption of the world had not been; for it took the will of a girl to work with the Will of God! Blessed art thou among women!

I think of the days that went by, bringing anguish and fear and horror to him who thought of you, of you, O God's stainless one, thought of you *thus*. You had risked all in that *Fiat*, risked even the imputation of ill, and the facing of the possibility of that dread punishment which extremity of law might have inflicted on you. There was nothing you could have borne for God that you would not have borne for Him, as there was nothing asked of you that you would not have done for Him, even to the giving up of your life.

Mother of the Joys and the Sorrows and the Glories!

Mother of the Joys, and joys which your children are too prone to forget the importance of as joys. They were the first to come in the perfect scheme, the first to come upon you with their strength-bestowing power, and their strength-sustaining grace. You had much

joy, my Mother; joy beyond our knowing or conceiving; and your capacity for joy was as greatly above ours, as your capacity for sorrow exceeded far that which is given to us.

It is dear to us to think how you went, in the generous speed that would not have a moment's delay in the sharing of joy, to the house of Elizabeth; and how your greeting of *Peace* brought the deepest peace as the highest joy. Peace. Yes, in that greeting, common to all of your country, you gave the peace of God; you who were carrying in your womb the Prince of Peace, Who left with us His peace, Who gave His peace to us.

Of your Sorrows, O Mother, what heart can conceive, what tongue can tell? O Mary, Mother of the Church of Jesus, great exceedingly was the anguish of your travail, yours, to whom was given the *Compassion*, the fellowship of the Passion of the Lord. You were always the woman of the keeping of things and the pondering of them in your heart, and we have no record of one word of anguish, one cry of agony, at the piercing of the sword. O bravest of the brave! most valiant of all the valiant!

What of the waiting-time, O dearest Mother, can I think? What of that last waiting between the time of the healing of your anguish by the joy and glory of His Risen presence? Still, as long before, you were standing outside, desiring to speak with Him, to be with Him for evermore. It was not very long to wait for the glory beyond conceiving, when He called you to Him never again to be parted from His presence.

You grew old, my Mother; you lived to a time at which you may well have known weakness, and perhaps the suffering of some out of the many troubles that come when the shadows of age gather around the body. And, O Mother, I may say to you how I feel that here is comfort and consolation for the many women who dread the drawing near of old age, in that you too grew old even as they are doing, and that you know and understand.

I have heard this last waiting-time of yours spoken of as a time of pain and trial and hardness. For you knew of the troubles of the Church, your child. You knew of the contempt poured upon the followers of your Son. You suffered with them in their persecutions; in the beheading of James, and the imprisonment and threatened death of Peter. And the martyrdom of Stephen was upon your heart. But you knew also of the calling of Paul, and you saw the beginning of his response to his glorious vocation; his, for whom Stephen, in his agony, had prayed: and you knew of the deliverance of Peter. As you knew of the fight, you knew also of the victory assured. And as you sat in your home, the home made for you by the love of the

beloved of your Son, such an amplitude of peace most perfect must have been yours as none but yourself could know. For your heart was His, and His unseen presence was with you, and the *Fiat* was for the waiting-time as well as for the time of the preparation. *His will is our peace*, O my Mother, and that will was your will and that peace was yours.

Surely He was with you through those days, those years, set between His going-up and that sweet birthday when He loosened for you the cord of mortal life, to break for you the power of death. You went by the way that your children all must go. You departed softly, passing through the gate of death that was to you even as the gate of sleep. Softly great Michael Archangel came to carry you through that gate. Softly he bore your soul to wait yet a very little while; to wait till the body wherein the Lord of all had lain should rise in its fadeless youth and fairness, and the loveliest of souls once more should have therein its immortal dwelling.

Mother of mine, Mother my dearest, your child has been talking to you. Forgive her all that is weak, and all that is and must be inadequate in her thoughts of you. Speak to her, dearest; tell her of what the thought of your life, the thought of all belonging to you, must ever, as you would have it, bring; tell her of the love you know as none other knows and none other can know. And show her, O Mother, show her, that love as *the Blessed Fruit of your womb, Jesus*.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Very Reverend William Lockhart, O.C.

(WRITTEN BY LIONEL JOHNSON, MAY, 1892.)

THE sudden death of Father Lockhart (May, 1892) has taken away a man of no little worth and interest to students of the Catholic revival in England: a priest honored and valued by the Catholic Church in England, in Ireland, and at Rome; and a personal friend very dearly loved by very many. So strong was his distaste for all kinds of notoriety and publicity, so great his devotion to his immediate work, that his name and his fine qualities are but faintly known to the general world; and even his more intimate friends and acquaintances, in the attempt to sum up their knowledge of his life, are surprised to recognize how little they know, in this instance, of those

personal details which most men are wont to reveal about themselves. The present writer can do no more than give a summary of the more important facts.

Father Lockhart was born upon August 22nd, in the year 1819. He belongs to the well-known Scotch family of which Scott's biographer and son-in-law is the most famous member. Of his early life nothing can be said here; but he always took a just pride in his Scotch nationality, which may, as he suggests, have had something to do with his readiness to enter the Catholic Church. In his article upon Cardinal Newman in the *Dublin Review*, October, 1890, he writes, speaking of the reasons which kept most of Newman's Oxford followers waiting in suspense:

Three of us younger men, however, went off and were received into the Catholic Church; and it is somewhat singular that these three men were Scotsmen—Johnstone Grant, of St. John's College, now a Jesuit; Edward Douglas, of Christ's Church, now a Redemptorist; and his friend Scott-Murray, squire of Danesfield, deceased. I was soon to be another Scotsman added to the list. I suppose our coming from Jacobite and Scotch Episcopalian stocks, and not being so rooted as Englishmen are in favor of everything English, left us freer to criticise and condemn Church of England Christianity.

He went up to Oxford, entering at Exeter in 1838, "when Newman's influence was at its highest point." There is no need to tell once more the familiar story of that momentous time. Father Lockhart's contributions to its history are contained in his three articles upon Newman, simultaneously published in the *Dublin Review*, the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, and the *Paternoster Review*. These most interesting and sympathetic reminiscences were written "in loving veneration of one to whom, under God, I owe my soul;" and he is careful to say, with unaffected humility, "I shall necessarily have to speak of myself, but of myself merely as a type of the ordinary young Oxford man who came under Newman's wonderful influence." He dwells upon Newman's "wonderful caressing way, which had in it nothing of softness, but which was felt to be the communication of strength from a strong soul, a thing that must be felt to be understood." By Newman's spiritual genius he was impressed as only one other man's genius impressed him—"the great master of thought under whom I passed when I left Newman: another of the greatest minds of the age, Antonio Rosmini, the founder of the Order to which I have the honor to belong."

Father Lockhart's conception of the Church was that entertained by most of the Oxford Tractarians; but he felt, in an especial way,

what, to Ward also, was all important, the reality of conscience and of its accusations. Pusey's teaching on baptism and sin after baptism came home to him with tremendous force. He notes how all moral training of a strict kind was ignored by the English traditions of religion and education; and the question for him was not, as with many, an impersonal estimate of probabilities, but a search for the repository of absolving power, the source of jurisdiction. In the midst of this anxiety he came across Bishop Milner's celebrated *End of Controversy*: he had taken away the book from a friend, angrily telling him that he had no right to read Roman works. A glance at this showed him the full Catholic view of sacramental penance, and, also, that the English Prayer-Book contained the same doctrine. But the English Church had simply neglected the practice, in contempt of all ancient authority and of her own formularies. A "very High Church cathedral dignitary," to whom he once went for confession, refused to hear a confession without first consulting the Archdeacon. Manning, to whom he used to go in Merton College chapel, advised him to put himself under Newman, and to take orders if he could honestly do so. By this time he had taken his degree; and in 1842 he was accepted by Newman as an inmate of his monastic retreat at Littlemore. Of that austere life he has left striking accounts, which correct the morbid and sarcastic notions of Mark Pattison. That melancholy scholar writes: "It was a general wonder how Newman himself could be content with a society of men like Bowles, Coffin, Dalgairns, St. John, Lockhart, and others." We need not speak of the living; but Coffin, the Bishop of Southwark, Dalgairns, with what Dean Church calls his "subtle and powerful intellect," St. John, Newman's dearest friend, and Father Lockhart, require no apology on the score of inferior minds. The rest of the story may be told in Father Lockhart's own words, and those of Newman. The former writes to Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in a letter contributed to his *Life* of Dr. Ward:

When I had been a very few weeks at Littlemore, I found my doubts about the claims of the Church of England becoming so strong, that I told Newman that I did not see how I could go on. I doubted the orders, and still more the jurisdiction of the Church of England, and could feel no certainty of absolution. If I remember clearly, I said to Newman, "But are you sure you can give absolution?" To which I think his reply was, "Why do you ask me? Ask Pusey." He came to me a little later and said, "I see you are in such a state that your being here would not fulfill the end of the place. You must agree to stay here three years or go at once." I said, "I do not see how I can promise to stay three years. Unless I am convinced that I am safe in staying, I cannot do it. And if I went, I do not feel that I know enough to make my submission to Rome, when so many better and more learned men do not see their way to do so." He said, "Will you go and have a talk with

Ward?" I assented, and I think the next day I had a talk for three hours round and round the parks. In the end I felt unconvinced and mystified.

Ward talked, in the strain of his *Ideal*, upon the possible warping of intellect by an imperfect moral state.

In the end I went back to Newman, and told him (as I learned afterwards, to his surprise) that I had made up my mind to stay three years before taking any step Romewards. I meant it, but I could not stay more than a year. What brought matters to a crisis was my meeting Father Gentili at your father's rooms with Mr. and Mrs. de Lisle. When the summer came, I went to take my mother and sister into Norfolk, and there to make a short tour to see the places in Lincolnshire connected with the life of St. Gilbert of Sempringham, which I was writing. I thence went to Loughborough, where I saw Father Gentili. He saw I was in a miserable state of perplexed conscience, feeling that nothing bound me back from Rome but my promise to Newman. By his advice I made a three days retreat, which ended in my making my confession, being received into the Church, and three days after entering as a postulant into Rosmini's Order.

In his distress of mind, Lockhart appealed to a kind of *Sortes Virgilianae*, opening at random Rosmini's *Maxims of Perfection*, given him by his friend, Sir William White, a Catholic, late Ambassador at Constantinople; and the result helped him in his choice. The decision was made in August, 1843. Newman wrote to Keble:

I have just received a letter from Lockhart, one of my inmates, who has been away for three weeks, saying that he is on the point of joining the Church of Rome, and is in retreat under Dr. Gentili, of Loughborough.....You may fancy how sick it makes me.

To Mrs. Mozley:

It has taken us all by surprise.....When he came here I took a promise of him that he would remain quiet for three years, otherwise I would not receive him. This occurrence will very likely fix the time of my resigning St. Mary's, for he has been teaching in our school till he went away.

Later, to Keble:

Lockhart's affair gives a reason for my resigning, as being a very great scandal. So great is it that, though I do not feel myself responsible, I do not know I can hold up my head again while I have St. Mary's.....His friends got me to take him by way of steadying him.....He has gone on very well, expressed himself several times as greatly rejoiced that he has made the promise (though I saw in him no change of *opinion*), and set himself anxiously to improve the weak points in his character.

To Dr. Mozley:

This matter of Lockhart's (who seems regularly to have been fascinated by Dr. Gentili against his will), may have the effect of delaying my measure, but I shall be guided by others.

In a few days he resigned St. Mary's, and preached at Littlemore his last Anglican sermon, that most touching farewell, *The Parting of Friends*. When, two years later, he became a Catholic, one of his first acts was to visit Father Lockhart at Ratcliffe College, a Rosminian house, near Leicester, where he was studying for the priesthood. A year later, Father Lockhart repaid the visit, staying with him, Faber, Dalgairns, and others at St. Wilfrid's, Staffordshire, where Newman insisted upon serving his Mass. Since then the two friends met once a year at Edgbaston; the last meeting was three months before the Cardinal's death.

We need not dwell upon the details of Father Lockhart's Catholic life; it was characterized by quiet zeal for his work, as a Catholic missionary priest, and as a Father of the Institute of Charity, the Order founded by Rosmini, one of the few very great names in the history of modern philosophy. Father Lockhart did mission work in Ireland; he labored in the difficult mission of Kingsland, in the north of London; since 1879 he was rector of St. Etheldreda's, Ely-place, Holborn, that beautiful church of the fourteenth century, which, after so many vicissitudes and desecrations, has been reconciled to the service of the Catholic Church, and restored by the antiquarian zeal of its rector. For some ten years he has been Procurator-General of the Order at Rome, where he spent some months every year. He was on very intimate terms of affection with Cardinal Manning; an experience commoner among Cardinal Newman's friends than much impertinent gossip might lead the ignorant to suppose. His intellect, clear and strong, found perfect satisfaction in the philosophy of his venerated founder, whose *Life* he wrote, and whose Catholicity he defended against wanton attack. In all his acts there was a dignified simplicity and kindness, very visible also in his commanding form and winning look; and there are many, besides the present writer, who owe to him the chief happiness of their lives.*

His chief published works and pamphlets are: *The Life of Rosmini*; *The Old Religion*, or, *How to Find Primitive Christianity*; *The Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes*; *The Communion of Saints*; *Who is the Anti-Christ of Prophecy?* *St. Etheldreda's and Old London*; *The Roman and Gothic Chasuble*; three articles upon Cardinal New-

*Lionel Johnson was received into the Church by Father Lockhart at St. Etheldreda's, in London, on St. Alban's Day, June, 1891.

man, and one, his last writing, upon Cardinal Manning; and a review of Pusey's *Eirenicon*, of great power and importance. He has also taken a part, with other Fathers of the Institute, in editing English versions of Rosmini's greatest works.

LAST January our Holy Father, Pius X., appointed a Supreme Council for the celebration in 1913 of the Centenary Festival of the proclamation in 313 of the peace of the Church. The celebration is in charge of the Head Association of the Holy Cross and the Society for Rendering Honor to the Christian Martyrs. The President is His Excellency, Prince Mario Chigi, and its Secretary for English-speaking countries is Monsignor John Prior. The celebration is one in which every Catholic will enthusiastically share. The following is the programme, so far published, of the centenary celebration:

The year 1913 brings the sixteenth centenary of the granting of freedom and peace to the Church, through the official recognition of Christianity and of the essential rights of Christian society, proclaimed by the Emperor Constantine in the Edict of Milan in the spring of the year 313.

This great fact, which followed closely the glorious victory won by Constantine over Maxentius under the walls of Rome on the 28th October, 312, has a weight and a meaning of the highest import in history, and calls for a special commemoration in our own days. It changed the fortunes of the world, and in its centennial celebration all the nations should rejoice, for to Christianity they owe their highest glories, their chief progress in material and moral welfare, and generally their advance in civilization. Catholic nations have special reasons for joy in this commemoration, and above all Italy, which more than all the others felt the beneficent influence of the new civilization in religion, manners and customs, sciences, literature, and the fine arts. And among all the cities of Italy, Rome has its own peculiar grounds for exultation, as this seat of the Successors of St. Peter shone with a new glory, and shed the light of its supremacy, of faith, of justice, and of charity over the whole civilized world.

Under the inspiration of these lofty ideas and noble sentiments, two Roman Associations—the Head Association of the Holy Cross and the Society for rendering Honor to the Christian Martyrs—have initiated a movement to make a solemn commemoration in the year 1913 of the great event of the year 313, which in its importance reaches far beyond the bounds of individual nations, and belongs to the world's history.

The chief lines of the programme, which the Supreme Council appointed by the Pope intends, with the aid of local Committees, to carry out, are the following:

1. The erection of a sacred monument near the Milvian Bridge, where the Emperor Constantine defeated Maxentius, which will serve as a memorial of glorious deeds to future generations, and at the same time minister to the spiritual needs of the population in that new quarter.

2. The promotion in Italy and elsewhere of solemn acts of thanksgiving to God, and of special festivities, together with publications, learned as well as popular, so that all may know the importance of the great religious and historical fact that is being commemorated.

All Catholics, therefore, are invited to take part in this celebration, through the constitution of local Committees under the direction of their own Bishops, and in touch with the Supreme Council of Rome, so that everywhere there may be a common commemoration of so great an event in the manner best suited to each individual place.

A remembrance of this first triumph of the Church, and of the liberty and true peace brought by Jesus Christ to the world with the conquering sign of the Cross, is all the more opportune in the times in which we live, that the powers of darkness are waging fierce war on all sides against the Christian Religion, with tendencies and insinuations of a return to paganism.

The Cross of Christ was the banner under which were proclaimed those principles that freed mankind from the shameful yoke of idolatry and from the barbarism of slavery, taught the true equality and brotherhood of men, raised woman to her noble mission in life, and gave rise to the marvelous formation of the nations, which, by virtue of the supernatural principles of Christianity they embraced, have for so many centuries been the safeguard of human society and the bulwark of true civilization.

This solemn commemoration of the victory of the Cross should also be the expression of our heartfelt prayer, that under this glorious sign all men may join with us in the profession of the true faith, of sincere and ardent love towards the Divine Redeemer of souls, and that all may be united as brothers in that Christian charity, which is the best pledge of enduring peace and the source of moral and material well-being.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Reign of Jesus. By Abbé Granger. \$1.25 net. *God Made Man.* By Rev. P. M. Northcote. 90 cents net. *Sermon Notes.* By F. P. Hickey, O.S.B. 90 cents net.

MOFFAT, YARD & Co., New York:

When Mother Lets Us Travel in Italy. By Charlotte M. Martin. \$1.00 net. *The Principal Girl.* By J. C. Snaith. \$1.25 net.

FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York:

Swimming Scientifically Taught. By Frank Dalton. \$1.25 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Davidée Birot. By René Bazin. \$1.25 net.

JOHN MURPHY Co., Baltimore:

Student's Handbook of English Literature. By Rev. O. L. Jenkins, A.M. \$1.25.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:

Henrik Ibsen: Plays and Problems. By Otto Heller. \$2.00 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

Sancti Benedicti Regula Monachorum. By D. Cuthbertus Butler. \$1.10 net.

CATHOLIC PUBLISHING Co., Huntington, Indiana:

For Our Catholic Friends. By Rev. John Noll.

F. H. MCGOUGH & SONS, Grand Rapids:

How to Get Married. By Rev. John A. Schmitt. 10 cents.

LAIRD & LEE, Chicago:

The Vital Touch. By Frances M. Schnebly. \$1.00.

BURNS & OATES, London:

He Is Calling Me. By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. 2s. 6d.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:

Catholicism and Socialism. (Second Series.)

HODGES, FIGGIS & Co., LTD., Dublin:

New Grange (Brugh Na Boinne) and Other Incised Tumuli in Ireland. By George Coffey. 6s. net.

M. H. GILL & SON, LTD., Dublin:

Searching the Scriptures. By Rev. T. P. Gallagher, S.T.L. 6s. net.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

Democratic Government: Some Errors Incidental Thereto. By Very Rev. Andrew Murphy, P.P. *The Blessed Eucharist: Belief of the Early Christian Church.* By Most Rev. J. T. Carr. Pamphlets. 1 penny each.

PIERRE TEQUI, Paris:

La Vraie Politesse. Par Abbé François Demore. 2 fr. *La Vocation.* Par R. P. J. Coppin. 3 fr. 50.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Une Petite Sainte. Par Jean Saint-Yves.

PICARD ET FILS, Paris:

Le Pasteur d'Herma's, texte grec, traduction française. 5 fr.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:

Le Monisme Matérialiste en France. Par J. B. Saulze. 3 fr.

A. TRALIN, Paris:

La Loi d'Armour. Par L. A. Gaffre. 3 fr. 50. *Œuvres Complètes de Jean Tauler.* Par E. Pierre Noel, O.P. Tome vi. 7 fr. 50.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

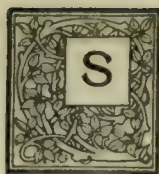
VOL. XCV.

SEPTEMBER, 1912.

No. 570.

SANCTITY AND RACIAL BETTERMENT.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.



SINCE the selective principle in race culture is the Will of God acting upon the will of man,* the most notable results will appear in those persons in whom the Divine Will has been least interrupted. For every pauper, said Carlyle, there is a sin. Yes, but the sin is not necessarily that of the pauper. There is this amount of truth in the saying, therefore, that sin does tend to produce racial degeneration. We are so truly members one of another that every sin of an individual must leave a blight on the race. Conversely, however, love tends towards racial regeneration. And again, so truly are we members one of another that those who exercise the strongest love must of necessity act as a tonic to the race. Sin is essentially the resisting of God's Will, and as such spoils the race. Love is essentially the yielding to God's Will, and as such builds up the race. God works on man's will only in so far as man does not deliberately put obstacles in the way. The saints, therefore, are at once the finest result of the working of the selective principle, and the most efficient means of extending its operations among the various members of the race.

Above the saints who thus regenerate society we must place the Saint of saints from Whose sacrificial will all the other saints derive their dignity and their energy. First of the saints we count the Queen of saints, the one pure creature whom sin never touched. The two wills in which the Divine Will found the fullest unimpeded activity were the human will of Christ and the will of His Blessed

*See *Eugenics and Catholic Teaching*. in the June, 1912, CATHOLIC WORLD.

Mother. Had the Monothelite heresy succeeded it would have deprived us of the eugenic value of that supreme example in which the Divine Will retained its own freedom, and yet, at the same time, moved a human will with the highest degree of energy and freedom compatible with a created human will. Our Lady's will too was so magnetized and quickened by the Divine Will as to be absolutely independent of any attraction from the lower appetites. Its energy or love was second in degree only to the human will of her Divine Son.

Similarly, amongst the other members of the race, the experts in morality are those in whom the Divine Will has had the least interrupted sway. All men, more or less, have felt the divine impulse; and all men, more or less, have responded to it. Those, however, who have become expert in it are known as saints. They are the true supermen. Filled with the spirit of Christ in greater measure than others, more abundantly do they extend the life of Christ down the centuries and across the seas and continents. In their lives we can get glimpses of the life of Christ as it would have been in other than Eastern land and climate. In St. Francis, for instance, we see a revelation of Christ's spirit adapted to mediaeval Italy, whilst in St. Rose of Lima we can hear the same uttering itself to modern South America. The saints have been the true regenerators of the race, because they have been possessed, in the highest degree, of that wisdom whereby they have been able to contemplate the greatest measure of truth, and to apply the same to the evolution of the richest forms of life. They were the giants of volition; princes amongst lovers; specialists in the science and art of charity.

But Christ and His Mother and the saints were organic members of human society. Even more intensely were they organic members of the communion of saints. God had so willed that all His favors should come through Jesus Christ. By His human will pouring out the strongest human love, the Divine Man drew down the divine love of God upon the race. This love fell upon all men. But as it fell upon the saints it found there the least of hindrances, and therefore the greatest re-action. Nor was it thus given to the saints in such measure merely for their private happiness. It was to be the prime factor in eugenics. The saints had to use it for the regeneration of the race. This is what theologians mean when they divide God's favors into sanctifying grace (*gratia sanctificans*) and grace freely given (*gratia gratis data*). The

"sanctifying grace" is that which God gives to men for their own use; the "grace freely given" is that which is given for the use of others. All grace, of course, is freely given. But this which is given for the benefit of others receives the special name, so that the possessor may remember that the principle of selection is chiefly God's Will, and only secondarily and instrumentally man's will. He has to translate into conduct the precept to give freely even as he has received freely.

Since moral excellence is the one thing needful for the regeneration of modern society, it is to the experts in morality that we must turn for guidance and inspiration. As in every other sphere of human activity, so also in morals, it is the élite who tell. The eugenists and social reformers are all clamoring for such specialists, albeit unconsciously. So insensitive, however, has the modern mind become to what constitutes true greatness, so blind to the real nature of man's destiny, that it simply cannot judge of eugenic worth. Quite recently the editor of *The Review of Reviews* asked a number of well-known men to give their opinions as to who were the twenty greatest men in the world's history. But, unfortunately, he did not specify in what line they were to be great, whether great philosophers, great boxers, great statesmen, great money-makers, great painters, or great tight-rope dancers. This neglect made the confusion complete. Mr. Carnegie thought that no one was great who was not a discoverer or inventor, with the exception of Shakespeare and Burns. The Positivist, Mr. Frederic Harrison, gave the Positivist calendar, beginning with Moses and ending with Comte. St. Paul was the only expert in morality who was deemed worthy of special notice. He got eight votes and a place in the final list, together with Martin Luther. St. John, St. Benedict, St. Augustine, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Bernard, St. Francis Xavier, Blessed Thomas More, and Blessed Joan of Arc were merely mentioned, whilst anarchists, such as Bruno and Voltaire, were also reckoned to be great.

Perhaps it will be more scientific, therefore, if, in studying the eugenic value of saintship, we ignore the journalist and consult a philosopher. Professor William James* shall be asked for his testimony. His severe criticism of some of our saints, such as St. Teresa and St. Aloysius, is enough to show that he is anything but a witness prejudiced in our favor.

The first feature of saintliness which he observes is "a feeling

**The Varieties of Religious Experience*, pp. 271 et seq.

of being in a wider life than that of this world's selfish little interests; a conviction, not merely intellectual, but, as it were, sensible of the existence of an Ideal Power. In Christian saintliness this power is always personified as God; but abstract moral ideals, civic or patriotic utopias, or inner visions of holiness or right, may also be felt as the true lords and enlargers of our life." Secondly, there is "a sense of the friendly continuity of the ideal power with our own life, and a willing self-surrender to its control." Thirdly, there is "an immense elation and freedom as the outlines of the confining selfhood melt down." Fourthly, there is "a shifting of the emotional centre towards loving and harmonious affections, towards 'yes, yes,' and away from 'no,' where the claims of the non-ego are concerned." Thus has the effect of the selective principle been observed by the non-Catholic philosopher. He sees it enlightening the mind to the interests of other-worldliness, and convincing the heart of the presence of God. He sees the Divine Will acting on the human will, enlarging its freedom and quickening it to altruistic sacrifice.

His observation of the effects of the principle as manifested in conduct is no less remarkable. He summarizes them under four heads: Asceticism, Strength of Soul, Purity, and Charity.

The self-surrender [he says] may become so passionate as to turn into self-immolation. It may then so overrule the ordinary inhibitions of the flesh that the saint finds positive pleasure in sacrifice and asceticism, measuring and expressing as they do the degree of his loyalty to the higher power. The sense of enlargement of life may be so uplifting that personal motives and inhibitions, commonly omnipotent, become too insignificant for notice, and new reaches of patience and fortitude open out. Fears and anxieties go, and blissful equanimity takes their place. Come heaven, come hell, it makes no difference now. The shifting of the emotional centre brings with it, first, increase of purity. The sensitiveness to spiritual discords is enhanced, and the cleansing of existence from brutal and sensual elements becomes imperative. . . . The shifting of the emotional centre brings, secondly, increase of charity, tenderness for fellow-creatures. The ordinary motives to antipathy, which usually set such close bounds to tenderness among human beings, are inhibited. The saint loves his enemies, treats loathsome beggars as his brothers.

That such asceticism, strength of soul, purity, and charity

should be found in an ordinary degree amongst non-Catholics is satisfying to Professor James' taste for the normal; but that they should be manifested to such an intense degree, as they are, amongst Catholic saints, makes him shudder. That St. Francis of Assisi should kiss his lepers, or that Blessed Margaret Mary, St. Francis Xavier, and St. John of God should cleanse the ulcers of their patients with their respective tongues, that would appear to be only fantastic excess; an excess, however, to be grudgingly admired. To Professor James' credit, however, let it be said that he claims to speak only as an outsider. Just as no American can ever attain to understanding the loyalty of a Briton towards his king, or of a German towards his Emperor, so can no Briton or German ever understand the peace of heart which an American feels at having neither king nor kaiser. If we would interpret aright the phenomena of Catholic saintship, we must be somewhat familiar with Catholic principles.

Let us notice a few differences between the great men in the worldly sense and the great men in the saintly sense. The worldly heroes found their chief energy of life in external action; the saints in the interior life. The worldly heroes won the admiration of those who knew them rather from a distance. No man of the kind was a hero to his own valet. But the saints made their influence felt most of all on those who knew them intimately. The worldly heroes enjoyed little of personal happiness. If as soldiers they conquered nations, or as statesmen had outwitted their rivals, they still had their own passions to torment them. Carlyle, the hero worshipper, even tried to justify this misery by saying that man wanted not happiness but blessedness, the blessedness, of course whatever it consisted in, being something other than happiness. The only blessedness which the saints knew was that which was identical with happiness. They were in fact filled with such happiness that all the inconveniences of life which the great men of the world counted as miseries only served to increase the verve and the joy of the saint. The saint had that inward peace and satisfaction which came to him from having conquered his lower self. Passion and appetite were subdued to a divinely-guided mind and grace-informed will. The saint's growth in holiness persevered to the end of his life. When the body fell into decay it had performed its duty, and the spirit remained free for its richest activity until it should wing its flight "to the dear feet of Emmanuel." Their earthly life is, in the highest degree imaginable, the begin-

ning of the eternal life of supreme happiness, the *vita oeterna inchoata*. But when the man of the world has had his day in public, he sinks into insignificance, if not something worse. Alexander the Great died of drink; Napoleon was a broken man in every way.

The first eugenic function of the saints, therefore, is to give to the weaker brethren a right will-attitude towards every kind of wrong. This at once inspires men to face the ills of life with a view to overcoming them, either by dissolving them or bearing them. In both cases the evil dross is touched and turned into golden happiness. Even where the selective principle is allowed only partial scope, the result is good in proportion. If actual happiness does not supervene, at least the force of the misery is dulled.

This will-attitude, however, is not a blind attitude. Love discriminates wisely. When the divine choice guides the human choice, it does not narrow its field but rather widens it. The cultivation of sanctity involves the cultivation of intellect. And by cultivation I mean cultivation. A certain amount of pruning will be needed. There are times when we have to deny knowledge to the mind, and times when we must love to make it poor. That is a condition of fruitful cultivation. The Holy Spirit, indeed, at the beginning of Christianity, purposely chose the weak things of this world in order to show that a stronger intelligence could be fulfilled in them by Christ, an intelligence strong enough to put to confusion a merely worldly intelligence. Later, when this power of the Holy Spirit had been demonstrated, men stronger by nature were also chosen for the office of preaching the new kingdom. Natural intelligence is a gift of God, even as supernatural intelligence, and saints were singled out to exemplify this truth. First the naturally simple, weak Peter was chosen, then the naturally strong and intelligent Paul. So, too, we have such intellectual giants as St. Augustine, St. Bernard, and St. Thomas, all instances of intellectual genius made perfect through being made subordinate to and thus permeated and possessed by sanctity.

St. Teresa, herself an intellectual as well as a moral genius, indicates the secret bond between intelligence and sanctity when she says that "an intelligent mind is simple and submissive; it sees its faults and allows itself to be guided. A mind that is deficient and narrow never sees its faults, even when shown them. It is always pleased with itself, and never learns to do right." She also carried her doctrine into practice, as is evident from her re-

luctance to receive a certain novice who was said to have piety without intelligence. "You see, father," she said to the priest who recommended the postulant, "even though Our Lord should give this young girl devotion and teach her contemplation while with us, nevertheless, if she has no sense, she will never come to have any, and then, instead of being of use to the community, she will always be a burden." St. Ignatius, too, held to the same principle. When he was asked what sort of man was most likely to succeed in his order, he replied that it was the man who would be most likely to succeed in any other kind of work.

The next eugenic value of the saint, therefore, is to improve the intellectual quality of the race. By his intense interior life he exhibits to the race the selective principle at work, cultivating in men that power which comes of self-knowledge. By his supereminence in purity, he stimulates men to resist the tendency to impurity, that blackest cloud which darkens man's understanding. By his mortifications he encourages men to practice temperance in food and drink—one of the essential conditions of strong intellectual work. By his constant gaze upon eternal truth, he keeps before the race the one condition of intellectual progress, namely, intellectual humility, a determination not to be carried away by every new thought simply because it is new.

Thirdly, the saints improve the aesthetic quality of the race; and this in the most radical fashion. They give inspiration to the artist. They keep before the artist the ultimate beginning and end of art, namely, the glory of God. They keep before the artist the proximate beginning and end of art, namely, the happiness of man. It is true that we do not find the great poets, painters, sculptors, and musicians amongst the canonized saints. But that is because the saints' time was occupied in learning and practicing their own proper art; for sanctity is the most difficult of all the arts. We might as well ask why a painter is not a poet, as ask why a saint is not a sculptor. But since the aesthetic sense is common to all artists, we do find an artist in one sphere giving an inspiration to an artist in another. A poet draws an inspiration from a picture. A musician draws an inspiration from a poem. So can all other artists draw inspirations from the saints. Dante derived inspiration from St. Francis, and actual thought from St. Thomas. There is no painter of any repute who has not chosen the Madonna for his theme. There is no musician worth the name who has not wanted the words of the prophets or the evangelists, or the

Mass, for complemental embodiment of the emotion which they could not express in music alone. By the study of masterpieces like Bach, Palestrina, the artist learns the technique of the art. By the study of the saints, he gets glimpses of its soul. He sees St. Francis, for instance, when, like a little child, he took a piece of wood and a ruler, and pretended to play the violin to accompany the silent music which enraptured his soul. He sees St. Teresa making merry on feast-days with a flute and a tambourine. Real artistic inspiration is nothing else but the reflex action of the Divine Beauty on the human temperament. The saints were those who were most receptive to that Divine Beauty, and the re-action showed itself in the saints' own proper art, the beauty of sanctity.

The full development of the volitional, intellectual, and emotional faculties involves their right coördination amongst each other, and all under the Will of God. Saintship has the eugenic value of showing us the process of such coördination in working order.

The most prominent characteristic which the saints discover in their analysis of the operations of their own souls is the paramount supremacy of the faculty of will. "We are nothing but wills," says St. Augustine. (*Nihil aliud quam voluntates.*) The struggle to attain and to maintain this supremacy is the very substance of the religious effort. We all feel the struggle, and very frequently we are tempted to give up. This trying to be good is so tiring. The saints exhibit the struggle in themselves as one of the signs that the Divine Will is acting on the human will. The more struggle there is, the more surely is grace operating. This will effort is the weft which is woven through the warp of intellect and emotion in the making of the fabric of the perfect life of man. The intellectual and the aesthetic faculties may be cultivated alone to a certain extent, but if they are not worked into the fabric of the spirit life by the volitional faculty under the direction of the Finger of God's Right Hand, they degenerate into gross sensuality, and eventually cease to be.

Once again must we quote the culture of Greece in illustration. There was no branch of science, art, or literature which the Greeks touched, and in which they did not rise to the highest eminence. Their athleticism, their intellectual proficiency, their literary and artistic attainments, all these constituted a most magnificent *præparatio Evangelica*, but alas, had to totter and crumble away because there was no charity, nay, not even ethical uprightness, to hold them to-

gether. Fragments remain, and of those fragments we may still make use. Our schoolmen have picked up their philosophy. The Benedictines of Beuron are picking up their art. There is still plenty of work for our Catholic Social Guild to pick up their hygiene. Catholic eugenics must spiritualize their athletics, or Galtonian eugenics will pervert them. This is saintly doctrine. St. Francis of Sales became an expert in the art of fencing, so that the grace of his bodily movements might predispose his hearers to his higher doctrine of eternal salvation.

In emphasizing, however, the supremacy of the will-faculty, the saints did not under-rate the emotional faculty. Nay, rather, they demonstrated that when the emotions were thus brought under the control of intelligent will, they had the highest eugenic worth.

Take first the imagination. We need only mention the connection between imagination and sexual restraint in order to indicate the eugenic importance of the control of the imagination. The saints made it one of their first concerns not only to keep the imagination from wandering into forbidden pastures, but also to cultivate it even more and more in a spiritual direction. Moreover, they have left us valuable directions drawn from their own experiences. St. Teresa, for instance, warns us against the other extreme of trying to do without the imagination when it is wanted. "It is doubtless a good thing," she says, "to set aside material imaginings, since spiritual persons say that it is so, but, in my opinion, this should not be attempted before the soul is very far advanced, as it is clear that, till then, it ought to seek the Creator by means of creatures. To do otherwise is to act as if we were angels."* The imagination must be taken as summing up the interior and exterior senses. It is through the imagination that past sense impressions are utilized for present purposes. If the imagination is purified, it can be allowed an enormously wider range of freedom without bringing its owner to disaster. Is there anything, for instance, more imaginative in all literature than the description of the romance of God with the human soul which we have in the inspired *Song of Songs*? Is there any nature poet who has even distantly approached St. Francis of Assisi in his *Canticle of the Sun*? And has not St. Gertrude shown us how to enjoy God through all the senses, speaking of spiritual perfumes, potions, and harmonies? And has not St. Ignatius made the use of the imagination a practical exercise for our retreats? By the

**Life of St. Teresa*, p. 229.

"application of the senses" the soul nourishes itself at leisure on all that the mystery offers it to see, to hear, to taste, to feel, almost as if the fact, present to the imagination, passed before the eyes and affected all the bodily senses. It is the common sense philosophy that nothing is in the intellect which was not previously in the senses. It is the teaching of the greatest of all psychologists, Who said: "Blessed are the eyes that see what you see; blessed are the ears that hear what you hear; for I say to you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see these things, and have not seen them."

Again, just as the senses minister to the intellect and in return are sanctified, so also does the intellect minister to the will, and in return is sanctified. Common sense tells us that nothing can be willed which has not been previously understood. Much more so is this a necessary truth of the spiritual plane. "This I pray you," writes St. Paul, "that your charity may more and more abound in knowledge and in all understanding: that you may approve the better things." And conversely he pities those, amongst whom he himself had been, who "have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge."

The ministrant relationship of knowledge to charity furnishes us with an extra criterion of what is true knowledge. If a new scientific theory does not minister to charity it must be suspected. Here we have the reason of the Church's attitude towards science. Her sole function is to save souls; that is, to keep men's wills in a right attitude towards the Divine Will. If, therefore, any scientific theory is propounded which militates against her sure and certain knowledge of what guides and fosters charity, or which even-seems so to militate, then she has no alternative but to attach to that theory at least a note of suspicion. Even though in an odd case she may turn out to have been wrong, not having spoken infallibly, still her action makes for racial progress. The mere seeming opposition to the great body of truth already possessed would unsettle many minds, and consequently many hearts. Her conservative genius is but common sense divinely guided. A Fellow of the Royal Society has been defined as a man who knows the last thing but one in science. He declines to accept as truth every scientific theory the moment it is proposed. Hence he is not under the necessity, as is said of a certain well-known eugenicist, of changing his opinion every week.

The saints were conspicuous in the eugenic effort of subor-

dinating knowledge to wealth of life. They gave up books and studies in order to have a first-hand experience, and a clear idea of the science and art of morality. They learnt the first requisite of all intellectual progress, namely, the power of avoiding distractions. When, however, they had once acquired what they called a "pure intention," then they returned to their books. But never did they underestimate intellect as such. St. Teresa never tired of insisting on the need of intelligence for the spiritual life. "Piety without science," she declared, "may fill souls with illusions, and inspire them with a taste for childish and silly devotions." And once she said to her nuns at recreation: "Let each one give us the benefit of her intelligence to-day. No one has too much." It was the half-educated whom she distrusted. "I have found," she said, warning her nuns against them, "that, provided they are men of good morals, they are better with no learning at all than with only a little, for in the former case, at least, they do not trust to their own lights, but take counsel of really enlightened persons." St. Ignatius, in his *Ratio Studiorum*, has given us one of the most efficient methods of intellectual training which the world has yet seen. No one who knows the saint will doubt his intention of subordinating the faculties of man to the spirit-life and to the glory of God. Yet so thoroughly has he provided for the development of the various faculties that he has been charged at different times with exaggerating each one of them: he has developed reason to the exclusion of all emotion and feeling; he has trained the memory at the expense of the intellect; his intellectual training has been so one-sided as to produce men like Rousseau.

Although the saints set such a high value on intelligence and feeling, yet they always directed these things to action. Even in the contemplative saints who were absorbed in prayer and rapt in ecstasy, their prayer and ecstasy was not a state in which the powers of intelligence, will, and feeling were reduced to a kind of stupor, but one in which they were quickened to their utmost capacity. If the senses and the imagination and the discursive reason were in the higher flights of prayer rendered quiescent, it was because they had done their work of ministering to the activity of the will. Their activity was transformed into love. They were actually loving God with their whole heart and whole mind and whole soul. And when this was accomplished, the will was enjoying its highest degree of freedom: it was independent of the lower interior motives.

This higher love, with its wider freedom, is one of the most needful requisites for all eugenic reform. When the soul has learnt to love God in this manner, it has learnt to love what God loves. It has learnt to love all His creatures. It now possesses the strongest possible motive for organized charity and social justice. It is not dependent on concrete sights of misery for a motive of action. Nor yet is it deterred by such obstacles as the ingratitude of those whom it helps, failure of schemes, adverse criticism. Here is the difference between the optimism of the saints and, let us say, the optimism of Browning. The saints knew that none of their labor was lost. It was no blind determination to deny the mind by the constant reiteration that all was well. St. Augustine carried this optimism to the most daring form of expression when he said: "Love God and then do what you like." Professor James calls this antinomian. And so it is if one does not realize the "love God" concept, at least as intensely as the "do what you like" concept. To love God means to act in response to His love, and to follow the guidance of His law. If we do this then we never want to do anything wrong. We always like the right thing, and thus we are always free to do what we like. This is the supreme freedom wherewith Christ has made us free. The freedom to indulge appetite outside all law, as is advocated by Nietzsche, is but the freedom to sacrifice our freedom.

But, asks Professor James, are we all called upon to practice the extravagances of the saints? And if so, where does the eugenic value come in? The typical case is that of St. Aloysius. Professor James considers him a type of excess in purification, which destroys his utility to the world. He sums him up thus: "But when the intellect, as in this Aloysius, is originally no larger than a pin's head, and cherishes ideas of God of corresponding smallness, the result, notwithstanding the heroism put forth, is on the whole repulsive. Purity, we see in the object-lesson, is *not* the one thing needful; and it is better that a life should contract many a dirt mark than forfeit usefulness in its efforts to remain unspotted."*

Beside all theorizing, for or against the saint, we must place the indubitable fact that he has kept thousands of young men pure. Generation after generation of the youth of the Catholic world has gone to him to ask for his help to lead clean lives. Let us say it again: waiving for the moment all theories for or against the extraordinary things done by Aloysius, for or against the power

**The Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 354.

of his intercession, the fact remains that he has kept and still keeps thousands of young men from illicit sex-indulgence. That in itself is a useful thing for the race. Looked at as a factor in eugenic development, it touches directly one of the gravest problems which the eugenist has set himself, and, what is more, it solves the problem. It shows the salvific will of Christ, brought down to our times, acting through the personality of a well-known youth upon the personalities of thousands of youths, urging them with a supernatural motive to keep the natural laws of racial progress. Aloysius' method of coming to self-knowledge may have been quaint. But it was his own, and being his own, it was more successful than any other. That self-knowledge combined with his knowledge of God set free a will-energy which marks him out as one of the world's supermen. "God is the only real loveliness." That was his clear objective. When he found that he could not think over it for one hour without distraction, he lengthened out his one hour into five. By that act alone, embodying as it did the eugenic effort in such heroic degree, Aloysius claims the admiration of every true eugenist. It was a master stroke for volitional, intellectual and aesthetic perfection.

I have been asked by some disciples of Tolstoi to give the Catholic interpretation of Christ's doctrine of non-resistance. It has an important bearing on the eugenic problem. It is the middle way leading to racial peace between the two extremes represented by Tolstoi and Nietzsche, both ending in racial anarchy. It deals, too, with an element in man's character, the use or abuse of which tends to improve or to mar the man—I mean the fighting element.

Well, there was certainly a fighting element in the psychology of Christ. We cannot overlook that scene when He flung the furniture about the Temple. That was a show of temper; a beautiful temper, however, absolutely controlled by will. The human will which thus controlled the temper was in turn controlled by the Divine Will. Here then is a revelation of God's intention as to the use of force when occasion requires it. On the other hand Christ said: "But I say to you not to resist evil."* St. Thomas interprets this to mean that evil must not be resisted by way of taking vengeance with a passion for vengeance. If, however, force is needed for the defence of one's country, or for the defence of the weak, or for the defence of companions, then it not only may but ought to be used. The whole question is as to whether the force is used

*Matt. v. 39.

according to the dictates of reason or according to the mere impulse of passion. Is the passion for fight to be allowed unrestrained license? is it to be suppressed altogether? or is it to be utilized rationally? Nietzsche says the first, Tolstoi the second, Aquinas the third.

After making every allowance, however, for just war, just anger, and just resistance, there is still left a very wide field for the exercise of the policy of non-resistance. If passion is to be conquered by volition, someone must make a beginning. The fear of resistance has its legitimate function. Force is a temporary palliative. The lasting peace between individuals, communities, and nations can only be secured by mutual confidence. But someone must lead the way in the work of disarmament. Somebody must show his faith in the doctrine that non-resistance, even as resistance, has its function in the world's salvation. The saints are the pioneers of this policy. Let Professor James speak for them. He says:

The saints, with their extravagance of human tenderness, are the great torchbearers of this belief, the tip of the wedge, the clearers of the darkness.....Momentarily considered, the saint may waste his tenderness, and be the dupe and victim of his charitable fever, but the general function of his charity in social evolution is vital and essential. If things are ever to move upward, someone must be ready to take the first step, and assume the risk of it. No one who is not willing to try charity, to try non-resistance as the saint is always willing, can tell whether these methods will or will not succeed. When they do succeed, they are far more powerfully successful than force or worldly prudence. Force destroys enemies; the best that can be said of prudence is that it keeps what we already have in safety. But non-resistance, when successful, turns enemies into friends; and charity regenerates its objects. These saintly methods are, as I said, creative energies; and genuine saints find in the elevated excitement with which their faith endows them an authority and impressiveness which makes them irresistible in situations where men of shallower nature cannot get on at all without the use of worldly prudence. This practical proof that worldly wisdom may be safely transcended is the saint's magic gift to mankind.*

Nay, the strenuous life which used to be provided by war seems to be on the decline, and this all to the detriment of the hardihood of

**The Varieties of Religious Experience*, pp. 357-358.

the race. Quite recently the German Emperor has had to warn his officers against it. Nor do athletics alone suffice. The athletic expert in fact is subject to temptations from which ordinary men are free. What is wanting to the athlete, even as to the soldier, is a rightly informed will. St. Paul indeed chose the athlete to exemplify the spiritual combat. Then, as now, the motive wanted changing. It was precisely this motive which was needed in order to convert all athletics, physical, intellectual, moral, or aesthetical, into sound racial quality and tone. It is precisely this motive which is now needed in order to provide a moral equivalent for war. If war is to cease the fighting spirit must be directed against social and industrial evils. Professor James thinks he sees the potentiality for such a movement in the Catholic teaching and practice of voluntarily accepted poverty.

Poverty indeed [he says] is the strenuous life—without brass bands or uniforms or hysteric popular applause or lies or circumlocutions; and when one sees the way in which wealth-getting enters as an ideal into the very bone and marrow of our generation, one wonders whether a revival of the belief that poverty is a worthy religious vocation may not be “the transformation of military courage,” and the spiritual reform which our time stands most in need of.

Here again it is the saints who make the first ventures. We should have to write out the calendar in order to name those who have improved the race in this respect. Moreover, they did it intelligently. This is the difference between the poverty preached by the Catholic saint and the poverty preached by Tolstoi. In making the venture one must be careful not thereby to render himself destitute. His purpose is to strengthen the race, not to weaken it. Hence the saints founded the great religious orders where men and women could practice poverty without making themselves chargeable to the poor-rates. Even the professedly “mendicant” friar always had a monastery which he could call his home. Tolstoi’s method was both anti-social and anti-eugenic; for on the one hand it did not provide against imposition on the community, nor on the other hand against the destitution of the individual.

The religious orders are, therefore, the normal means by which men devote themselves to the practice of poverty. When advice is given in the confessional, a Catholic is only very rarely allowed

to take a vow of poverty outside a religious order, indeed almost never. Personally, I have never known a case. But the saints have done it. They were people of abnormal will-power, and therefore they could bear the inconveniences of poverty without inflicting themselves on the community, or rendering themselves unfit for their purpose in life. Even now they are fertilizing the race. Listen once more to Professor James:

Among us English-speaking peoples especially do the praises of poverty need once more to be boldly sung. We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise any one who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. If he does not join the general scramble and pant with the money-making street, we deem him spiritless and lacking in ambition. We have lost the power even of imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant: the liberation from material attachments; the unbribed soul, the manlier indifference; the paying our way by what we are or do and not by what we have; the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly—the more athletic trim, in short, the moral fighting shape. When we of the so-called better classes are scared as men were never scared in history at material ugliness and hardship; when we put off marriage until our house can be artistic, and quake at the thought of having a child without a bank account and doomed to manual labor, it is time for thinking men to protest against so unmanly and irreligious a state of opinion. I recommend this matter to your serious pondering, for it is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers.*

**The Varieties of Religious Experience, p. 368.*

A SCAMP'S PROBATION.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.



IT is odd to note how lightly the English critic has, for the most part, leaned upon the faults of Henry VIII., and how heavily he has dealt with the memory of Charles II. One, indeed, had the great merit of being a Tudor, and the other was so ill-advised as to be a Stuart. Tudor despotism has never deeply scandalized even the devout Constitutionalist, because it was successful: Stuart unconstitutionality shocks everyone, because it failed ignominiously. When monarchs go about disregarding popular liberties, they are unpardonable when they fail. To compare one historical character with another is always a seductive employment, though it does not always lead to much. A comparison between Henry VIII. and Charles II. does not obviously suggest itself, yet in one particular it is justified by a queer resemblance in their circumstances; and the divergence of the event allows pretext for a little praise of a man who has never been overpraised.

The idea of comparing Henry and Charles could not be suggested by their portraits. Henry in his youth was attractive, fair and blonde. Even in his youth Charles was ugly, black and lean. Henry became heavy and fat, his body ponderous and ungainly, much too big for his legs: his face, no longer comely, grew coarse and bloated, and he was florid and ruddy. His later portraits suggest neither distinction nor high breeding. Charles had a singularly graceful figure, light and active: his face, in spite of its harsh lines, was interesting and clever; and no one could have looked more well bred. For all his plainness he had, as people used to say, "so much countenance." Nor was there in their circumstances more than one important parallel; of that we shall speak presently. Both, indeed, succeeded to a crown to which for a time neither seemed destined, but the cause was not the same. Henry was born a younger son, and only became heir apparent after Prince Arthur's death, when he was himself eleven years old: at nineteen the peaceful death of his father made him king. Charles was also a second son, but his older brother had not survived his birth, and he was apparent from his own. At nineteen the

execution of his father made him king *de jure*, but he was an exile, and for eleven years England was no longer a kingdom: his chance of reigning appeared, during a long time, more than problematical.

Henry was born in the old religion, his parents both belonged to it, and he was bred in it. Charles was born of a Protestant father, baptized in the English Church, and brought up in it. Charles I. was High Church, and had apparently, for some time, dreams of an Anglican reunion with Rome, but he had no more idea of becoming a Catholic himself than Lord Halifax, and he was determined none of his sons should follow their mother's religion.

Henry had a weakness for theology, and wrote the famous treatise, against Luther, on the Seven Sacraments, which gained him, from Leo X., in 1521, the title of Defender of the Faith; in later life his fondness for monks was like Tom Tulliver's for birds—he liked throwing stones at them. Charles II. was not ecclesiastically-minded, and wrote no tracts: but he hated seeing helpless priests and friars falsely accused and persecuted, and, at considerable risk to his own popularity, tried to stop it.

Henry and Charles were both vicious, both sensualists: but Henry, we hear, was virtuous in youth, and Charles was not: his first illegitimate son was born to him when he was not more than sixteen. Henry certainly had at first been destined to the priesthood, and his early teaching was in good and wise hands; Charles had a goose for his first governor, and for his second a notorious scamp, without faith or morals; at twelve he was in command of a troop of horse, and at fifteen he was a general living the reckless life of a cavalier soldier.

Henry had a taste for matrimony and indulged it six times; Charles only married once, and his wife had the good fortune to survive him. Both were bad and faithless husbands, but Charles was neither brutal nor cruel; if he tired of his wife he stuck to her, and neither brought her to the scaffold nor divorced her.

No attempt will be made here to defend Charles' morality: no human being who reverences purity, or even decency, can defend it. Not a word can be said in defence of it: it was, plainly, too bad to bear speaking of. It cannot even be urged in mitigation that he was no worse than his contemporaries; for, if his court was flagrantly and shamelessly bad, it was chiefly because of his own flagrant and shameless example. But if it is impossible to extenuate Charles II.'s vices, there is no necessity for insisting upon them, because they never have been extenuated, and they always have been insisted upon. Henry's vices did not make him un-

popular with his contemporaries, nor have they much injured him with posterity. Nor did those of Charles ever make him unpopular while he lived, for he was, in fact, extremely popular: but they have ruined him in history. Henry broke with the old Church and died under her ban; Charles laid his dying head upon her breast, and with his dying lips sought to obtain, from her promises of mercy, all the consolation and hope his misspent life so sorely needed. In the verdict of England it could not be counted to him for righteousness. Henry had been the enemy of France, and it was so counted to him; Charles had been her friend, and worse: for he was her tool and her pensioner.

So much must be laid to the charge of Charles, and so little of it can be explained away, or softened, that it is an office of justice, as well as of charity, to point out one important matter in which he compares most favorably with his more-admired predecessor. Of his wit and his good nature we do not intend to speak: that he was witty all bore witness, but his wit was foul. He was extremely good-natured, but he was more indolent: and his indolence usually got the upper hand when they came in conflict. He was much more grateful to those who had served him than kings are wont to be, and he was most grateful to those who had befriended him in adversity, as was natural in so clever and so shrewd a man: for services rendered to a sovereign in prosperity are more apt to eye rewards than to deserve them.

It seems certain that this scapegrace prince was a good fellow: which of course does not imply that he was good. He had also much more claim to the title of gentleman than George IV.: how Charles would have treated a wife like Caroline of Brunswick we can only surmise, but we can surmise without uncertainty that he would not have treated her as she was treated by Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband. Charles II.'s portrait is that of an ugly man, but it is unmistakably that of a gentleman; and the face, harsh and forbidding as it is usually called, is intensely interesting: none the less so from its invariable melancholy. The portrait of the First Gentleman in Europe can interest no one except a student of poses and deportment: its serious simper is more repulsive than any scowl, and it suggests a wax dummy rather than a man—if wax dummies could tell lies and betray other dummies silly enough to trust in them. It is not, however, with George IV. and his treatment of his queen that we wish to compare Charles II. in his behavior towards Catherine of Braganza, but with Henry VIII. and his behavior as a husband.

Catherine of Aragon had been Henry's wife for many years; and her conduct as a wife and queen had been faultless. She had borne him several children, of whom one survived, and that one outlived her father: there was no question of the succession involved, as there was in the case of Charles II. and his childless wife. For there was no reluctance to accept Princess Mary Tudor as her father's heir, and, until he suggested it, no one imagined there could be the least flaw in her claim. Her religion was the same as his own, and was that of the realm. Whereas the next in succession to Charles, were he to leave no lawful issue, was a brother unpopular with those who would become his subjects, a convert to Catholicity at a time when England had long renounced the ancient faith, and widely suspected of an obstinate determination to bring it back. But Catherine of Aragon was six years older than Henry; she had no beauty, and the king was tired of her. Of the delicacy of conscience pretended by him as an excuse for seeking divorce, we need say no more than that it did not prevent him from taking as his mistress the woman he wanted before he married her, whom he married before Cranmer pronounced the divorce, and whom he ruthlessly beheaded three years later—whom, within three months of his marriage with her, he had warned "to shut her eyes to his unfaithfulness, as her betters had done, for he could abase yet more than he had raised her." The day after her execution he married Jane Seymour; and less than three months after *her* death he married Anne of Cleves, whom he divorced in half a year—in July, 1540. His fifth wife he beheaded eighteen months after his marriage with her, and his sixth had the good luck to survive him.

Charles II. in one way treated his wife as badly as any man could treat the woman he had married: that is in the matter of faithfulness. But he did not behave to her with brutal cruelty, nor did he divorce her: and to this last course he was urged repeatedly and strongly. An important clause in the marriage contract remained unfulfilled, for the immense dowry agreed upon was never paid. But poor Catherine's great failure was in bringing no heir to the crown. Her religion made her many enemies in England, and Charles would have found nothing easier than to rid himself of her if he would but have consented. Henry's divorce from Catherine of Aragon was a most unpopular measure with his subjects, by whom his religious scruples were not appreciated; by whom, too, the queen was liked and respected. A divorce between Charles and Catherine of Braganza would have been popularly approved, and it was persistently urged upon him.

Charles was certainly not a good man: had he been as bad as Henry he would have yielded. He liked his wife, but he had never loved her; she was not beautiful, and she was not always complaisant: she could make scenes, and she could give trouble. She had cause, if ever woman had, for jealousy and indignation, and she showed both very early in her reign. Charles was angry, but he had heart enough and conscience enough not to respect her the less. It was her desperate yielding that half lost her that respect. Then there came one disappointment after another in the matter of an heir. Repeatedly the queen said there was to be one, and as often it came to nothing. Meanwhile those most opposed to the Catholic Duke of York became more and more resolved that he should never reign, and more and more open in their suggestions that the king should get rid of his wife, and marry another. There were all sorts of pretexts to advance besides the real one that the poor queen was childless—some urged that even the necessary dispensation from the Pope had never been obtained, or had been granted only after the marriage had taken place; that Catherine had not responded in the marriage service; that the king had plighted his troth but she had not. And it was remembered that Charles before the marriage, while Catherine was still in Portugal, had stipulated that if the articles of the marriage treaty were not all performed the marriage should be null and void—and they had not all been fulfilled. It is not our point, however, to try and see what sort of a case against the royal marriage those might have made out who were eager to dissolve it: the point is merely to remind ourselves that they were eager, and that they could and would have succeeded but for one obstacle. The queen was quite powerless to help herself, as powerless as Catherine of Aragon had been: at one time she was within measurable distance of losing not only her crown but her life; and between her and death there stood again but one obstacle. In both cases the obstacle was the same: the honest resolve of her faithless scamp of a husband to save her from either divorce or death.

Even in the Tudor age Henry was not the more admired by his subjects for the bloody justice he caused to fall on Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. Had Charles merely stood aside and left Catherine of Braganza to the fate prepared for her by those who invented and engineered the Popish Plot, there can be no doubt he would have been himself more popular and more secure. His manly determination that no harm should come to the wife he had neglected and dishonored by his infidelities, by no means made him

more popular at the time. His stiffness in the matter only made those who had gone crazy about the plot hint that the king himself was shielding those who were plotting. Catherine stood in grave peril. Titus Oates swore that her own physician, Sir George Wakeman, had been offered £10,000 to poison the king's medicine, and that the queen was in the scheme. Later he swore that he had heard her say she would help Sir George to poison Charles. On November 28, 1678, Oates and Bedloe brought these charges against the queen before the Parliament. "I, Titus Oates," that miscreant cried aloud at the Bar of the Commons, "accuse Catherine, Queen of England, of high treason." We may wonder what Henry VIII. would have done had such charges been brought against a wife who had borne him no child; had he been without an heir; had the next in succession been obnoxious to the country, and the wife in question been as helpless and friendless as was Catherine of Braganza, and one who had vehemently resented her husband's infidelities and made scenes. What Charles did was to send at once for the queen from Somerset House, whither she had withdrawn from court in 1674, when the Duchess of Portsmouth was in the zenith of her popularity. He brought Catherine back to Whitehall, and fixed her in her apartments next his own. He took pains to prove his entire trust in her, and respect for her, by the most careful marks of honor and attention. "If the king had given way in the least Queen Catherine would have been very ill-used," says Roger North, "for the plotters had reckoned on his weakness with regard to women, and flattered him with the hopes of having an heir to his dominions." "I believe," said Charles, "they think I have a mind for a new wife, but I will not suffer an innocent woman to be wronged."

Oates was put in prison and kept under guard, till the king was himself charged with muzzling a witness, and obliged to let the miscreant out again. Charles himself examined him and proved him to be a liar, and a clumsy one, on more than one occasion. Meanwhile Titus Oates' accomplice, Bedloe, stuck to it that Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey had been murdered by the queen's servants in the queen's house; at first saying that he was smothered with pillows, then that he had been strangled with a linen cravat. It does not matter to us here that this informer was a felon lately come out of Newgate, and that £500 reward offered for the discovery of the murderer or murderers naturally appealed to him. It did not matter to the hatchers of the plot: on his evidence three of Catherine's servants were executed, one of them a Prot-

estant. What concerns us is that if Charles had been a villain as well as a scamp, he might have been rid of his wife without himself lifting a finger. It was not only Oates who offered him the chance. A Mrs. Elliott was sent to the king on October 23, 1678, and informed him that the queen was concerned in the plot against his own life. He heard her with displeasure and impatience. When the woman had the insolence to add that she thought he would have been glad to part with her majesty on any terms, Charles turned fiercely on her, and had her removed from his presence, saying angrily, "I will never suffer an innocent lady to be oppressed." Everybody wanted him to believe in the plot, and he would not oblige them, though he was quite able to see how greatly it would have been counted to him for righteousness. It was he who proved the absurdity and falsehood of Oates' evidence against Catherine. Indolent, easy-going, and scapegrace as he was, he behaved throughout like a loyal, conscientious gentleman. When it seemed, for the moment, that even the sovereign's championship of the queen's innocence of any plot against the sovereign's own life might be unavailing, he took secret precautions for her removal from England, if such a measure should prove necessary to her safety. But Charles was not only steadfastly resolved against such a crime as that of ridding himself of his wife by allowing her enemies to take her life: he was equally steadfast in refusing to avail himself of the milder remedy of divorce.

Long before the Popish plot suggestions had been made to the king in reference to getting rid of the queen, Buckingham urged it upon Charles, one of his schemes being that Catherine should be kidnapped and spirited away to the American plantations, where she would be well treated but no more heard of. Her husband could thus obtain a divorce on the plea of his wife's desertion of him. Bishop Burnet, who was the profligate Buckingham's dependant, is authority for this delightful story. Charles rejected the proposal with honor. But Burnet himself was willing to play *Cranmer* to Charles II.'s *Henry VIII*. The future Bishop of Salisbury concocted a brace of tracts on polygamy and divorce, and tied them together under the name of *A Solution of Two Cases of Conscience*. His own conscience as a minister of the gospel he seems to have held in complete solution. The annulling of marriage on account of the wife's childlessness may, he teaches us, "be easily justified both before God and man." His talents, had he been at leisure to write thus a hundred and forty years later, might have recommended him to the favorable notice of Napoleon I.

As for polygamy, he was even more ingenious and even less correct. Before the Fall, he allowed, one woman was meant for one man; a handsome admission when one remembers that for the one man in existence, there was only one woman at the period in question. Things had, however, changed since. Disease and other disabilities had supervened. Monogamy might be the more perfect, but polygamy was noway sinful. Even in the new law there was no "simple and express discharge of polygamy:" and he himself saw "nothing so strong against polygamy as to balance the great and visible hazards that hang over so many thousands if it be not allowed." This successor of the Apostles was certainly one born out of due time—too late for his talents to be available against Catherine of Aragon, too early for them to be used against Josephine. Those talents did not, however, recommend him to Charles II. Instead of making Burnet a bishop he, later on, turned him out of the Chapel Royal. It was to William III. this would-be Cranmer owed his mitre.

But there were always plots against Catherine's position as queen, though the arch-plotter might change. In 1671 the Duke of York had made open avowal of his conversion to the Catholic Church: the Parliament answered, early in 1673, by passing the Test Act, which required all naval and military officers to receive the sacrament in the Church of England, and to sign the declaration against Transubstantiation: this obliged the king's brother to resign the office of Lord High Admiral, which he had filled with ability and distinction. His second marriage with a Catholic princess, Maria d'Este, daughter of the Duke of Modena, suggested to the Parliament two measures, in both of which it failed: one was an Exclusion Bill, by which the Duke of York should be declared incapable, on account of his religion, of succeeding to the crown; the other was a renewal of the project of the king's divorce. In the Commons one Vaughan was to move that without a Protestant queen there could be no security for the Protestant religion. Charles, always needy, was to be bribed by the offer of £500,000 if he would provide himself with a Protestant consort. He only heard of it when the day for the bringing forward of this motion was fixed. Here was a fine chance for him. Money he always was in want of: the divorce could have gone merrily on, and it would have been by none of his contriving. He at once declared that if his conscience would let him divorce his wife it would let him murder her.

This beautiful scheme had been hatched by Shaftesbury: its failure did not discourage him. His irritably mischievous brain

presently devised another. Of all Charles' sons the Duke of Monmouth was the most popular, and he was regarded as a Protestant champion. Monmouth himself seems to have been cajoled and managed by the evil Achitophel. To Charles himself the matter was opened. The king was reminded that Monmouth was his eldest son, which he knew if Shaftesbury did not, was untrue, his eldest son being another James, James de la Cloche du Bourg de Jarsey. That James was a Catholic and useless for Shaftesbury's purpose. The king was flattered by being told of Monmouth's popularity and cleverness: he had much affection for his children, though they had no business to exist. If Charles would agree to give his bastard to England as heir to her throne, it could be managed quite simply: he would merely have to declare that he had been married to Lucy Walter, and Shaftesbury would himself provide witnesses to swear to it. Charles undoubtedly believed himself to be Monmouth's father: Shaftesbury must have known that it was at least as likely that the Protestant duke had no royal blood at all, but was the son of Colonel Robert Sidney. When the king heard this disgusting and infamous proposal, he was amazed at its iniquitous effrontery. "I would liefer," he said, "see James hung up at Tyburn than entertain such a thought."

Having failed in two attempts to oust Catherine from the throne, Shaftesbury's efforts were bent in a more sombre direction, and the Popish Plot followed. From this also she was, as we have seen, saved by her husband. When the Plot had done its bloody work, and the queen was seen to be strong in the king's loyal protection, Monmouth again became the pawn to be played. In 1679 he was encouraged by the Protestant party to figure as Prince of Wales; he had the three feathers painted on his coach; his health was publicly drunk with royal honors to the title of Prince of Wales, and he paraded himself before the Protestant mob as their hope and leader, all uncovering to him as to a prince of the blood.

Charles, however, was determined in no way to connive at so monstrous an injury to the rights of his wife and of his brother: and on March 31, 1679, he published a proclamation from Whitehall as follows: "To avoid any dispute which may happen in time to come concerning the succession to the Crown, the King declares in the presence of Almighty God that he never gave or made any contract of marriage, nor was married to any woman whatever but to his present wife, Queen Catherine, now living." Charles had by no means forgotten Shaftesbury's insolent proposal of the year before, and, in the High Court of Chancery, he

proceeded to record that "On the word of a King and the faith of a Christian he was never married to Mrs. Barlow, alias Walter, the Duke of Monmouth's mother, or to any woman whatsoever, besides the now Queen."

Another attempt to destroy Catherine's position as lawful queen had failed: and again the failure was due to the firmness and conscience of the king. But the efforts against her swayed up and down like a see-saw from schemes against the legality of her marriage to plots against her life.

On July 9, 1679, a month after Charles had registered his protest in chancery as to his never having married Monmouth's mother, or anyone but the queen, his brother wrote to the Prince of Orange that some new plot against Catherine would be sure to be laid. And not many days later a servant of Monmouth's came to Shaftesbury and his committee and declared that in the previous September, when he was at Windsor, he had heard Hankinson, of the queen's chapel, bid her confessor have care of the four Irishmen he had brought along with him "to do the business for them." The Privy Council moved that the queen should stand her trial, but Charles indignantly refused to allow "so injurious aspersion on so virtuous a princess." This was in the Summer of 1679. In November the Exclusion Bill was thrown out, and Shaftesbury, then in the Lords, moved for a Bill of Divorce, which by separating the king and Queen Catherine might enable him to marry a Protestant consort, and thus leave the crown to legitimate issue. This he affirmed was the "sole remaining chance of security, liberty, and religion."

Achitophel's love of religion was notorious: it was edifying to see him, who had been so lately willing to see Colonel Sidney's son on the throne of England, thus eager for the descent of the crown to legitimate issue. Here was another chance for Charles to be rid, without any efforts of his own, of a childless wife, who had often quarreled with him, and whom he did not love, though he liked and respected. But, if he did not love her, he had a manly pity for her defencelessness, and pity is akin to love in hearts that are not base. Shaftesbury's motion was warmly seconded by the Earls of Salisbury and of Essex, and by Lord Howard of Ettrick; had the king allowed himself to be supposed favorable or neutral, Catherine's fate, as queen, would have been sealed. But Charles was by no means neutral. He took the pains of seeing each peer severally, showed his anger and disgust plainly, and begged each lord to vote against the wicked measure. There was no mis-

taking his earnestness and righteous horror. The lords did as he wished, and the shameful bill was discarded.

Once again Charles showed his determination that no injustice should be done to his brother, whatever his interference might cost himself in the way of popularity. On March 26, 1681, the Exclusion Bill was brought up again by the Parliament at Oxford. On the 28th, while the Commons were all agog with eagerness to push it through, the king came down. He had hastily donned his state robes, and had himself carried to where the Parliament was sitting in a chair, with curtains close drawn. Without escort or attendance he entered the Lords Chamber, and took his seat upon the throne, bidding the Commons be called to the Bar. They came hurriedly, and he briefly told them that proceedings so ill begun could end in no good, and forthwith dissolved the Parliament. As stoutly had Charles stood faithful to the lonely queen throughout her dark hour. Through all the evil days of the Plot he kept her close to him, studiously showing his deep respect and full confidence. Her last accuser, Fitzharris, who, like the others, had trumped up against her charges of conspiring to poison her faithless husband, Charles himself detected, as he had detected the others, in false witness: and he himself was brought, by the king's orders, to trial for high treason. He was found guilty and condemned to death, and Charles flatly refused any pardon for the false accuser of his wife.

What we have said has been said briefly and hurriedly. What Charles II. did, to his great and undying honor, has not been puffed out or magnified; but it amounts at least to this: that a man confessedly a scamp and a scapegrace had a conscience, though it was not overworked; that there were temptations he could resist; that when it came to persecuting an ill-used and helpless woman, he would not hold any hand in the game, whatever he might seem to stand to win by it: but laid aside his habitual indolence to work in her defence. That he would purchase neither popularity nor personal gratification and profit at the cost of baseness, or by consenting to let injustice be done to wife or brother. That, where a much-glorified king failed, he, who has never been glorified at all, did not fail. Not once but on many different occasions, there came to him an easy chance of doing, or allowing to be done, something which would have been convenient to himself—and he would not: it was too bad for him—*potuit transgredi, et non est transgressus: facere mala et non fecit.*

THE SOCIAL APOSTOLATE IN FRANCE.

BY MAX TURMANN, LL.D.

III.

THE EDUCATION OF POPULAR LEADERS.



THE work of French Catholics in organizing associations for the promotion of the social well-being of the people is of far greater obligation and far more important consequences for the welfare of the country than the vain political agitation with which certain conservatives content themselves. These associations effectively influence the public. Results may come slowly, but when they come they are worth the waiting for.

Among these social associations there are probably none called upon to render a larger service than the industrial federations. We are, therefore, particularly solicitous that Catholics should encourage and effectively support all federations which are truly industrial. But under this head we do not include any which are subservient to politicians or selfish leaders, no matter who they may be. A federation should have exclusively at heart the defence of the just rights of its members; it should never become a political tool; nor, on the other hand, should it be an indirect means of economic subjection.

In the last two years distinct progress has been made by French Catholics in the sphere of industrial organization, especially in their associations of employees and employers, which rival in importance the Socialistic organizations.

In the recent elections of aldermen the Catholic Federation of Employees of Commerce and Manufacture entered the lists against the Socialists in several cities, and came off splendidly victorious at Paris and at Mans—notably at Paris, where M. Charles Viennet, General Secretary of the Federation of Employees, was elected on the twenty-sixth of last November as alderman in the first class of the section of commerce in place of the candidate of the revolutionary Confederation of Labor. A few days later, in a public meeting at Bourget, a Socialist orator, Mr. Auray, com-

mented as follows upon Mr. Viennet's election: "It is a disquieting sign for us. The Catholic federations are perfectly organized; they have been put on a professional and scientific basis, and are composed of men whose loyalty commands our respect. From them alone have we anything to fear."

This appreciation is somewhat exaggerated; for it is useless to try to conceal the fact that federated organization is one of the weakest spots in French Catholic activity. We have, in fact, comparatively few federated workingmen when we consider the large number of wage-earners. This admission once made in all sincerity, it is but just to add that there is every reason to expect constant progress in this direction; professional groups of workingmen are growing in strength in many cities, and the Catholic societies are now directing the young men in the way of federation. Once the directors of our young men's Associations become convinced that the Catholics of France should turn their attention towards organizing federations of professional and laboring men, a great step will have been taken towards drawing the people to the Church. We have good reason to hope that this day is not as far distant as some imagine. This hope is not without much warrant in facts.

In the first place, the "Popular Union," a Catholic organization with whose unceasing social propaganda in France for right social principles our readers are doubtless familiar, has determined to direct its energies towards the development of organizations of professional and working men. Not content with publishing pamphlets on the subject, it has undertaken to increase the number of Catholic labor leaders who may devote themselves to this work of primary importance. And whatever the "Popular Union" undertakes, succeeds; of this we have had recent proof.

Last year on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of August, the Abbé Desbuquois and his co-workers assembled at Rheims about forty workingmen for "Days of Federation," for a discussion or symposium, extending over some days, on the federation of workingmen.

The meetings of the delegates were not held in a hall, but most frequently in the beautiful grounds of St. Joseph's College. The meetings gained much in simplicity and naturalness from this arrangement. There was no rostrum, only chairs and tables with paper and pencils. Thirty-eight workingmen, from all parts of France, gathered together there; a small group, certainly, and a

varied one, but most sympathetic, composed of weavers, mechanics, millers, plasterers, masons, printers, and engravers. Each was auditor and speaker in turn. They were assembled as comrades to share each other's ideas, efforts, difficulties, and hopes. Not speeches, but simple wide-awake talks were the order of the day. These were followed by frank discussions full of lively and courteous repartee.

Two lectures on Catholic Social Work by the Abbé Desbuquois, another by the Abbé Guitton, and two talks on the legal aspect of federations and old-age pensions by M. Hachin, emphasized, rather than weakened, the exclusively popular character of the meetings. Each day opened with the celebration of Mass and an instruction, and finished with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

From the outset the Abbé Desbuquois made very clear the character of these meetings; his lectures on the social teachings of the Church may be thus summarized:

There are two elements in labor: the material element and the moral element. By reason of the first it belongs to civil society; by reason of the second it interests religious society—the Church. Hence the Church has a word to say on the subject of labor, although labor does not originate with her. God did not create man idle; He ordained that each man should work for his living; at the same time He placed him upon the earth to work out his salvation, hence our whole life should tend towards God. Man is, therefore, under the two-fold necessity of working for a livelihood and for salvation as well. God has, moreover, established very close relations between these two necessities. He has infused the supernatural into work, and has made the necessity of work a duty and a means of sanctification. Into the very warp and woof of labor God has woven the moral elements; for instance, if we but mention the question of wages, instantly we have before us ideas of justice; of the rights of contract; of respect for property; of harmony between the classes. How could the Church be indifferent to questions such as these? The question, therefore, is asked: should labor organizations bear a distinctly moral and religious character? Both a negative and an affirmative answer have been given. In our opinion [declared the Abbé Desbuquois] it is unquestionably better for them to profess their Catholic principles. At a time when the tendency is to secularize every-

thing, not only the State and the school, but even the family, if we consent to secularize the federations, also, we will play into the hands of our adversaries, and relegate religion to the class of private affairs. In theory we must endeavor to be avowedly Catholic; in practice we must adapt ourselves to circumstances. Our efforts in this direction should vary according to countries and customs. In Italy, a Catholic country, the Holy Father wishes the labor federations to bear a frankly Catholic stamp; in Germany, a country rather more Protestant than Catholic, and even in Austria, inter-confessional federations are approved; in Holland there exist purely Catholic federations, but their leaders work with the Protestants; in Belgium the distinctly Catholic character of the federations is well known, although they do not advertise the fact.

A federated laborer from the north observed that in a country like France, where the majority of the people are Catholic at heart but not in practice, we cannot exact too much from the masses; and a non-hostile attitude towards religion must be tolerated. It suffices to have the federation leaders frankly and resolutely Catholic, the masses will follow them. This was not the opinion of all present; some declared it better, especially in the larger cities, to organize distinctly Catholic federations, for which recruits would come from the Catholic young men's associations. The Abbé Desbuquois finally suggested a compromise satisfactory to everybody: *i. e.*, a federation under Catholic leadership is good, but a distinctly Catholic federation is better and, where possible, should be established.

We will not insist further upon this controverted point of the more or less confessional character of the federations. We have sufficiently indicated the line of thought dominating the three days of discussion at Rheims. We prefer to review a few other matters treated of in these meetings.

A certain M. Broutin stated that a primary condition for federation is the education of popular leaders, that is to say, of a group of active leaders possessed of professional ability, experts in federation, with a strong sense of justice and a solid social training. To-day in every country where federations are growing, one recognizes the results of this work of special propagandists. M. Pary, a Belgian miner, gave an interesting account of the agents of the Catholic Social Movement. In Belgium the Secretary of the

Christian Professional Federation receives yearly for the propaganda a contribution of a franc from each member of the clergy; the Democratic League gives him a subsidy; each federated workman contributes three centimes a month, and the Catholic Alliances furnish help also. In this way the secretary is able to maintain a band of propagandists until the federation itself can afford to support them. This requires an annual outlay of 2,200 francs (\$440.00) per man. They select for propagandists active, intelligent workingmen, conversant with their trades, and willing to give up their work to devote themselves to the propaganda. Every fortnight each gives an account of his work; of the pamphlets distributed; of the meetings attended; he receives at his office the members of the federation, gives them any information and advice they may desire, and provides them with the by-laws; they stimulate dormant federations; establish new industrial groups; send question blanks to the members of the federations, and, at need, tell them some wholesome truths. When necessary, they must be able to refute adverse criticism, and, consequently, need to be really well-informed.

Second only in importance to the propagandist, is the newspaper. If an organization cannot have a big one, let it have a little one, for there is no better medium of dissemination. A newspaper will set forth the practical use of labor legislation; show the ameliorations to be introduced into the conditions of work, and call attention to the weak points of its adversaries. As many workingmen as possible should write for the paper: "How about the spelling?" asked one of the audience, "All the better if there is none," was the reply; "it will be all the more evident that it is written by a workingman, besides it is the printer's business to correct mistakes."

No better example could be given of these methods than the account of the organization of the federation at Halluin in the Department of the North, which one of its members, M. Beckaert, related at the Rheims discussion. It shows conclusively how, with initiative and perseverance, a powerful federation may be organized and developed.

In 1902, some seminarians and professors instituted a study-circle at Halluin. As usual the beginnings were slow and difficult; there were defections within and suspicions without. In spite of this the circle was kept alive and even prospered. In 1903 the creation of a federation was decided upon. A strike which oc-

curred in October of that year showed which workingmen would be eligible as members. The first meeting was held in February, 1904. Out of two hundred men convoked, only sixty-three presented themselves, but every man present was enrolled. A committee was formed of three of the most active members of the study-circle. Some generous contributions met the initial expenses. From that moment the federation went ahead slowly but surely. At the end of 1904 it counted one hundred and ninety-six members; in 1906 three hundred; at the beginning of 1910 five hundred and thirty-four. Just at that time a strike broke out in the cotton mills under the violent leadership of the Reds, or the Revolutionary Socialists. At the end of thirteen weeks a proclamation, posted on the walls of the city, urged men to go out on a general strike. The Christian Federation paid no attention; their numbers had increased during the strike to seven hundred and thirty-two. Soon, however, the Socialists took possession of the workshops, and by their violent threats forced the federation to quit work, or seek it elsewhere.

Thanks to the Independent Federation of Armentières, a neighboring town, which threatened to withdraw the strike funds unless the Socialists consented to enter into negotiations with the Christian Federation, the Socialists finally yielded, and a joint committee was formed of the workingmen's federations of that section. This committee negotiated with the employers and obtained a settlement of the differences. From that time on, the federation steadily increased; it now counts one thousand and thirty members. Its success has led to the establishment of a coöperative bakery as a practical help to sick workmen, strikers, or the unemployed. The coöperative association has met with the same success as the federation; it supplies more than four thousand loaves of bread weekly, and assists all of its members who are temporarily unable to work.

Needless to say this suggestive object lesson was appreciated by the delegates to Rheims, and proved an effective stimulus to further effort. The Abbé Desbuquois was quite justified in saying at the opening of these meetings: "This convention, modest though it be, will prove an episode in the social history of the Church." For this reason we feel justified in giving it a place in these studies of the Social Apostolate in France, with the hope that its example may be followed elsewhere.

It seems fitting to associate with this discussion at Rheims
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the "*Rural Week*" organized at Lyons, from the third to the tenth of last December, by the directors of the *Chronique Sociale de France*. This appealed to the rural workers, while the other attracted the city workmen. But, at Lyons as well as at Rheims, the delegates were all men earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, and there were many other points in common. We find the same absence of bluster; the same effort to form popular leaders; the same generous enthusiasm and professional competence among both those who listened and those who spoke; we might add, the same success and the same efficiency. The newspapers scarcely mentioned these Lyonnaise reunions, but they cannot be passed over in silence in pages where we propose to bring to light the characteristic facts of the Catholic Social Movement in France, however insignificant in appearance they may be, for these apparently minor happenings have frequently a more important bearing on the future of our country than many events and manifestations with which the columns of the daily press are filled.

During this week in the early part of last December, nearly a hundred young countrymen gathered at Lyons to attend a course of Agricultural Social Lectures, *i. e.*, during the "*Rural Week*." At dawn they assembled for Mass, and an instruction suited to their tastes. Mass over, studies began; two lectures in the morning; in the afternoon a visit to the Agricultural Museum or to the Social Institute; at half-past five a third lecture; after dinner an informal discussion. We can form some idea of the carefully planned propaganda from the following outline: I. The Agricultural Question (nature and characteristics: causes, economic, moral, and social). II. The Professional Organization of Agriculture (federation the basis of professional organization; the life of a federation told by its founder; the actual status of agricultural federation in France; agricultural insurances; insurance against sickness and accidents; the laws concerning old-age pensions and agriculture; mutual fire insurance; insurance on live stock; account of the institution of a Mutual Fire Insurance Company by its founder). III. The Economic Organization of Agriculture (agriculture and loans; Farmers' Loan Associations; the economic value of coöperation in agriculture; coöperation in production; coöperation in consumption). IV. The Agriculturist's Home (the family and the home; the conservation of the home by the family property; the utilization in the home of the

waste product of the farm; small industries as a help to the home). V. Agricultural Social Education (study groups in rural districts; how to arouse emulation between rural study groups; how to coöperate in rural social organization).

Certainly in these twenty to thirty lessons or talks it was impossible to take up every phase of the social and economic problems so ripe nowadays in rural districts, but the principal points were brought out—the headings of the chapters, so to speak, to which one may easily add the secondary matter.

The corps of professional speakers was of unquestioned ability. The students were delighted with their teachers. We have before us letters from several of them, quite unanimous on this subject: "I could not mention a single lecture that I did not find most intensely interesting," says one. "My preference," writes another, "was for the lectures which were delivered slowly enough to allow of taking notes, and in such plain language everyone could understand, avoiding scientific terms which we peasants would have had to have explained to us."

In spite of the diversity of sections they represented, the audience soon formed a big, happy, enthusiastic family. During free-time, at the common table, when visiting the city or the suburbs, and especially during the recreation evenings, they fraternized freely. The most interesting sight of all, however, was the sustained attention of the young auditors, pencil in hand, during the study periods and the awakened intelligence shown by this new type of student in the discussions following the lectures.

A priest, who is accustomed to talk to young men, attended the courses of the "*Rural Week*" for the express purpose of studying the audience, anxious to understand these youths, who are the outcome of the Country Study Circles. As often as possible, before and after the lessons, he engaged them in conversations that speedily took on a very intimate character. From the long letter in which he set forth his impressions we quote a few lines for our readers:

What beautiful things one found in the souls of these youths! how comforting! how full of hope for a future, not distant, even at our very doors! I would sum it up as follows: We have in the country a select class, conscious of the evils in agriculture and of their remedies, desirous of doing all in

their power to make the sections where they live more Christian. Although their early education was but modest and rudimentary, these young men are capable of following, without being bored and for eight consecutive days, studies, most interesting, certainly, but all very advanced, and some very difficult—of following them—and of understanding them. To be convinced of this it was only necessary to be present at the discussions after the lessons, so observant of facts, or indeed to have watched during the lessons the suspended pencils apply themselves just at the right moment to note down the dominating ideas of the exposition or of the proof. These young countrymen proved themselves capable of thinking for themselves and of presenting their thoughts clearly, capable of elevating their habitual occupations above the level of the vulgar pleasures and material interests, so frequently the sole spiritual nourishment of our farmers—they are filled with a high ideal.

This critic goes on to say that if their fathers have taught them to farm, the study groups have familiarized them with agricultural institutions; they form a body of industrial leaders ready to devote themselves to the work. To tell the truth such young men are not exceptions in our country, at least not in certain parts of it. And then this eminent priest, whose observations we have noted, concludes:

When we notice that these young men are not isolated in their villages, but are a part of a group of thinkers who are also active, we dare say, our hearts full of hope and enthusiasm, that here is the wheat ripening for harvest in the near future—wheat not only in the blade but already in the head, scarce undoubtedly, but which little by little will seed the whole field with true brotherhood and Christian spirit.

This was written the day after the "*Rural Week*." The good dwelt upon in these appreciations has been amply proved by the results. The practical utility of these novel lectures has been demonstrated.

As soon as they returned to their homes our students began their social work. From a package of letters received, we extract the following lines: "We had an Agricultural Association at home but it had never worked well. As soon as I returned I

hastened to join it, and at the first meeting I attended I was asked to accept the position of secretary and treasurer. I am now studying the workings of a Farmers' Loan Association which I propose to create." Another says: "I gave before our Study Circle a synopsis of the lectures with my impressions of the life of the *'Week.'* We are going to continue our work of federation for the farm laborers after the example of Forez, of which they told us at Lyons." Again a third: "I returned to my home with the ardent desire of making myself useful. With the help of some good farmers we are now feeling our way towards the formation of an Agricultural Federation." I will not quote further, although many other letters give equally encouraging views. To be sure these are but a few dozen intelligent men of good will, but some of the parishes that did not send representatives to this "*Rural Week*" have Study Circles, in which the young countrymen are quietly but persistently preparing themselves for devoted and efficient action. This year another session of Rural Lectures will be held at Lyons. Undoubtedly the attendance will show a great increase over last year. Truly, as has been said, to us it is given to see in France fields ripe for the harvest. Let us work with energy, wilfully optimistic; and to us, too, may be given the joy of reaping a hundredfold.

DIGBY DOLBEN.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.



IN the Spring of 1865, the squire of Finedon Hall, Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire, asked his youngest son to write a little verse sometime about the beautiful great garden of their home, which was the father's pride. The family was an ancient one; it had been much thinned out by death, even within the boy's memory. His dear eldest brother, who was in the Navy, had been drowned in the harbor of Lagos not long before. Thus he fell to thinking of eternity rather than of trees and blossoms, when he granted the request, and penned his poem.

There is a garden which I think He loves
Who loveth all things fair;
And once the Master of the flowers came
To teach love-lessons there.

He touched my eyes: and in the open sun
They walked, the holy dead,
Trailing their washen robes across the turf,
An aureole round each head.

One said, with wisdom in his infant eyes:
"The world I never knew;
But love the Holy Child of Bethlehem,
And He will love you too."

One said: "The wine-vat it was hard to tread,
It stained my weary feet;
But One from Bozra trod with me in love,
And made my vintage sweet."

One said: "My human loves were pure and fair;
He would not have them cease.
But knit to His, I bore them in my heart
Into the land of peace."

One came, who in the groves of Paradise
Had latest cut his palm.
He only said: "The floods lift up their voice!
But love can make them calm."

I heard a step. I had been long alone,
And thought they might have missed me.
It was my mother coming o'er the grass:
I turned; and so she kissed me.

Those with a sense of poetry, a relish for naturalness, and an appreciation of human pathos, will see at once that these are most remarkable lines for an English boy barely seventeen, or in fact for anybody, to write. The boy was Digby Mackworth Dolben. He himself was fated to die two years later. His name has indeed been cherished by some who have zealously searched certain out-of-the-way modern anthologies, and one of his poems, the exquisitely filial one called *The Shrine*, may be said to be pretty well known; but his work has never been gathered together until now. Last Christmas Mr. Frowde, of the Oxford University Press, issued a generous selection, edited by one to whom we all owe most deferential thanks for some of the most subtly beautiful poetry of our generation. But Mr. Robert Bridges has unconsciously done much to spoil that labor of love devoted to his own kinsman, the friend of his youth. On every page of the not very full, but useful and charming memoir, his own temperamental brakes are put hard down upon the glowing seraph with whom he has to deal. This memoir's first word is "I," and "I" throughout is almost incredibly *doctrinaire*. The book is annotated all through with a full statement of the editor's prejudices, with deprecating criticisms, illiberal regrets, and even sneers at the Jesuits and at Newman. As such a treatment inevitably confuses the issue (even to that limited but highly-cultivated public who welcome Mr. Bridges' every utterance), it follows that the most intimate appeal of Dolben's genius is virtually bound and gagged. That appeal is really to Catholics. This poet has only to be set amongst them to find himself triumphantly at home.

Digby Dolben, in life as in art, struck quickly into his own vein, with a mind rooted in what Sir Thomas Browne grandly calls "the magnalities of religion, and the honor of God." He had every grace which perfect home life, the most careful education,

and a striving spirit could lend him. The sixties were romantic times; the second and more exoteric wave of the Oxford Movement was running high, and doubtless there was much in such religious impulses as Digby's which might look, or even be, as "fantastic" and "disordered" as his editor thinks they were. For one well-born and well-connected, one with beauty of mind and person, one of average and very virtuous Protestant up-bringing, to turn his back on banquets and shooting-parties and the ordinary career of a country gentleman in England, was debatable matter indeed.

Standing at the knees of the new Anglicanism, he saw with dismay, yet with growing desire, the apparition of a Church of which that other is not even the shadow. At Eton, where he spent five years, and had no guidance whatever, Digby was looked upon as a mischievous and disturbing young zealot. He crossed himself at meals; he left his books of "foreign" piety about; he stole his companions' buns on Communion days in order that they might go fasting to chapel: small wonder if he was sent home for the good of souls! But he came back, went farther, and fared worse. While still a nominal Etonian, under the care of one of his many tutors, he linked his fate with that of the late apostle Ignatius of Llanthony Abbey, and blossomed forth in signatures as "Your loving friend in Jesu and S. Benedict, ✠ Dominic, O.S.B., III.," known to Dr. Pusey and Miss Sellon as a neophyte afraid of nothing, who in full monastic habit, tonsured, and shoeless, went on horseback over the Welsh mountains, and on foot through the astonished streets of Birmingham. He was not so much feeling as pole-vaulting his way into the inner Courts of the King. Of course he discovered a "Lodge," (whatever Mr. Bridges means, or thinks he means, by that), "of Jesuits at Windsor;" of course he sought out Dr. Newman, missing him, and coming face-to-face with another Oratorian, a fellow-poet who was "most civil, and not at all contemptuous;" of course he went to Mass and was much affected, and was tormented afterwards with remorse for his supposed and imputed "disloyalty."

"With such friends as Coles, Hankey, Lionel Muirhead, Bickersteth, and Manning, he was well off," says his only biographer; "he could not have had more congenial companions. But without them, he would have been miserably isolated at Eton, for he had no common interests of any kind with the average school boy, scarcely even the burning question of the quality of the food provided to develop our various potentialities!

He seemed of a different species: among the little ruffians a saint, among sportive animals a distressful spirit." The few boys to whom Digby felt himself attracted had his own manliness, modesty, and gentle temper: those who survived were, or are, remarkable men. The two portraits which adorn the *Poems* are from faded negatives both taken at Eton. The sitter is tall, slender, dark-eyed, with a firm young hand and a determined chin and brow: the whole face is stamped with idiosyncratic and most winning charm. Digby was altogether modest, but argumentative, at least where a principle was involved, and his playful good-humor is remembered as almost his chief characteristic. He was full of fun: are not all the saints so? He did not love Eton, or his unquiet life there. "The place is full of mental temptations which you know nothing of," the boy wrote to a friend. He was leading all the while a most devout, ascetic, and angelic life, and was a very hero of prayer. His friends, his parents, his tutors, all saw whither he was tending, and hated or deplored the tendency, after the manner of this world. Many inconveniences, some snubs, much sadness, fell to his lot because of the threatening estrangement.

It seems always to have been understood that Digby Dolben was to be entered at Balliol College, Oxford. Then, as now, the standard was high there, and the difficulties not a few. A good tutor, though not an especially sympathetic one, had been secured for him; his reluctance in going to Herefordshire to join Mr. de Winton was based on a reason characteristic enough. "To tell you all about it," he says in a letter written during an illness, "there are more important things in this world than getting into Balliol even! And indeed there is a place into which we hope to get some day which needs harder preparation than Oxford, and is well worth all we can give it." He goes on to object categorically to house-mates with whose religion (nominally his own) he could not be at one; to a country life "without a confessor, without any means of more than monthly Communion, without (must I use it?) any Catholic advantages. This may be a good way to get into Balliol, but not, I think, into Heaven." So unworldly and single-hearted a point of view persevered to its obvious end. During the winter of 1866, about the date of his eighteenth birthday, Digby told his father that he wished (to use Mr. Bridges' frequent and amazing verb) "to Romanize:" that is, to seek admission into the Church Catholic in communion with the See of Peter. Mr. Mackworth Dolben showed distress, and some anger: however, he succeeded

in extorting a promise that the step should not be taken while his son was a minor, nor, in fact, until he had finished his course at the University. So much was settled.

In the following May, Digby came up from his tutor's to take his examination. He had never been strong, and his mind, from one cause and another, was sufficiently overwrought: the conjoint result was that he weakened under the ordeal, and failed to pass. After that he returned to a former tutor whom he loved better, the Rev. Mr. Pritchard, Rector of South Luffenham, near Leicester. It was decided that in default of Balliol, Digby was to go up to Christ Church when Michaelmas Term began. Towards the end of June he wrote to his father, begging release from his promise to defer being received into the Church; begging at least that he might, for his soul's sake, have leave to take that step, in case of impending grave illness or accident. This letter he had no time to finish for the post. A very few days later, after construing aloud the unbewailing speech of Ajax taking leave of life, and commenting on its beauty, he went to bathe in the river Welland with one of the rectory children, to whom he was a most beloved playfellow. Digby, an excellent swimmer, had the child on his back, when without a word he fainted in the deep water, and quietly sank. The little fellow kept himself afloat, cried out to some reapers in the meadows, and was rescued. Hours afterwards, they found Digby Dolben, and carried him to his desolate home. He was buried under the altar of Finedon Church, of course with Anglican rites: this was on July 6, 1867.

He came, the Strong, the Terrible, whose face the strongest fear,
(O world, behold thy Spoiler spoiled! the stronger Man is here).
He came, the Loved, the Loveliest, whose face the saints desire,
To be his fellow-pilgrim through the water and the fire.

Thus, in one of the most intensely devotional of his own poems.

With the sad uncompleted letter just mentioned, two latest lyrics were found in Digby's desk. One, "Unto the central height of purple Rome," is a majestic fragment, a vision from afar of "the unconquerable Faith" in Peter's keeping: its tone is strikingly like the tone of Lionel Johnson, then in his cradle. The other posthumous lines are vaguely and sweetly prophetic of some purgatorial passage to bliss, and fitly close Digby Dolben's book, which enshrines the first and only fruits of a priceless spirit shown

to earth but for a little while. Mr. Bridges rightly claims that no English poet had, at his age, attained so high a level, acquired so unerring a touch. One thinks of Chatterton, indeed, but that stormy genius stands apart. Some notable single modern poems have been written at nineteen: Rossetti's wonderful *Blessed Damosel*, Bryant's grave Georgian *Thanatopsis*, Myers' sustained and haunting *Saint Paul*. But Dolben's is a body of verse which, in the sincerity and poignancy of its art, is "the glory of all boyhood." The rushing torrent of this sincerity, like Emily Brontë's or Emily Dickinson's in kind, utterly unlike theirs in its application, carries everything before it. One marvels that technique does not go to pieces under the impact of such emotion upon mere words. True passion, with all its confusion and extravagance, its sudden immortal graces, shapes the unpondered phrase. There are echoes, of course, as there should be in a young poet's speech, of the masters, but they are unobtrusive, and quickly past. Dolben's ecstatic harp-music, hurried, remote, Uranian, is his own.

Mr. Bridges plays with the idea that Greek thought, newly brought home to Digby's mind, implying delight in created beauty, and in life with its ordered peace, was perhaps in his later years, and as expressed in some of his almost incomparably lovely verses, drawing him away from his deplored "mediaevalism." But even Greek thought is a surface force to pit against the love of God, and the final manuscripts left in Digby's desk are overshadowed, not with the wistful spirit of an exquisite paganism, but with a far more concrete and grappling thing: the workings of an oncoming and supernatural vocation. The love of God "sticks fiery off indeed" in these precious pages. Their editor sees it; he sees also the capacity for unregulated human love, the love of one friend in particular; but he cannot understand, as an instructed Catholic can, the full correlation of the two. A schoolfellow at Eton, somewhat older than Digby, became the subject of "the most romantic of all his extravagances, that idealization and adoration which, long after they were parted, went on developing in his maturer poems." Archibald Manning, with a nature full of noblest charm from infancy to the grave, was entirely worthy of these utmost chivalries of affection; yet he was never shown one line of all the enthusiastic song which a shy contemporary at his side was devoting to his recognized excellence. Of Manning it is said that no one who ever knew him well "would admit that for combined grace, amiability, and beauty of person and character, he had an

equal." Some interesting details, given in Mr. Bridges' perfect language, will throw light on our young poet's interior dispositions.

Dolben's love for Christ's human personality was the heart and motive of his religious devotion. Christ was his friend and his God; and his perpetual vision of the Man of Sorrows, calling him out from the world, could not be so vivid as this actual image of living grace that made mortal existence beautiful. The human face full of joy came up between him and the shadowy divine Face, the "great eyes deep with ruth;" and this was the cause of his vain scruples, as plainly exhibited in the poems....Already in the Summer of 1863 the mutual friendship between him and Manning was at its full height, and he already perceived the vanity of it, foreseeing that Manning was destined to go out into the world with the certainty of admiration and distinction, while he was pledged to renounce the world and all its delights. The thought of complete separation overclouded his present enjoyment: he even found excuses for making a rule of not going to Manning's room; and when it was doubtful whether or no he should return to Eton, he showed no anxiety to return, though it was only on that condition that he could hope to enjoy his friend's society; and when he did return, he recorded his indifference. Manning was never at Finedon, nor did Digby ever visit Manning's home. His affection was of the kind that recognizes its imaginative quality, and, in spite of attraction, instinctively shuns the disillusionment of actual intercourse. In absence it could flourish unhindered, and under that condition it flowered profusely.

To all artists a little deepening of the given pigment is natural and necessary. There is nothing morbid in the following phrasing of a seventeen-year-old boy; there are few deeper sighs in the love-poems (in any usual sense) of English letters. Not literary skill, but self-knowledge and wide prescience give a strange value to the ending of what is called *A Poem Without a Name*.

O ever-laughing rivers, sing his name
To all your lilies!.....

A little while it was he stayed with me,
And taught me knowledge sweet and wonderful,
And satisfied my soul with poetry:

But soon, too soon, there sounded from above
Innumerable clappings of white hands,
And countless laughing voices sang of love,
And called my friend away to other lands.

* * *

Weed-grown is all my garden of delight;
Most tired, most cold without the Eden gate
With eyes still good for ache, though not for sight,
Among the briars and thorns I weep and waft.
Now first I catch the meaning of a strife,
A great soul-battle fought for death or life.
Nearing me come the rumors of a war,
And blood and dust sweep cloudy from afar,
And, surging round, the sobbing of the sea
Choked with the weeping of humanity.

Alas, no armor have I fashioned me,
And having lived on honey in the past
Have gained no strength. From the unfathomed sea
I draw no food, for all the nets I cast.
I am not strong enough to fight beneath,
I am not clean enough to mount above:
Oh, let me dream, although to dream is death,
Beside the hills where last I saw my love!

There are many verses as heartfelt and as lonely dedicated to "Archie," among them one of the sonnets dated 1866, which closes with a chord of Shakespearean valor. Digby Dolben's Muse was his examen of conscience and his autobiography. He wrote of his innocent friendship, with its reticence more than English, in a way hardly to be understood except by some master of the spiritual life. Such a one can discern the strife of affections in one born not to rest in any of them, but out of all lesser (not counter) homages, to come home clear and straight in the end into a Love able to transform and re-embrace them all. At fifteen he seems to have recognized the hunger and unrest of his most sensitive nature; and in four years' time, without a touch of cynicism, he was on the point of attaining the complete detachment of the saints,

That sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be.

His verses (never published or printed by himself, be it remembered) are full of the premonition, or at least of the chosen metaphors, of narrowed activities, things foregone, and early death.

Oh, not for me the angel-haunted south!

he cries, thinking of Italy in unlovely Lincolnshire, during his least happy year. This note of renunciation extends far, and is dominant in

Strange, all-absorbing Love, who gatherest
Unto Thy glowing all my pleasant dew;

in

Christ, for whose only love I keep me clean
Amid the palaces of Babylon;

(what magical lines are all these for one so young!) in the apocalyptic Letter, in *Sister Death*; in the touching and manly *Pro Castitate*. Dolben's utterance fulfills his own definition of poetry:

Poetry, the hand that wrings
(Bruised albeit at the strings)
Music from the soul of things.

They will come nearest to readers who understand not only the difficult soul of art, but the unfrequented world, a sober and simple world, miscalled difficult, of Catholic mysticism. There are those who will remember Dolben not by *The Shrine*, or *Core*, or *Sing Me the Men*, that flawless verbal crystal which might have come from a scriptorium of the fourteenth century, but by the loose-knit, passionate, eight-page medley, called *Dum Agonizatur Anima*. It is full of gaps, some of them figuring in the original copy, some added by the scholarly editor, unscholarly and ungenerous only in his whim against "ecclesiasticism." "It is exactly where Dolben falls into this vein," he says, "that he falls from poetry." Even were that uniformly true, who does not grudge the lightest touch of the practiced hand on these virginal and intimate meditations?

Dum Agonizatur Anima, despite its title taken from the *Prayers for the Dying* in the Roman Breviary, is no rival of *The Dream of Gerontius*, no rune of actual dying, but of a passage more bitter. It is the cry of the intending convert, nowhere else expressed with such tumultuous fullness and force; and it was, by internal evidence, written in March or April, almost at the very end of the young poet's life. From mood to mood it turns, wrestling with the Angel of the Lord. It recalls a time when love and resolution were strong, when as yet faith had not been so fully received.

....I half believed

But wholly loved: once (Thou rememberest?) prayed:

"I love Thee, love Thee! Only give me light,
And I will follow Thee where'er Thou goest."

"I will," I said, and knew not. Now I know,
And will not, cannot will.

On this analysis of indecision falls the voice of the Beloved.

Son,

Thou sinnest, I have suffered. Mount and see
The fullness of My Passion: though these steps
Be hard to flesh and blood, remember this
That along all intolerable paths
The benediction of My feet hath passed.

Poignant thoughts surge in again of the calm years that are gone; images of his own aureoled dead, of "the noiseless bells" of snow-drops on the banks at home, of "that perennial love we hardly thank" of father and of mother, of the worshipped beauty of earth, and of joyous exercise in the open air—these crowd in upon the boy's mind until it runs up into a query which is a thrilling challenge to a great passage of St. Paul's.

Suppose it but a fancy that it "groaned,"
This dear Creation?

Suppose sin and the Fall do not exist, that souls are saved automatically, that the Christian warfare is unnecessary and un-availing.....Any escape from the agony of having to undergo a change! And on all these negations and abstractions bursts like a pent-up torrent the entirely personal refutation:

No, Love, Love, Love! Thou knowest that I cannot,
I cannot live without Thee.

And so tossed about and perturbed at heart, the young poet falls asleep, and dreams his broken dream.

I stood amid the lights that never die,
The only stars that dawning passes by,—
Beneath the whisper of the central Dome
That holds and hides the mystic heart of Rome:

But in mine eyes the light of other times,
And in mine ears the sound of English chimes;
I smelled again the freshness of the [dawn],
The primal incense of the daisied lawn.

He knows whither he has come, and he asks what the distance may be, over that thorn-bordered, heart-breaking pilgrim way of Abraham; he asks how far it is from the tents of Haran and all the treasured past, now that he is in the strange place, "the land which I shall show thee."

The everlasting murmur echoes: "Far
As from green earth is set the furthest star
Men have not named. A journey none retrace
Is thine, and steps the sea could not efface."

The sleeper hears this grand processional chant before he wakes:

The Lion of the Tribe of Judah, He
Has conquered, but in wounds and agony;
The ensign of His triumph is the Rood,
His royal robe is purple, but with blood.

And we who follow in His martyr train
Have access only through the courts of pain,
Yet on the *Via Dolorosa* He
Precedes us in His sweet Humanity.

A Man shall be a covert from the heat
Whereon in vain the sandy noon shall beat;
A Man shall be a perfect summer sun
When all the western lights are paled and gone;

A Man shall be a Father, Brother, Spouse,
A land, a city, and perpetual house;
A Man shall lift us to the angels' shore;
A Man shall be our God for evermore.

The irregular verses end in courage and peace, steadying themselves on the *Passio Christi confortet me*, and reverting to their own familiar pledge.

By that Thine hour of weakness be my strength!
And I will follow Thee where'er Thou goest.

Yes, Catholics will make a place by their fireside for Digby Dolben. He is the lost child of the poets' road which in one English generation brought to the ancient Mother of all the Arts Gerard Hopkins and Edward Caswell, Adelaide Procter and Frederick William Faber, Aubrey de Vere and Coventry Patmore.

Mr. Bridges deprecates much of Dolben's work as the deplorable surplus of a rich young mind. But for such things (and capital reasons could be given for it) there is a living and not critical public. Dolben, who cared nothing for fame, runs, since the publication of his book, no least chance of being forgotten by the lovers of true literature. There is no aesthetic height to which he might not have attained. But more beautiful than his promise, or his arresting and satisfying achievement, is himself. "Unspotted youth is grey hairs:" the Church has set her seal and kiss upon many such. Judged by her standards, several verses in this slim book should live on, which the choirs of Parnassus will not need: among them should be the radiant Christmas hymn:

Come to me, Beloved,
Babe of Bethlehem!

and the more Eucharistic

Tell us, tell us, holy shepherds;

the joyful popular paeon to Our Lady,

On the silent ages breaking,

and Brother Francis' brief song:

As pants the hart for forest streams.

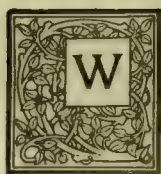
One would like to hear these on the lips of Catholic children. It would perhaps help to keep Digby Dolben's pure and pathetic memory alight beside the Altar of his unfulfilled desire.

SAN GIMIGNANO AND ITS TREASURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN.

"La nobile più città che Terra di San Gimignano."

"Infinite Riches in a Little Room."



WHEN you have once fallen under the spell of Siena, that *Turris eburnea* of modern Italy, shining out, inviolate in her mediaeval beauty, over the great Tuscan plain, you find it hard to leave her. Only in this way can I account for the fact that so few people visit San Gimignano, which is easily accessible from Siena.

City of the Beautiful Towers it was named in far-off times, and the name does not mock us with a reminder of some glory that was, but is not, something that we can never see. You have driven but a little way along the road from Poggibonsi (which looks as prosperous and respectable as it sounds), and there are the *belle torre* before you on the hillside, plain austere brick towers. In many other little Italian battlemented towns, piled up closely on their little hills, you have recognized a Bethlehem or a Jerusalem which you have loved in an illuminated manuscript, but these stark towers are wholly strange.

Everything shines in the sunlight—the bright-leaved vines festooned in garlands from fruit tree to fruit tree; the waving grass fields, with their wealth of wild flowers, deep in color like jewels; the winding white road; the olive plantations (bring pewter rather than silver to conjure up *their* color). Only the towers are gloomy and opaque. They seem like brown, wrinkled faces in a crowd of fresh young beauties.

Yet they are "belle!" As you watch them—and a fresh one seems to rise up at every turn of the road until you count at least thirteen—you wonder why people care so much for ornament, when ascetic brickwork can be so beautiful.

"In all excellent beauty there is some strangeness in the proportion." These lean towers, slim and massive at the same time, have that element of strangeness, of wonder. Mounting the hill slowly in the rattling little Poggibonsi carriage (like the Promised Land, San Gimignano looks nearer than it is), I am glad to have remembered that Bacon phrase: "In all *excellent* beauty."

It was like a recurring motif that, as in a piece of music, bound together all my thoughts, here and in Siena too, before the altar piece of Duccio and the pictures of Simone Martini and the brothers Lorenzetti, no less than in the Duomo, and in that weak and austere church of San Domenico, where, "disposing wondrous ascensions in her heart," St. Catherine used to meet Christ, her Spouse.

"In all *excellent* beauty"—not in all beauty, notice. May it not have been a dislike to an element not wholly explicable, to *mystery* in short, which led to the vandalism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when pictures expressing something *hidden* from ordinary eyes, something only to be apprehended dimly, were ruthlessly torn down from our altars, and replaced by paintings which, apart from all else, certainly lack any strangeness in the proportion?

The question presented itself in the sweet sparkle and glitter of the light on the hills outside. But now you have entered the little city, built as it were in one piece, sufficient unto itself. The walls that once shut out turbulent invaders and shut in turbulent inhabitants, seem now to shut out the mean utilitarianism which has made such terrible breaches in the walls of many of the lesser Italian towns, and has marched unpityingly through the streets of Florence and Rome. The only traffic that passes up and down the narrow paved streets of San Gimignano are wagons drawn by the patient white oxen, whose horns almost touch the houses on either side; or mules laden with wood from the mountains. Yet it is lively enough, and noisy enough. The women sit before their doors sewing; and every woman seems to have a baby on her lap, uttering inarticulate cries of pleasure or of rage. The elder children, who form the main part of the population, shout and quarrel incessantly over a game that seems to be a mingling of quoits and pitch-and-toss. There is often a fight, conducted with what looks like ferocity to the Northern-bred. But let a *forestiere* appear, Northern-bred or Transatlantic, it matters not, and the *bambini* will even relinquish their fighting to pester the visitors for *soldi* or *francobolli*, and to confuse them by voluble offers to act as guides.

In a history of the town, I read that the Sangimignanesi of to-day are full of "old-world dignity and courtesy." It may have been my fault, but they did not strike me in that way. It was easier to see them as descendants of a people who, even for Tuscans in the Middle Ages, were exceptionally quarrelsome, factious and excitable; a people apparently incapable of existing without strife. From the tenth century onwards we find San Gimig-

nano intermittently at war with its neighbor Volterra, and grabbing the fortresses of the small feudal lords round about to increase its own dominions. We see it plunging up to the neck into the deadly Guelf and Ghibelline struggle, and carrying on within it another struggle between magnates and democracy ("Grandi e popolani"). The history of San Gimignano is obscured by a rain of bolts and arrows; a perpetual uproar in the streets prevents us from hearing the voice of any individual protagonist.

The loss is not great. You may have read that San Gimignano was once known as "Il Castello della Silva" (the Fortress of the Wood), and that it changed its name in commemoration of an apparition on its battlements of Saint Geminianus, the martyred Bishop of Modena, who turned back an invading horde of Attila's Huns. You may have read that, after a period of subjection under the Prince Bishops of Volterra, the town gained its independence, and was ruled for a time by twelve rectors and twelve captains. You may have read how it finally passed under the Republic of Florence, and remained a Florentine tributary until Florence herself lost her independence. You may have heard that when an embassy was sent from Florence in May, 1300, to invite the Commune of San Gimignano to send representatives to a special parliament summoned on business connected with the Tuscan Guelf league, there rode among the Florentine burghers on the mission a young man called Dante Alighieri. All this is of interest truly, but it is not the treasure for which you have come to search. Nor is it the lofty and noble situation of the place, its celestial aspect, its towers of brick, and houses of massive stone. What does it matter if you have never even heard the names of Ardinghelli and Salvucci (the Capulets and Montagues of San Gimignano), to whom some lover of peace in the fourteenth century may well have said, "A plague on both your houses?" You have reached the Church of the Collegiata in the Piazza delle Pieve (foolishly renamed Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele by United Italy), and all that past of fire and sword and pestilence becomes insignificant. There remains a past of beauty and of piety. There remain on these venerable walls frescoes painted by poetic and orthodox interpreters of the faith, and we have found your treasure, little town, though all your material splendor has decayed.

The church is very dark and silent after the noisy and sunny piazza. It is difficult to see anything clearly at first. The architecture, a curious combination of Romanesque and early Renaissance styles, has its charm, but is not overpoweringly distinguished

or beautiful. You hardly notice it, however, in your amazement. To right and left of you shine frescoes setting forth the entire creed of Christianity. That is the "scheme of decoration" in the Collegiata, no more, no less!

The painters of this stupendous work were not Sangimignanesi. It was San Gimignano's gain that in the middle of the fourteenth century Bartolo di Fredo, Barna di Siena, and his pupil Giovanni da Ascanio sacrificed their country to their vocation, and, leaving Siena to those artists who were willing to lend their brushes to the service of capricious demagogues, came to San Gimignano for refuge. (Surely not for peace and quiet!) Bartolo di Fredo undertook the Old Testament scenes: Barna and his pupil the ones from the New Testament. But Barna fell from his scaffolding in the early days of the work and was killed. It was the strong, vigorous, and pure brush of Giovanni da Ascanio that painted the memorable Marriage Feast at Cana, with St. John in ecstasy; and the betrayal by Judas. Never perhaps has any painter given us a finer rendering of the first apostate. Who that has seen it can ever forget the face of Judas, with its terrible, Lucifer-like beauty?

Alas, it is impossible to describe a painting in words, and next to impossible to give an impression of it. One always feels this, but one feels it more acutely when the painting has a mystical element, that element in the presence of which the competence of the connoisseur to judge a work of art begins to fail. "Mysticism is to painting what ecstasy is to psychology." That indicates perhaps how elusive and delicate are the materials with which one is dealing. It is as if one said: "See how bright the glass is!" and in one's eagerness to examine the nature of that brightness, breathed on it and extinguished at once both translucency and lustre.

There seems to have been something in the air of San Gimignano very favorable to the flowering of what we may call *Christian* imagination. Lovely as are the frescoes illustrating scenes in the life of Our Lady and the life of St. John the Baptist, which Ghirlandaio painted in the choir of S. Maria Novella at Florence, they do not show the same *sainte pensée du coeur* as his frescoes in the Collegiata. So much fascinated was I by Bartolo di Fredo's simplicity on the other side of the church, by his "How Noah made the Ark," where the toil of energetic carpentering is being eased by a jug of wine; by his "Joseph's Dream," where Joseph's bed, covered with a patchwork quilt of many colors, occupies the whole room, and nearly the whole picture; by the lovely beasts, intended I suspect for camels, crossing the Red Sea, that I did not see

S. Fina's chapel until my second visit. And I am glad to have received a solitary impression. It was here that Ghirlandaio flew into the regions familiar to mystical painters, and produced a work in the spirit of Fra Angelico and Benozzo Gozzoli, with his own peculiar grace added unto it.

The chapel itself was designed by Giuliano da Maiano; the shrine in white marble and gold, and all the sculpture work were executed by his brother Benedetto. The little place is a *quattrocento* poem. No saint ever inspired artists to a more lovely memorial of sanctity. What was there in the little life of this local saint which appealed to them with such strange power? I know little of S. Fina, except that she died in the very bud of her youth after five years of horrible suffering. *Un fruit de souffrance*, she seems, which God pressed and crushed and drained until He had extracted the last drop, until only a little half-decomposed husk was left to die. It was this death which Ghirlandaio had to depict on the walls of the chapel. And what does he show us? On the one side, St. Gregory appears to the young saint, who is reduced to the last stage of emaciation, but transfigured by suffering, to tell her that on the day of his feast she will be in Paradise; the rough plank bed of her "supplice" is already bursting into flower. On the other side, we see her lying dead; her face expresses "the joy of all the saints." Her two first miracles, the curing of the nurse whose hand had been blasted by S. Fina's loathsome disease, and the healing of a blind child, are depicted in the same fresco; and, to express the joy of Heaven at the acquisition of such a soul, an angel is ringing the funeral knell of the parish church.

There is much more to see in the Collegiata—the Dantesque fresco of the last Judgment by Taddeo di Bartolo (the painter of that unequalled Assumption in the Palazzo Comunale at Siena), who drank always at the purest flood of inspiration; and the less strong work of Mainardi, Ghirlandaio's idolized brother-in-law. But let us go now to the Church of S. Agostino, that lonely church, barren of worshippers, where the paintings bloom like flowers in the desert. Whatever one might be obliged to overlook during a short visit to San Gimignano, it would be a reproach and a loss to come away without seeing the frescoes illustrating the life of St. Augustine which Benozzo Gozzoli painted in the choir of the church dedicated to the saint.

In Gozzoli it always seems to me that we get very near the perfect painter, the one who developed his genius in all possible directions. Mystical he was, the true disciple of Fra Angelico in

his point of view; but it is rather Masaccio that he resembles in the science of composition and nobility of pose; rather Pisanello, as a painter of character, as a *naturalistic* painter, using the word *naturalistic* to embrace not only man, but all that pertains to man and his aspirations. He loved horses, too, and represented them splendidly in pictures of processions and triumphs. He delighted to paint the plumage of birds. He was a landscape painter, whose cypresses and pines are beyond compare.

These St. Augustine frescoes, where the Confessions live a second time, are not considered by some connoisseurs to be Gozzoli's best work. It is said that in some of them he was assisted by a pupil, Andrea di Giusto. It is said that he failed in his conception of St. Augustine, endowing him with more beauty than strength. You may listen to experts with respect, but you must see pictures with your eyes, not theirs. To me this is the very portrait of the Saint of the Confessions, whether at the grammar school in the days of the theft of the apples, whether at the University in the days of license and Manichæan error, whether teaching rhetoric at Rome, whether listening to S. Ambrose's sermons at Milan, whether hearing the voice from heaven; *Tolle, lege; tolle, lege*. The death of St. Monica has a pathos and dignity, a simplicity, worthy of St. Augustine's own verbal picture; and what can we say of the fresco where the great Bishop of Hippo is represented blessing his flock? In St. Augustine's face throughout the series the genius of Gozzoli for painting *character* is revealed. The face is wistful even to the end; at first in the world because "now these things did not yield me any delight, in comparison of Thy sweetness and the Beauty of Thy House with which I was in love," and later because "I have tasted Thee, and am hungry after Thee."

We miss the true character and meaning of San Gimignano's treasures if we take them only for treasures of art. Here are also the greater treasures of faith and of humility. It is impossible to misunderstand the attitude of the painters who enriched this little town. The Preamble to the Statutes of the Siena Corporation of Painters issued in 1355 says that "our mission by the grace of God is to manifest to the ignorant and unlettered the marvelous things that can be done by virtue and in the strength of holy faith." Humility is as difficult a virtue to artists as to poets, but in the lives of the painters of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries we rarely encounter pride. Sano di Pietro, in the heyday of his powers, assisted an inferior artist, Vecchietta, in an Assumption piece for two shillings a day! And one is sure that his epitaph,

Pictor famosus et homo totus deditus Deo, was a true summary of his life. These artists were nourished on the Liturgy and on Dante. They had confidence in the help of God and of the Mother of God, in whose glory they did their work. *Domine dilexi decorem domus tue et locum habitationis gloriæ tue* was their motto, rather than "Art for art's sake." When Brunelleschi told Donatello that a peasant put upon a cross was not a crucifix, he expressed an undying truth. And it is by the light of that truth, I think, that we are able to see what the treasure of San Gimignano really is.

THE CISTERCIAN MONK AT MATINS.

BY E. M. DINNIS.

"They labored in the fields by day and rose up at night for prayer."

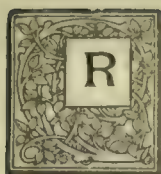
MASTER, these hours I labored in the field
Reaping Thy poor man's harvest: in Thy name
The cup of water gave to those who came,
So that I might, afar off, service yield
To Thee, whose wounds are with the sick man's healed.
Obedient there Thy praises did I frame,
Where all Thy works Thy Fatherhood proclaim;
But, lo! the night Thy fiat hath repealed!

Here, from Thy bounty's token set apart,
Where no man's cry diverts the gift outpoured,
Master, I claim the right to call Thee "Lord!"
Here, in the night's great void, my soul shall start
To seek Thee in the Realms by love explored
Where, out beyond Thine utmost work, Thou art!

"THE NEWMAN OF NORWAY."

KNUD KROGH-TONNING.

BY J. FABER SCHOLFIELD.



RARELY does a conversion to the Catholic Church create such a profound impression in the convert's own country as was caused eleven years ago in Norway, when the most learned and influential of the Lutheran clergy, a parish minister and Professor of Theology in the University of Christiania, made his submission to the Holy See. It was an event that could only be paralleled by that October day two generations since, when John Henry Newman, *facile princeps* among the English Protestant ecclesiastics of his day, was received into the One Church by the ministry of Father Dominic, the Passionist. Little is known, indeed, by English-speaking Catholics, of the recent revival, and the present fortunes, of the Church in Norway, and it may well be that the very name of Krogh-Tonning is strange to all but a very few. The strong personality of the man, however, his splendid intellectual gifts, and the saintliness of his character, deserve that his name and his career should be acclaimed far and wide, wherever devotion to the search after truth, and transparent honesty of purpose, are held for precious things. And beyond the commanding figure of the illustrious convert himself, there is a still wider interest attached to his "coming home" to the City of God. His conversion marks a point in the history of the Catholic revival in his country.

Gladstone said of Newman's submission that "the Church of England reeled with the blow;" and it might be said with truth that the State-Lutheranism of Norway reeled with the blow she felt when her greatest son embraced the Religion of his fathers. Anglicanism has never been at rest since 1845; two currents, the one seething to the Faith, the other towards the solution of all dogmatic belief, have made even a semblance of unity an impossibility. So, to those who have followed in any degree the history of religious feeling in Norway during the last decade, there has been revealed a picture of the same kind, if not on the same scale. "Orthodox" Lutheranism, as it is called, which retains much of Catholic sentiment as well as of Catholic belief, is at grips with the probably

larger, and certainly more influential, party whose aim appears to be the destruction of all definite Christianity. The laity at present appear to be still, on the whole, in sympathy with the old dogmatic Lutheranism; and on this account are turning in numbers to listen to the clear, unvarying voice of the Divine Teacher, if as yet only a few here and there are prepared to accept her message. The life and influence of Dr. Krogh-Tonning cannot fail to act as an immense motive power in this direction for many years to come. As to the great English convert to whom he has been compared, thousands upon thousands owe, directly or indirectly, the grace of their conversion, so to the famous Scandinavian theologian an ever-growing multitude of his fellow-countrymen are, and will be, indebted for that same unspeakable gift. A brief resumé, then, of his life story should appeal to the mind and heart of every son and daughter of the Church.

Knud Krogh-Tonning was born on December 31, 1842, at Stathelle on the Skiensfjord, in the south of Norway. The Catholic Religion in those days barely existed in the Scandinavian peninsula; yet the old traditions still lingered in the hearts of many of the people, whose ancestors had never deliberately apostatized from the Faith, but who had been robbed of it partly at the point of the bayonet, and still more through an unprincipled cunning which had left much of the old forms and phraseology, while taking from them all reality. In the atmosphere that surrounded the child's early years there was much of this traditional clinging to the ancient Faith, so far as its fragments were still preserved. His father was a lawyer, but the boy soon decided that his own life must be dedicated to the ministry of the State Church, which to him was, of necessity, the sole representative of religion. His mother appears to have been a deeply pious woman, whose influence unconsciously prepared the way for her son's advance in Catholic feeling and conviction. Her Christian faith was profound, manifesting itself in many works of charity, and formed a striking contrast to the pietistic, sentimental system which then was too much the ideal of Norwegian Lutheranism. Around her beloved image were grouped all the treasured memories of her son's childhood and youth. Her letters to him during his residence in Christiania, where he was one of the most eminent students of the University, he carefully preserved, and had bound in a volume which contains between eight hundred and nine hundred quarto pages, and which has been described as one of the most valuable treasures in his large and comprehensive library. With him, as with so many great

servants of God, his mother's influence and character seemed the very guiding-star of his life. We are told that in his boyhood he even troubled his conscience as to how he could reconcile his devotion to her with the supreme love of God; that he prayed earnestly about this, and with no result, as he thought, because his *feelings* still centred round his mother. There was no one to tell him that the fulfillment of the "first and greatest commandment" is a matter of the will, and not of the emotions.

As his education proceeded, the young student came to see more and more clearly the insufficiency of the dogmatic system in which he had been brought up. His own earnest thought and his ever-extending knowledge were leading him to a fuller and more coherent belief. Yet he was entirely unconscious that he was gradually drawing nearer the Catholic Faith. He tells us himself: "I lived in an environment which, whatever its disagreement, was fairly agreed in one thing: that whatever was Catholic and led in the direction of Rome, was proved by that very fact to be something one must reject." This was an impossible position for anyone of Krogh-Tonning's intellect or deep piety, and yet he believed that his duty was to act in absolute loyalty to the religion in which he had been reared, and whose ministry he was about to exercise. We are told that the *Imitatio Christi* and the *Dogmatik* of the Danish Protestant Bishop Martensen had each a profound influence on his mind. The popular teaching of Norwegian Lutheranism at that time, however, banned Martensen as no true Lutheran, because he had declared war on the "reformer's" theory of justification, and maintained the Catholic doctrine that the justice of Our Lord is infused into the soul by grace, and not merely thrown over her as a cloak to hide, not to remove, spiritual deformity.

In 1867 Krogh-Tonning passed his theological examination, received the degree of Doctor in Theology, and entered the ministry of the Lutheran Church. Three years later he was appointed to the parochial charge of Porsgrund, a small town near his native place, which he held for thirteen years. In 1883 he was presented to the "Gamle Akers" Church in Christiania, a large and important parish, and was also appointed Professor of Theology in his own University. For seventeen years he administered his pastoral charge and filled the professorial chair amidst the ever-growing regard and admiration of his fellow-countrymen, and of the learned world of the North. His literary labors began in early manhood, and soon attracted keen attention. In 1870 his first important work, *The Doctrine of the Christian Faith*, appeared. This was not so

much an independent work as the result of his theological studies, and shows the young author as standing unhesitatingly on the Lutheran platform. His next publication, however, *Word and Sacrament*, exhibits a great development in the Catholic direction, especially in his exposition of the effects *ex opere operato* of the Sacraments. In spite of the Lutheran teaching as to the Real Presence in the Eucharist by way of Consubstantiation, Lutherans generally regard the communion in a purely subjective light, and Krogh-Tønning was advancing far beyond such barren theology. What he hoped and prayed for, during many years, was the corporate awakening of the established religion of his country to a sense of its needs, and the return of Scandinavian Protestantism to the ancient Faith. It was very long before the conviction came that for each soul there is only one way back, the path which by submission, unquestioning and entire, leads straight to Peter's Throne. But during these long years he was seeking, and with each new gleam loyally following, the light. There is no wonder that we hear of his deep sympathy with the "Anglo-Catholic" revival in England; he saw its deep earnestness, its good faith, and its high ideal; he could not see, any more than earnest Anglicans can see, its hopeless lack of coherency and its illogical and forlorn hope of corporate submission—Catholic Authority. That this should be so is a strange intellectual and spiritual phenomenon, and must seem an almost insoluble problem to hereditary Catholics; but those who have come to the Church from without know how many of the most sincere and pious minds are honestly convinced that their position is a consistent one.

Krogh-Tønning's administration of his parish was such as was to be looked for from one of his zeal and spiritual depth. Both in the matter of external organization, and in the services of his church, he made Porsgrund, and then his parish in the capital, a pattern for his fellow-ministers to emulate. It will be unknown to many Catholics that Lutheranism, in Norway at all events, retains a shadow of the Sacrament of Penance in the shape of the confession, to which all communicants were until lately expected to resort before receiving the very rarely administered communion. This confession, however, is little more than a form; it involves no real acknowledgment of personal sins; in the most general way assent is given to a sort of self-accusation recited by the pastor; and a prayer known as "absolution" follows. The minister of Porsgrund was determined to turn this somewhat meaningless ceremony into a reality, and in doing so he certainly had the theory of

the Lutheran Church on his side. In 1881 he put forth a strenuous plea for the restoration of confession in its ancient and proper sense. He relied upon the Lutheran declaration that the Sacrament of Penance, "with respect to its essence, Divine origin, dignity, and necessity, is of like rank with Holy Baptism and the Holy Supper;" he would remember how the early Lutherans were disposed to reckon three, instead of seven, sacraments; how such a Protestant authority as Melancthon had written: "*Vere igitur sunt sacramenta, baptismus, coena Domini, absolutio, quae est sacramentum penitentiae.*"* As was to be expected, Krogh-Tønning found no response among his co-religionists, and a royal decree subsequently made the Lutheran practice of "confession" no longer obligatory on communicants. This seemed to him a downward step, and for the first time he appears to have wondered if the State Church of his country was indeed capable of a true reformation. The study of the Fathers, Möhler's *Symbolik*, and Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola* (that wonderful story that exhibits far more vividly than many weighty treatises the faith and practice of the first Christian ages), led him to the vision of a Christianity beside which the religion that he professed seemed a sad corruption. In his private devotions he began to use the Hail Mary, the Divine Office (at least in part), prayer for the departed, and the observance of the fast-days. He was already a Catholic at heart, but it was still twenty years before his intellectual conviction made Protestantism an impossibility for him. His transparent honesty made him go slowly; he would never act in advance of what he was absolutely convinced of; and his sincere humility made him slow in committing himself to his own conclusions. Yet his works continually showed the advance of his mind towards the fullness of the Faith. His book, entitled *Christianity and the Unbelief of the Time*, is especially noticeable as being Catholic in its whole tone and argument.

The "orthodox" clergy and laity of the Lutheran body hailed him as their protagonist against the growing unbelief that is honeycombing Norwegian Protestantism. There was no one on the other side to compare with Krogh-Tønning, and among themselves he was *facile princeps*. In this, as in so many points, the "Newman of Norway" recalls the great Tractarian leader. In both cases the conflict was against Liberalism in religion; both were trusted by the "orthodox" of their respective communions as no other leader was trusted; both had at last, in obedience to the

**Apolog.*, art. v.

paramount claims of reason and conscience, to renounce a position they had come to realize was impossible.

Krogh-Tonning's pastoral, professorial, and literary labors were interrupted in the Winter of 1866-7 by a severe attack of bronchial catarrh, that quite incapacitated him, and in the following Spring he left his northern home for a sojourn in Germany. The Catholic Rhineland, with its splendid religious activities, was an unspeakable joy, as well as a true revelation, to the traveler. At last he saw the ancient religion of his native land in all its living power. Here was a country that had never apostatized from the Faith, and which had only just emerged from the war of the Kulturkampf; the persecuted were the victors, and the Iron Chancellor of Germany had "gone to Canossa," acknowledging the futility of the "May Laws" that were to have made the religion of Germany, like her conquering armies, subject to the secular arm. We can imagine how Krogh-Tonning rejoiced in the splendors of Cologne, the pilgrimage to Kevelaer, the great religious houses of the Dominicans at Düsseldorf, and the Benedictines at Beuron. Mass and Benediction, the procession of the *Corpus Domini*, the gladness of the great Feasts, the fervor of the popular devotions, were all to him as the uplifting of a veil that had concealed the divine consolations and splendors for which he had been longing. No wonder that his experience in Germany brought the cry from his lips: "Luther, Luther, of how much beauty thou hast robbed us!" Before this journey, even, he had scarcely believed the misrepresentations and calumnies so freely levelled against the Church; now he saw for himself their absurdity and their malice, and his earnest desire was to bring this home to his fellow-Protestants in Norway. With the view of correcting the extraordinary delusions cherished by them, and of showing them how much they could learn from the Catholic Church, he published, under the title of *Epilogue to the Conferences of Father Scheer* (a celebrated Dominican who had been preaching in S. Olaf's Church at Christiania), a pamphlet embodying the convictions he had arrived at when abroad. The *Epilogue* had an extraordinary success, and an epitome of it appeared in the German historico-political journals. The picture he drew of the existing Lutheranism was not drawn in glowing colors, but he still dreamed of a real reformation that should bring it again into line with the ancient Faith. He saw before him two communities, the Catholic Church and the Lutheran Church: could not the objective faith of the one

and the subjective system of the other be assimilated in some *Via Media*? Rome seemed to him, as yet, one-sided in her view of authority, sacraments, and creed. He compared her unity to that of a house rather than of a body. On the other hand, the reformation introduced a one-sided subjectivity, a supposed freedom that led to weakness and loss. The Lutheran Church, as set forth in its own ideals of belief and worship, Krogh-Tonning still believed, might be a centre of unity between the Roman Church and the decaying Protestantism of our time, and so the longing that possessed his soul in these later years he turned to fact—the fulfillment of the Divine Prayer: *Ut omnes unum sint*.

It is interesting to note how parallel were the roads by which he and the great English convert, to whom we have often compared him, were led to the light of the full Faith of Christ. The dream of a *Via Media*, so attractive and so impossible to realize, for a time held the intellect of both these great seekers after truth. Both would have given anything, short of disloyalty to that truth, to have found a reconciliation between their inherited ecclesiastical position and the claims of revealed religion as presented by history and by present facts. When we hear of Krogh-Tonning studying the various "confessions," hoping to find a common ground of union, we are reminded of Newman and Tract XC. The one was determined to be a loyal follower of Luther as long as he could be such with fidelity to his conscience; the other would not swerve from his whole-hearted adherence to Anglicanism until the summons of Truth was so imperative that he could not but obey. Both men seem incapable of self-will, of haste, or of worldly calculation in the things of God. Each for a while believed that if the truth were only presented to it, the communion to which he belonged would, by what Krogh-Tonning called "the silent reformation," gradually find its way back to all that had been lost.

There was an element in the Norwegian's outlook that there could not be in the Englishman's. His learning brought him to see how utterly at variance present-day Lutheranism is with the system taught by the "reformer" whose name it bears. Luther's immoral theory of justification, his denial of the distinction between mortal and venial sin, his doctrine of grace, appear to be a dead letter among his professed followers, however they may still appear in "confessional" documents. These gone, the very foundation of the German revolt against Catholic theology was gone. "Our Lutheranism," he wrote later, "is a journey under false colors."

It was different with the Anglicanism of the first half of the nineteenth century. The English apostasy was committed to the opinions of no individual teacher; it had been in the first instance the work, not of heretical theology, but of royal tyranny, lust, and greed. It had made havoc of the dogmas of the Faith, and at the same time its leaders had pretended to take the first ages of the Church as their guide and model. The Oxford Revival attempted the impossible task of recalling the Established Church of England to this profession of "primitive" faith and practice, and bidding her carry it out in very deed. That was quite the last thing British Protestantism was prepared to do. It did not in the least object to giving up the theory put forth by Messrs. Cranmer and the other lights of the Anglican revolt, so long as it might persevere in their practice of private judgment as regards faith and rebellion against authority.

At first sight the prospect before Krogh-Tonning was more hopeful. It was evident that the Lutheranism of to-day had little in common with the Lutheranism of Dr. Martin Luther. There had been a happy inconsistency developed between the dogmatism of the founder of the system and the actual teaching of its ministers and theologians. This latter had come to approximate more nearly to the Catholic doctrine in various ways; that is, among the "orthodox" school; as we shall see later, this school is by no means in a clerical majority, though it includes the laity, as a whole, who are practicing followers of the State religion. Krogh-Tonning felt that here was a constituency to which he might appeal with some hope of the "silent reformation," back to truth and unity, for which his whole heart yearned. A dear friend of his, Frau Julia von Massow, a woman alike of conspicuous intellect and deep piety, and in later years a convert to the Church like himself, was filled with the same enthusiasm as himself, and was accustomed to hold, at her house in Christiania, meetings of sympathizers in the cause. It seemed as if a really helpful propaganda was about to be established; but the fact that a Catholic, lately come from Rome, was admitted to a meeting was the occasion of such opposition and bitterness that the bright hopes of the promoters of these reunions were brought to premature disappointment, to Krogh-Tonning's intense grief. The lack of real desire for unity came home to him, and sorely wounded his generous spirit. Was it possible that the unity promised by Our Lord was after all but an unattainable ideal, with no correspondence in fact? Could that be the real Church

of Christ that thus ignored, and indeed rejected, the very idea of unity amongst Christian people? He felt what thousands of Anglican seekers after truth have felt: that all theory, all talk, of unity is worse than futile, which at once puts out of court the claims of that Christian society which is confessedly the most ancient, and incomparably the vastest, of all religious bodies that bear the name. Yet he dared not leave the religious organization to which he belonged, so long as he could believe that it possessed the channels of spiritual life, though he was clear by this time that the Catholic Church was the home of that life in greater purity and fullness.

There are many converts who have gone through this phase of development, and many now outside the Church freely confess that she is incomparably the best, though they do not yet recognize her as the one Divinely-appointed home for the wandering souls of men. For some ten years from 1890, this was his mental position. He in no way relaxed his efforts after Christian unity. Catholicity and Lutheranism, he trusted, might still find an *entente* that could lead to the restoration of his beloved country to the Faith. The original heresy of the Lutheran Church had centred round the doctrine of grace; and the result of Krogh-Tønning's meditations and studies during those years of anxious thought was apparent in his book entitled *The Doctrine of Grace and the Silent Reformation*, published in 1894, and his *De gratia et libero arbitrio*, founded on St. Thomas, which he brought out four years later. This latter publication Cardinal Satolli, himself an illustrious Thomist scholar, pronounced to be written "with a master hand," and one Vicar-Apostolic in Christiania was so struck with its depth and fidelity to truth that he gave it his private *imprimatur*.

These last years outside the City of God were full of suffering to Dr. Krogh-Tønning. Outwardly none could be more happily placed than he; as rector of an illustrious city parish and professor in his university, he enjoyed universal respect; learned men recognized in him one of the highest ornaments of Norwegian erudition; in 1883 he had been elected Fellow of the "Scientific Association" of Norway; in 1890 King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway had created him Knight of the first class of the Order of S. Olaf "on account of his scientific and ministerial merits;" his family, his friends, his parishioners, loved him devotedly. And yet the spiritual isolation of these years was a veritable martyrdom. He had to struggle alone through difficulties and misunderstandings, through

doubts and perplexities, such as might well have daunted a weaker spirit. His ecclesiastical position was becoming more and more impossible to him. One Sunday, as he stood at the altar, he had to sing, in the collect for the day, the following extraordinary words of the Lutheran rite: "Lord God, Heavenly Father! we heartily thank Thee that Thou hast imparted to us Thy word, and delivered us from the errors of the horrible Papacy." (We are reminded of the prayer in the first "reformed" edition of the Litanies of the Saints: "From the Bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities, O Lord, deliver us.") He could not take the words of falsehood and calumny on his lips, and altered them.

In 1896 he published another book, *The Church in Process of Dissolution*, which was in some sense a formal breaking with the Lutheran system. It draws a sad picture of the present break-up of Protestantism, and shows how from its beginning it contained the inevitable seed of dissolution, and how that seed has grown and developed in each succeeding generation. The Lutheran Church, he points out, is itself divided into what, following English nomenclature, he calls "High" and "Low Church." It must be remembered, however, that these two divisions do not at all exactly correspond to the sections of the Anglican Church so denominated. Lutheranism is composed of the "orthodox" party, who hold fast to the main truths of Christianity as preserved in the schism of the sixteenth century, and of the more influential and more numerous party represented, for example, by Professor Harnack. Those who would be known as "Low Church" in the Anglican communion seem to be either non-existent or, at all events, of no practical account in Germany, but, to judge from Krogh-Tonning's words, still linger among the phenomena of Norwegian Lutheranism. He asks whether such a body can be indeed the pillar and foundation of the truth—a body in which such doctrines as expiation, Christ's resurrection, inspiration of Scripture, and belief in miracles are treated as open questions. That his reconciliation was very near at hand is obvious by his words: "Among all the principal confessions [of faith], there is only one that has kept the positive and dogmatic Christian Faith whole and unabridged, and that is the Catholic Church." The reproach was inevitably cast upon him: "Your opinions lead towards Rome." His answer was: "I only care that my way leads to the Truth; if it leads thither I shall take it, though I must go towards Rome."

The final grace soon came. He resigned his parish in 1899,

and in January of the following year applied to the king for leave to vacate his professorial chair. The most he could now feel was that *perhaps*, as a Lutheran, he was in possession of the means of salvation; and he could not teach on a "perhaps." For thirty-three years he had been an accredited teacher in his communion; during the last seventeen years he had been looked up to as the most conspicuous and most honored leader in the State Church of his country; he loved his parish and his beautiful home; his children were unprovided for except through his professional income; his wife delicate and often sick. A small pension was all he could claim, and as a convert how could he reckon even on that? The future held nothing for him and his but a life of hardness and poverty. In many ways the Vicar of St. Mary's and Fellow of Oriel had not so much to sacrifice or to endure as the pastor and professor of Christiania. Newman had none dearer than his own life depending on him; and he could look forward to the unutterable happiness and dignity of the Priesthood. Neither of these consolations was possible for Krogh-Tonning. Newman, again, was in the very prime of his life's strength; the great Norwegian convert was already fifty-seven—not indeed an old man, but with the best of his strength and vigor behind him. There were certainly conditions of special pain and difficulty in the home-coming of Knud Krogh-Tonning.

Like the recluse of Littlemore, he did not feel at liberty to act at once when he had laid down his active work as a Protestant. He retired to the Jesuit house at Aarhus, on the east coast of Denmark, with the view of securing some months of quiet, in which he might work out the last questions to which his sensitive conscience and his keen intellect demanded an answer. Thence he wrote to his old friend Frau von Massow: "I have withdrawn here into a monastic repose. I feel like a sailor who has come home after a stormy and dangerous voyage among rocks and perilous cliffs. And if I am not yet in port, at least I am under the shelter of the coast of my dear fatherland." He had been here but a short while from April 21st, the day of his arrival, when the final impulse of grace came. As one of the priests entered his room he exclaimed: "I can wait no longer, reverend father, I must become a Catholic." On June 13th he was received into the Church—the Feast of St. Antony of Padua, the saint of self-sacrificing charity, whose spirit the convert so truly shared.

There followed ten years of inward calm and silent work on

behalf of the truth he had found after so long a way of pain. They were years of intense joy, as the great intellect and greater heart found their full satisfaction in the glowing light, the royal beauty, and the abounding grace of the one Kingdom of God. A Lutheran clergyman might well write of him, with singular insight and charity: "If such a man as Dr. Tonning has become a Catholic in order to find rest and peace, must one not suppose that the Catholic Church possesses the truth more clearly and more perfectly than our own?" The celebrated Norwegian poet, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, wrote of him: "It is not often that we hear of anyone, especially at his age, giving up so much as he has done for conscience' sake;" and spoke of him with the highest encomiums in the national parliament. So highly were his theological attainments esteemed at Rome, that in November, 1905, he was created honorary Doctor of Theology by the *Congregatio pro Studiis*—surely an exalted and almost unique honor for a layman.

On Sexagesima Sunday, February 19th, of this year, as he was waiting on a bench for the tramcar that was to take him to the Catholic Church at Christiania for High Mass, the eminent convert was suddenly called to a greater rest than even that of the Church on earth. An attack of heart failure was the immediate cause of a death that however "sudden" was emphatically no "unprovided" end. The whole of Norway mourned her famous son, and the press was full of notices that rang with the deepest respect and admiration. The Lutheran *Aftenposten* spoke of him as one of the most distinguished combatants for the Faith in the fight against the ranks of unbelief. In fact, "orthodox" Lutheranism recognized that, whether Catholic or Protestant, the loss of Krogh-Tonning was the loss of Norway's leading champion in the cause of revealed religion.

Such a life is surely that of a heroic soul. Its strength of purpose, intense devotion to truth, and direct simplicity, have a message not only to the land of the fjords and fjelds, but to every land where the Faith is slowly winning back her own. There are thousands who are on the verge of their true spiritual country, and who yet are delayed by some intellectual self-assertion, or spiritual sloth, or (not many, one trusts) by worldly greed of comfort, or position, or honor. To all these the great Norwegian convert's message comes: To follow the light wherever it may lead. *Vir obediens loquetur victoriam.*

THE ABUSES OF PRIVATE LANDOWNERSHIP.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, S.T.D.



IN the June, 1911, issue of this magazine, the writer called attention to the lately revived Single Tax propaganda, and in that and the following issues submitted to examination the ethical arguments upon which Henry George and most of his followers defend their scheme of land tenure. Inasmuch as the practical strength of the Single Tax theory is largely derived from certain defects in the system of private landownership, the readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* may perhaps be interested in a short study of these defects, and in an attempt to suggest appropriate remedies. To ignore the defects and abuses of the present system means indirectly to promote the agitation for its abolition. All the existing abuses may be grouped under the three following heads: Monopoly, Excessive Gains from Landownership, and Exclusion of a Large Part of the People from the Benefits of Land Tenure.

Private ownership of land may become a monopoly, and it may promote the formation of other monopolies. To what extent is it a monopoly in itself? In the literature of the Single Tax movement, the phrase "land monopoly" occurs with great frequency, but the expression is scarcely accurate. The system of individual landownership is not precisely a monopoly. There is, indeed, a certain resemblance between the two forms of control. Just as the owner of every superior soil or site has an economic advantage over the owner of the poorest soil or site, so the monopolist obtains larger profits than the man who must do business in conditions of competition. In both cases the advantage is based upon the scarcity of the thing controlled, and the value of the advantage is determined by the degree of scarcity.

This resemblance is undoubtedly of great practical importance, inasmuch as it points to the common phenomenon of large payments from the consumers to the owners of the supplies, and to the owners of the sources of supply. Nevertheless there is an important difference between landownership and monopoly. The latter is usually defined as that degree of unified control which enables the controller arbitrarily to limit supply and raise price. As a rule, no such power is exercised by individuals or by com-

binations of individuals with regard to land. The pecuniary advantage possessed by the landowner, that is, the power to take rent, is conferred and determined by influences outside of himself, by the natural superiority of his land, or by its proximity to a city. He can neither diminish the amount of land in existence nor raise the price of his own. The former result is inhibited by nature; the latter by the competition of other persons who own the same kind of land. To be sure, there are certain kinds of land which are so scarce and so concentrated that they do fall under true monopolistic control. Such are the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania, and some peculiarly situated plots in a few great cities; for example, land that is desired for a railway terminal. But these instances are exceptional. The general fact is that the owners of any kind of land are in competition with similar owners. While the element of scarcity is common to landownership and to monopoly, it differs in its operation. In the case of monopoly it is subject, within limits, to the human will. This difference is sufficiently important, both theoretically and practically, to forbid the identification or confusion of landownership with monopoly in economic discussion.

Many notable instances of such confusion are to be found in Dr. F. C. Howe's *Privilege and Democracy in America*. Moreover, the author exaggerates considerably the influence of landownership in the formation of monopolies. He fails to show that bituminous coal, or copper ore, or natural gas has been brought under unified control to a sufficient extent for arbitrary limitation of output and regulation or price. His attribution of the monopoly in petroleum to ownership of oil-producing lands is certainly incorrect, since this is a monopoly of manufacture and of transportation facilities rather than of raw material. "The power of the Standard does not rest upon a direct monopoly of the production of crude oil through ownership of the wells."* Perhaps the most remarkable misstatement in the volume is this: "The railway is a monopoly because of its identity with land" (p. 138). Now there are a few important railway lines traversing routes, or possessing terminal sites, which are so much better than any alternative routes or sites as to give all the advantages of a true monopoly. But they are in a small minority. In the great majority of cases, a second parallel strip or parallel site could be found which would be equally or almost equally suitable. Neither the amount

*Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on the Petroleum Industry, part i., p. 8.

nor the kind of land owned by a railroad, nor its legal privilege of holding land in a long, continuous strip, is the efficient cause of a railway monopoly. To attribute the monopoly to land is to confound a condition with a cause. One might as well say that the land underlying the "wheat king's" office is the cause of his corner in wheat. It is true that in a few of the great cities the existing railroads may, through their ownership of all the suitable terminal sites, prevent the entrance of a competing line. In the first place, such instances are rare; in the second place, the fact that there are several roads in existence shows that competition was possible without the entrance of another one. The influence impelling them to form a monopoly for the regulation of charges is not their ownership of terminal sites. No sort of uniform action with regard to terminals would produce any such effect. The true source of the monopoly element in railways is inherent in the industry itself. It is the fact of "increasing returns," which means that each additional increment of business is more profitable than the preceding one, and that in most cases this process can be kept up indefinitely. As a consequence, each of two or more railroads between two points strives to get all the traffic; then follows unprofitable rate-cutting, and finally combination.* The same forces would produce identical results if railroad tracks and terminals were suspended in the air.

Dr. Howe asserts that the monopolistic character of such public utility corporations as street railways and telephone companies is due to their occupation of "favored sites" (p. 133). How can this be true, when it is possible to build a competing line on an adjoining and parallel street? If the city forbids this, and gives an exclusive franchise to one company, this legal ordinance, and not any exceptional advantage in the nature of the land occupied, is the specific cause of the monopoly. If the city permits a competing line, and if the two lines sooner or later enter into a combination, the true source and explanation are to be found in the fact of increasing returns. Combination is immeasurably more profitable than cut-throat competition. Moreover, the evils of public service monopolies can be readily remedied through public control of charges and through taxation. Neither in railroads nor in public utilities is land an impelling cause of monopoly, or a serious hindrance to proper regulation.

Most of Dr. Howe's exaggerations of the influence of land upon monopoly take the form of suggestion rather than of specific

*Cf. Ely, *Monopolies and Trusts*, pp. 59, et. seq.

and direct statement. When he attempts in precise language to enumerate the leading sources of monopoly, he mentions four; namely, land, railways, the tariff, and public service franchises (pp. 68, 69). Nor is he able to prove his assertion that of these the most important is land.

Nevertheless, land is one of the foremost causes. The most prominent examples of land monopoly in this country are the anthracite coal mines and the iron ore beds. Fully ninety per cent of our anthracite coal supply (exclusive of Alaska) is now under the control of eight railway systems, which in this matter act as a unit.* According to Dr. Howe, the excessive profits reaped from this monopolistic control amount to between one hundred and two hundred million dollars annually.† In other words, the consumers of anthracite coal must pay every year that much more than they would have expended if the supply had not been monopolized. Nevertheless, the formation of monopoly would have been much more difficult if the railroads had been legally forbidden to own coal mines. As things stand, railway monopoly is an important cause of the anthracite coal monopoly. Some authorities are of the opinion that a similar condition of monopoly will ultimately prevail in the bituminous coal mines. Iron ore has been brought under the control of the United States Steel Corporation to such an extent that the Commissioner of Corporations writes: "Indeed, so far as the Steel Corporation's position in the entire iron and steel industry is of a monopolistic character, it is chiefly through its control of ore holdings and the transportation of ore."‡ From this statement, however, it is evident that the monopoly depends upon control of transportation as well as upon ownership of the ore beds. If the former were properly regulated by law, the latter would not be so effective in promoting monopoly.

Speaking generally, we may say that when a great corporation controls a large proportion of the raw material entering into its manufactured products, such control will supplement and reinforce very materially those other special advantages which make for monopoly.§ Prominent examples are to be found in steel, natural gas, petroleum, and water powers. In his report on the last-named subject, the Commissioner of Corporations (March 14, 1912) declared that the rapidly increasing concentration of control might

**Final Report of the U. S. Industrial Commission*, p. 463; Bliss, *New Encyclopedia of Social Reform*, pp. 245, 770.

†*Idem*, pp. 46, 47; cf. *Final Report of Industrial Commission*, pp. 463-465.

‡*Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on the Steel Industry*, part i., p. 60.

§Cf. Hobson, *The Industrial System*, pp. 192-197.

easily become the nucleus of a monopoly of both steam and water power. Ten great groups of interests, he said, already dominated about sixty per cent of the developed water power, and were pursuing a policy characterized by a large measure of agreement. As a rough generalization, it would be fair to say that in one or two instances, at least, landownership is the chief basis, and in several other cases an important contributory cause of monopoly.

Even an approximately accurate estimate of the amount of money which consumers are compelled to pay annually for the products of such concerns, over and above what they would pay if the raw material were not wholly or partially monopolized, is obviously impossible. In all probability it runs into hundreds of millions of dollars.

The second evil of private landownership to be considered here is the general fact that it enables some men to take a larger share of the national product than is consistent with the welfare of their neighbors and of society as a whole. As in the matter of monopoly, however, so here, Single Tax advocates are chargeable with a certain amount of overstatement. In the first place, they contend that the landowner's share of the national product is constantly increasing, that rent advances faster than interest or wages, nay, that all of the annual increase in the national product tends to be gathered in by the landowner, while wages and interest remain stationary, if they do not actually decline.*

The share of the product received by any of the four agents of production depends upon the relative scarcity of the corresponding factor. When undertaking ability becomes scarce in proportion to the supply of land, labor, and capital, there is a rise in the remuneration of the business man; when labor decreases relatively to undertaking ability, land, and capital, there is an increase in wages. Similar statements are true of the other two agents and factors. All these propositions are merely particular illustrations of the general rule that the price of any commodity is immediately governed by the movement of supply and demand. In view of this fact, it is not impossible that rent might increase to the extent described in the preceding paragraph. All that is necessary is that land should become sufficiently scarce, and the other factors sufficiently plentiful.

As a fact, the supply of land is strictly limited by nature, while the other factors can and do increase. There are, however, several forces which neutralize or retard the tendency of land to be-

*Cf. *Progress and Poverty*, book iv.

come scarce, and of rent to rise. Modern methods of transportation, of drainage, and of irrigation have greatly increased the supply of available land, and of commercially profitable land. During the nineteenth century, the transcontinental railroads of the United States made so much of our Western territory accessible that the value and rent of New England lands actually declined; and there are still many millions of acres throughout the country which can be made productive through drainage and irrigation. In the second place, every increase of what is called the "intensive use" of land gives employment to labor and capital, which otherwise would have to go upon new land. In America this practice is only in its infancy. With its inevitable growth, both in agriculture and mining, the demand for additional land will be checked, and the rise in land values and rents will fall behind the augmentation of capital and labor. Finally, the proportion of capital and labor that is absorbed in the manufacturing, finishing, and distributive operations of modern industry is constantly increasing. These processes call for very little land in comparison with that required for the extractive operations of agriculture and mining. An increase of one-fifth in the amount of capital and labor occupied in growing wheat or in taking out coal, implies a much greater demand for land than the same quantity employed in factories, stores, and railroads.*

So much for the forces that counteract the tendency toward increase in land values and rent. As to their effects, it is certain that they have prevented the additions to the national product from going entirely to the owners of land. During the last century, the amounts received by the owners of capital and by the laborers have undergone a large increase. Whether these increases have been greater or less than the increase in the share of the landowners, is a question that, owing to the lack of statistics, cannot be answered even approximately. Between 1899 and 1900 "the value added by manufacture to products," most of which went to the owners of capital and labor, increased 76.6 per cent; the expenditures for farm labor, 80.6 per cent; and the value of farm lands, 117.4 per cent.† However, a part of this gain in the value of farm lands did not represent an actual return to the landowners in the form of rent; for it was purely speculative, and hence profitable only to those who sold their farms during this ten-year period. Moreover, the growth in farm values was greater, in all probability much

*Cf. Walker, *Land and Its Rent*, pp. 168-182; Boston, 1883.

†Taken from *Advance Publications by the Census Bureau*, 1911 and 1912.

greater, than in any preceding decade. If we turn from *amounts* of return to *rates* of return, we find that, during the last one hundred years, the rate of interest has fallen considerably, while the rates of rent and wages have notably risen. While the average rent per acre or per lot of all the land that was in use a century ago has probably advanced faster than average wages, the substantial rise of the latter is undeniable, and remains the most encouraging fact of the whole situation.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that the value and rent of all kinds of land are steadily and rapidly increasing everywhere. During the first decade of the present century this advance reached the astonishing figure of 108.7 per cent *per acre* on the farms of the United States. In all our larger cities the increase is likewise remarkable. Between 1904 and 1908 the value of the land in Greater New York rose a little more than twenty per cent.* Almost as great advances have taken place in many if not in the majority of the other important cities of America.† The same phenomenon is observable in all the principal European cities, though not generally in the same degree as in this country.‡

That this upward movement in the value of both rural and urban land will continue without serious interruption, seems to be as nearly certain as any economic proposition that has reference to the future. Although millions of arable lands are still unoccupied in the United States and Canada, they cannot, as a rule, become productive without a comparatively large initial outlay for draining, irrigation, clearing, etc. Hence there is no likelihood that they can be brought under cultivation fast enough to halt or greatly retard the advancing values which follow upon the growth of population and the increased demand for agricultural products. In all probability the most of these lands will not come into use until the prices of farm products have risen above their present level. Obviously this supposes an increase in the value of all farm land, old and new. The adoption of better methods of farming will moderate the upward tendency of values, but is quite unlikely to bring it to a full stop. The same trend will prevail in the cities. Between 1900 and 1910 urban population in America increased 34.8 per cent as against a gain of only twenty-one per cent in the total population. While there will be retardations and temporary interruptions

*Howe, *op. cit.*, p. 127.

†Cf. Marsh, *Taxation of Land Values in American Cities*, pp. 21, 22; N. Y., 1911.

‡Cf. Camille-Husymans, *La plus-value immobilière dans les communes belges*; Gand, 1909.

in many places and through various influences, such as business depressions, inter-city rivalries, and the development of rapid transit, urban values and rents must on the whole continue to advance.

The conditions described in the two preceding paragraphs are peculiar to recent times. Before the end of the eighteenth century they were comparatively insignificant. Hence they have not yet received the attention that they deserve, either from the general public or from students of economic and social problems. The practical side of the situation is that the average owner of a unit of land, an acre or a city lot, will receive an ever-increasing share of the national product in the form of rent. Even in America, this class constitutes only a minority of the population. In 1900 only 46.5 per cent of the families owned any quantity of land.* The majority not only have no share in these gains, but must bear, in one way or another, the greater part of the burden of paying them. Moreover, this constantly advancing value of land is unique among the forms of productive property. Except where monopoly obtains, buildings and mechanical contrivances do not increase in value.

The statements in the foregoing paragraphs are probably as definite as can safely be made concerning the *increase* of the landowners' share of the national income. About the *size* of this share, either as a proportion or as an absolute amount, we are compelled to be still less definite. We have no government statistics showing how much of the annual product goes to the landowners, or to any other of the four classes of productive agents. Even if we knew the value of all the land in the country, we could not tell the amount of rent, because much of the land is unused. But we have no such knowledge. The United States Census gives the value of acre property and of farm land, but not of city lots, except those occupied by factories.† Only a few of the states assess land separately from improvements. The attempts made on the basis of such incomplete statistics by private individuals to estimate the total value of land in the United States are interesting, but are either too indeterminate or too conjectural to afford guidance or inspire confidence. Dr. Howe declares that "the pure land values of the country are at least \$35,000,000,000, and undoubtedly amount to twice that sum."‡ This estimate covers a pretty wide range. According to Mr. John Moody, who is perhaps the highest authority in America on subjects

*Abstract of the Twelfth Census, p. 28.

†Cf. volume on *Wealth, Debt, and Taxation*, pp. 11-13.

‡Op. cit., p. 307.

of this nature, the total wealth of the nation in 1907 was \$120,000,000,000, one-half of which he called "created wealth," and the other half "spontaneous or uncreated wealth."* From the context, however, we see that the "uncreated wealth" is not composed of land values alone, but includes the franchise and monopoly values of railroads and urban public utility corporations. These form a large part of the \$60,000,000,000, but, as we have seen above, they are only in a slight degree attributable to land as their specific and efficient cause.

While it is impossible to say how much rent is obtained by the entire landowning class, one or two significant statements can be made concerning the gains of sections and individuals. In the first place, the great majority of landowners have not received, nor are they likely to receive, from their holdings amounts of rent sufficiently great to be called unreasonably large individual shares of the national product. Their gross returns from land have not exceeded the equivalent of fair interest on their actual investment, and fair wages for their labor. Only a small minority of landowners have been enabled through their land holdings to rise above the level of moderate living. These statements are true of both agricultural and urban proprietors.

In the second place, however, a considerable number of individuals have amassed great wealth out of land. It is a well-known fact that land was the principal source of the great fortunes of mediaeval and post-mediaeval times, down to the end of the eighteenth century. "The historical foundation of capitalism is rent."† Capitalism had its beginnings in the rent of agricultural lands, of city sites, and of mines. A conspicuous example is seen in the rise of the great Fugger family of the sixteenth century, whose wealth was mostly derived from the ownership and exploitation of rich mineral lands.‡ In the United States very few great fortunes have been obtained from agricultural land, but the same is not true of mineral lands, timber lands, or city sites. "The growth of cities has, through real estate speculation and incremental income, made many of our millionaires."§ "As with the unearned income of city land, our mineral resources have been conspicuously prolific producers of millionaires."|| The most striking example of great

**The Arena*, May, 1907, p. 479.

†Hobson, *The Evolution of Modern Capitalism*, p. 4; London, 1907.

‡Cf. *Harper's Magazine*, Jan., 1910.

§Watkins, *The Growth of Large Fortunes*, p. 75; N. Y., 1907.

||*Idem*, p. 93.

wealth acquired from land is, of course, the fortune of the Astor family. While the gains derived from his trading ventures formed the beginnings of the wealth of the original Astor, John Jacob, these were "a comparatively insignificant portion of the great fortune which he transmitted to his descendants."* At his death in 1848, John Jacob Astor's real estate holdings in New York City were valued at eighteen or twenty million dollars. To-day the Astor estate in that city is worth between four hundred and fifty and five hundred million dollars, and in fifteen or twenty years will not improbably have increased in value to one billion dollars.† According to an investigation made in 1892 by the New York *Tribune*, 26.4 per cent of the millionaire fortunes in the United States at that time were traceable to landownership, while 41.5 per cent were derived from competitive industries which were largely aided by land possessions.‡ The proportion of such fortunes that is due, directly or indirectly, in whole or in part, to land has undoubtedly increased greatly since 1892.

As to the actual conditions of ownership in great land holdings, there is no adequate compilation of statistics. Following are a few conspicuous instances: The holdings of the United States Steel Corporation in iron ore, timber, coal, and coke are valued by the Commissioner of Corporations at nearly two hundred and fifty million dollars, and by the Steel Corporation itself at more than eight hundred million dollars.§ Three corporations own nearly eleven per cent, and one hundred and ninety-five individuals or corporations own forty-eight per cent of all the non-government timber in the United States.|| The United States Census of 1910 shows that the number of farms containing five hundred acres or over was about 175,000, and comprised ten per cent of the total farm acreage. One hundred and fifty persons and corporations are said to own two hundred and twenty million acres of various kinds of land. None of these holders has less than 10,000 acres, and two of the syndicates possess fifty millions each.¶

The third evil of the present system that we shall consider is the exclusion of a large part of the population from access to the

*Youngman, *The Economic Causes of Great Fortunes*, p. 45; N. Y., 1909.

†Howe, *op. cit.*, pp. 125, 126.

‡Cf. Commons, *The Distribution of Wealth*, pp. 252-257; N. Y., 1893.

§See *Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on the Steel Industry*, part i.,

p. 314.

||Taken from the *Report of the Commissioner of Corporations* to President Taft, Feb. 13, 1911.

¶Taken from articles in *The Single Tax Review*, vol. ix., nos. 5 and 6.

land. By "access to the land" is meant not only ownership, but use on reasonable terms. Between 1880 and 1910, the per cent of farm occupiers who were also farm owners fell from 74.5 to 62, while the per cent of tenants increased from 25.5 to 37.1.* In 1900 only 36.3 per cent of urban families owned their homes, and 12.9 per cent of these homes were mortgaged. The combined figures for city and country were: Houses owned by occupiers, whether free or mortgaged, 46.5 per cent, of which about one-third were encumbered; families living in hired houses, 53.5 per cent.† In that year, therefore, more than one-half the families of the country did not own the land on which they lived.

One of the most common charges against the present system of land tenure is that it keeps a large proportion of the natural bounties out of use. This happens in three principal ways: Owners of large estates refuse to break up their holdings by sale; many proprietors are unwilling to let the use of their land on reasonable terms; and a great deal of land is held at speculative prices instead of at economic prices. So far as America is concerned, the first of these contentions does not seem to represent a condition that is at all general. While there are many holders of large amounts of timber and mineral lands who are in no hurry to sell portions of their holdings, their probable purpose is rather to wait for higher prices than merely to continue as large landowners. As a rule, the great landholders of America are without those motives of sentiment, tradition, and social ascendancy which are so powerful in maintaining intact the immense estates of Great Britain. On the contrary, one of the common facts of to-day is the persistent effort carried on by railroads and other holders of large tracts to dispose of their lands to settlers. While the selling price is frequently higher than is warranted by the present productiveness of the land, it is as low as that which is demanded by the owners of smaller tracts. The general fact seems to be that the large holders of arable and grazing land do not put exceptional obstacles in the way of its purchase in small quantities.

The assertions that unused land cannot be rented on reasonable terms is in the main unfounded so far as it refers to land which is desired for agriculture. All the evidence tends to show that anyone who wishes to cultivate a portion of such land can realize his desire if he is willing to pay rent in proportion to the productiveness

**Abstract of the Twelfth Census*, p. 218, and *Advance Publications of the Census Bureau for the Thirteenth Census*.

†*Abstract*, p. 28.

of the land. After all, the landowners are neither fools nor fanatics. While awaiting a higher price than is now obtainable for their land, they would much prefer some revenue from it to none at all. Apparently the main reason why so much arable land is out of cultivation, lies in the fact that the land is either not sufficiently fertile, or requires too large an initial outlay in the form of irrigation, clearing, or draining. In both cases, it is the relative poverty of the land, not the stupidity or greed of the owners, that keeps the land out of use. As to mineral and timber lands, there is some reason to believe that the expectation of a rise in the price, or the desire to limit the supply of the product, sometimes impels the owners to withhold them from use at fair rentals. Some such condition is said to obtain in connection with the coal deposits in some of our Western states. Finally, the contention that we are now considering is generally true with regard to urban land. The system of leasing land to persons who wish to erect buildings thereon does not prevail on residence sites, nor, indeed, on business sites, except in the case of those suitable for unusually large structures. Outside of such pieces of ground, the general rule is that a man cannot get the use of city land unless he acquires it by purchase. We are speaking, of course, of conditions in the United States.

Cannot the land be bought at a reasonable price? This brings us to the third and most serious of the complaints concerning hindered access to land. The complaint in brief is this: Owing to the predominant fact that in most cities the value of land is rising (although the movement is subject to interruptions and set backs), the price at which it is held and purchasable is not an economic but a speculative price. That is to say, it is higher than the capitalized value of the present revenue or rent. For example, a lot which returns six per cent net on a capital of one thousand dollars (assuming six per cent to be the prevailing rate of interest on investments) cannot be bought for one thousand dollars. The purchaser is willing to pay more because he hopes to sell it for a still higher price within a reasonable time. His valuation of it is determined not merely by its actual income-producing power, but by its anticipated revenue-value and selling-value. ("In a growing city, an advantageous site will command a price more than in proportion to its present rent, because it is expected that the rent will increase still further as the years go on.")* The buyer will pay more for such

*Taussig, *Principles of Economics*, ii., 98; N. Y., 1911.

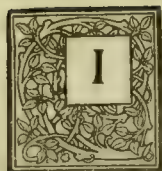
land than for a house which yields the same net return; for he knows that the latter will not, but hopes that the former will, bring a higher price in the future. Wherever this discounting of the future obtains, the price of land is unreasonably high, access to vacant land is unreasonably difficult, and the inevitable result is congestion of population.

Now, this condition undoubtedly exists the greater part of the time in the great majority of our larger cities, in many of our smaller cities, and possibly with regard to a considerable part of our unused arable land. Men will not sell vacant land at a price which will enable the buyer to obtain immediately a reasonable return on his investment. They demand in addition a part of the anticipated increase in value. As already intimated, this evil is incomparably greater and more widespread in the cities in the rural regions; for the owners of unused and uneconomically used arable land are much more anxious to sell their holdings than the average urban proprietor of a vacant lot. Hence reasonable access to such lands by purchase is impeded in a much smaller degree. While no general or precise estimate can be given of the amount by which the speculative value exceeds the present rent-producing value of land in cities, twenty-five per cent would not improbably be a moderate statement. Even when a reaction occurs after a period of excessive "land-booming," or in connection with a general industrial depression, the lower prices do not bring the manless land any nearer to the landless men. Only the few who possess ready money or excellent credit can take advantage of such a situation. On the whole, the evil that we are now considering is probably greater than any other connected with the private ownership of land. It is comparatively new simply because general and rapid urban growth is of comparatively recent origin.

All the tendencies and forces that have been described in the present article under the heads of Monopoly, Taking too Large a Share of the Product, and Hindering Access to Land, are in some degree real evils and abuses of the present system. Most of them do not seem to be sufficiently understood or appreciated by the active defenders of private ownership. To recognize these evils, and to seek suitable remedies for them, would seem to be at once expedient and right. In a subsequent article, we shall consider the remedies that seem to be just and effective.

THE FOSTER-CHILD.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



IT was a long, long time ago since Jimmie Brady had been carried out of the Union, snugly wrapped in Jane Brady's shawl, to be made a nurse-child of. It was so long ago, and Jimmie had been so young when it happened, that he had only the remotest memory of the stars in the purple sky, as he lay among the hay in the little cart while Jane drove the old pony up the Glen. But he did remember the change which had come upon his little life in the transplantation, from the walled-in workhouse and the nursery wards, with their high walls and barred windows and hardly a peep of sky, to the Glen and the mountain cottage, and the strange special love which was suddenly lavished upon him, who had been hitherto only as a cog, a very small cog, in a machine.

He knew—perhaps it was not memory but something he had learned from Jane Brady, his nurse—that he had not known how to play nor how to kiss, nor how to receive kisses. He was ignorant of the very commonest things. He did not know a horse nor a cow when he saw them; he roared lustily when Shep, the house-dog, came to inspect him in a quite friendly manner. He had never seen a daisy—and he was quite sure he remembered his amazement at his first sight of a rose, one of the pink, monthly roses which grew in great profusion all over the Bradys' cottage.

There was an old brother and two sisters of the Bradys, and they had never married. John and Sally and Jane, they would never marry now: and strangely enough in Ireland, of the long families, they had neither kith nor kin. They had a little mountain-farm of about twenty acres, with the cottage and a horse and cart, a couple of cows, a few calves and pigs, altogether a nice little property.

It was Jane who had applied for the nurse-child. Jane was, as John put it, a fool about children. She ought to have been married and the mother of a household; but she had set her heart on a showy scoundrel, who had gone away to America and forgotten her.

Now she took the workhouse child to her heart with a starved avidity. John and Sally had been rather against it in the beginning.

They were too proud to stomach the idea of a workhouse child on their hearth; but when Jimmie came in with his head of shining, curly hair, his blue eyes, his soft, somewhat wandering, smile, his gentle manner, they capitulated to him after a very short resistance.

He grew up a very simple boy. He kept his innocence and simplicity beyond the allotted age, because he never associated, or desired to associate, with other boys. His mammie, as he called Jane, his uncle and aunt, were enough for him; with the calves and the pigs and the fowls; with Bob the old horse and Shep, now grown quite ancient; and the fields and the hills, the kind winds, the warm sun, the sweet rain.

If it were not for an occasional visit from Miss Keenan, the lady guardian through whom Jane had procured her nursling, they might have forgotten that Jimmie did not belong to them. Her characteristics were entirely masculine, but the masculine exterior covered a kind, womanly heart.

Miss Keenan was especially interested in Jimmie and his foster-parents. She used to give glowing accounts of Jimmie's well-being to the other members of the Ladies' Committee. "The old woman has reared the child in her bosom," she would say, with a touch of poetry; and she looked forward with confidence to Jimmie's adoption by the Bradys.

Jimmie knew many things which are not to be learnt at school: intimate secret things of the fields and the streams, of the birds and the trees, the animals and the flowers; but he was very slow at the "ould a-bay-say," and the higher walks of learning which he entered upon when he had conquered the alphabet.

The old schoolmaster understood. He was a bit of a poet, and he could read the passion in the boy's wistful glances as they wandered from the heated schoolroom out to the shining country beyond. He was patient with Jimmie. He even devised messages which would give Jimmie an escape from school for a while. He bore with the boy's slowness, his difficulty in learning. It was a bad thing for Jimmie when, somewhere in his thirteenth year, the old schoolmaster got "an impression" in the chest from a drenching received in a Winter storm, and died of it after a few days' illness.

The new master was young and he was choleric. He was very keen about his school, and impatient of slackness on the part of the scholars. Jimmie by this time was in the Fifth Class. He had really attained by very slow degress a measure of learning, of which he and the old people were inordinately proud. But he was slow.

He had a mild placidity like that of the cattle. Ask Jimmie a question from a school book, which he was quite competent to answer, and he would look at you with a wandering gaze. He would have to recall his spirit with a great effort from the mountains and the fields, where it was wandering, before he could answer.

Mr. White, the old schoolmaster, had recognized this, and given Jimmie his time. Mr. O'Laughlin, the new master, would watch Jimmie with a lowering eye while the boy tried to recall his straying thoughts. He had a sharp tongue, with a sting at the end of it. He began to make a butt of Jimmie. At first Jimmie did not understand. Satire was a weapon beyond him. When he realized that the master meant to be hurtful, when the other boys laughed and copied the schoolmaster out of school hours, he began to understand. The blood would come to his cheek by and by on slight provocation. It became a base pleasure to the master presently to bring that hurt and uncomprehending flush. Let him be excused! He was not a bad-hearted man, but his nerves were often strained to breaking point after a day of the school. He was a brisk, eager, energetic person. Jimmie's slow eyes—they were beautiful eyes by the way—turned on him in that uncomprehending manner made him want to strike the boy.

The day came when he struck Jimmie: not only struck him, but beat him about the head and face with his clenched fists in an uncontrollable fit of rage. He was sorry immediately his fury was exhausted: but he was not the man to show it. Jimmy ran home with a bleeding mouth and a blackened and swollen face. Old John got up from his chimney corner, and, with the old fire in his eye, vowed vengeance against the schoolmaster. The two old women wept, while Jane bathed her nursling's face and applied washes of herbs known only to the country dwellers. It was a week before Jimmie could see out of one eye, and all the Glen and the hillside were talking about the schoolmaster's attack on the boy.

Something might have been done if old John had not suddenly developed influenza, for he had vowed to carry his case against the schoolmaster before the guardians; but he rose up from his short and sharp attack a very weary old man, with no fight left in him at all, and his nerves shaken to that degree that he could not bear a rough or loud voice.

Miss Keenan was in the throes of a more deadly malady; and a lady whose strongest point was the necessity of discipline visited in her place. She rated Jane soundly because she had spoiled the

boy. She dismissed as unworthy of belief the allegations against the schoolmaster. She treated Jimmie as a wilfully disobedient and intractable boy, likely if he was not sternly repressed to do serious mischief by his example; it was a case Miss Synnott thought for corporal punishment and plenty of it. "Always remember, my good woman," she said to Jane, "that too much tenderness is at least as bad a thing as a mistaken cruelty."

Jane bore with her—with the incredibly humble and helpless patience of her class. Whatever she thought, whatever she felt, there was no indication in her little, meek, brown face, and the silence with which she received Miss Synnott's rebukes. She might have demolished the lady's self-satisfaction if her little closely-locked lips had let through their barrier the flood of speech behind.

Jane had her reasons for keeping silence. In four months time Jimmie would be fourteen. He would be beyond the age for compulsory school attendance. If all was well, if no complaint had gone to the guardians, if Miss Keenan was back—she had just begun to creep back to life slowly and painfully—they could apply to the board for permission to adopt Jimmie. He would be theirs; no terrible and capricious monster of a board, that might at any moment snatch the child from them, to be found any longer, but their own—to take up the work on the little farm which he delighted in; to comfort them in their old age; to succeed them when they should be gone.

Jane dissembled. She was not as meek as she looked, and she stored up a good many things that she might relieve herself of next year, when the boy was unchangeably hers. She listened to Miss Synnott patiently, and made promises for the boy's amendment, which were received with an air coldly discouraging. She paid a visit in her simplicity to Mr. O'Laughlin, with an intention of propitiating him, offering him gifts, which were too nakedly a bribe to serve their purpose. She coaxed and persuaded Jimmie to return to school, and having achieved so much, Jimmie, in blind terror of the schoolmaster, let slip whatever of learning he possessed, and was degraded not only to the Fourth Class, but to wear a dunce's cap for the remainder of the sitting.

That dunce's cap was the last straw. Jimmie's endurance was at an end. Doubtless the man who inflicted the punishment had no idea of how it seared a young and sensitive soul. A workhouse brat! Was it likely a workhouse brat could find unendurable the dunce's cap and degradation to a lower class? Jimmie seemed to suffer stoically a punishment at which most of the elder boys would have

mocked. As a matter of fact he endured tortures wearing the ridiculous pointed cap, which Mr. O' Laughlin had hastily concocted out of a brown paper, grocer's bag. To be set up there for the little world of school to mock at was worse to Jimmie than the degradation to the Fourth Class, although that would be bad enough, presently, when he came to think on it: he had ascended by such painful degrees.

He arrived home with the fixed determination to go to school no more; and this time no one could move him. Father Meredith, brought into the matter for the first time, came on hearing of Jimmy's contumacy; but the culprit was out of the house at the first wind of his coming and up on the mountain side. Jane, in bitter grief and trouble, did not present the most favorable side of the question. Father Meredith, a young priest newly come to the Glen, which was his first mission, knew nothing of Jane and her nursling. A mass of incoherent and rambling accusations against everybody in general and nobody in particular; so Jane's story seemed to Father Meredith. Father O'Connell, who had lived in the Glen forty years, would have known more about it. The young priest, new from the seminary, left the Bradys' cottage with the opinion that Jane, a wrong-headed and doting old woman, was in danger of spoiling the boy beyond redemption. Discipline must be upheld. Jimmie must submit to lawful authority. All the priest had seen of Mr. O'Laughlin had impressed him favorably. He could sympathize with the difficulties of his position, and was quite determined to uphold him.

However, to get Jimmie to go back to school was no easy matter. Seeing that the boy was off like a hare up the mountains the minute anyone in authority came in sight, that he seemed to sleep like the fox with one eye open and could not be surprised, it was easier said than done that he must submit himself to authority and return to school. Jane was not now perhaps the best adviser for him. She secreted the boy when John would have persuaded him to go back. For three months Jimmie set the authorities at defiance, living a hand-to-mouth existence, half the time in hiding in the mountains or the fields.

It was quite true that his example was a bad one for the other children. He was somewhat of a hero to the elder boys. A certain insubordination showed itself in their manner to the master. They did things they would not have thought to do before Jimmie Brady had awakened in their hearts the desire for an outlaw's life.

For three months Jimmie had set the authorities at defiance, and nothing had happened. The episode of the night-capping had occurred somewhere early in December. It had come to March. Nothing had happened. At the Bradys' cottage they began to feel that nothing would happen. Jimmie ceased to fly to the mountains at the first glimpse of a figure which was not that of one of the neighbors. He began to show himself more freely. He even ventured to take Bob to the forge to be shod one day, paying for the shoe proudly with a shilling which had been given to him by a lady to whom he had rendered some little service on one of his mountain wanderings.

To be sure Mr. O'Laughlin as an active enemy—and Jimmy had the most painful fear of Mr. O'Laughlin—was out of the battle in these days. He was in fact watching the last expiring flicker of life in his one son, a delicate tuberculous lad of about Jimmie's age. Heaven knows what aberrations of temper were not to be accounted for in him by the torture of his apprehensions for the boy. Now doubts and fears were at an end. There was no longer the cheating hope followed by black despair. The boy was dying slowly in these days of Jimmie's contumacy. The schoolmaster was quite beyond caring anything about it, or about the growing insubordination in the school. School was conducted in those days without any discipline whatsoever. The schoolmaster went through his work like an automaton: only the filmed suffering of his eyes might rouse even school boys to compassion.

He did not hear what everyone was talking about: that Jimmie Brady's glorious days were over. The blow had fallen with a suddenness: and it was a more crushing blow than anyone would have expected. The fiat of the board had gone forth. The boy was to be taken from the Bradys and re-assumed into the guardianship of the board. An application was to be made to commit him to a Reformatory School.

It was Jane Brady herself who brought the news to Father Meredith. He was a refined, scholarly young man, better suited for a Benedictine cloister than the care of a wild mountain parish. He looked up from the book he was reading as Jane was shown in by his housekeeper. A bitter north wind, gathering force every minute, rattled the windows and sang through the keyholes, and made the rather delicate young priest appreciate his own fireside.

He stared at the disordered, dishevelled appearance old Jane presented. She had struck him as a singularly decent-looking and tidy old woman, and he had wondered at her abetting the boy

in his evil doing. Now the snow was on her white hair. She had come out without a bonnet, and had run fast, and she was breathless. For a few minutes, while he tried to compose her, her words only came in sobs. Her apron was awry, and she had an air of being blown about and beaten by the wind. He hardly thought of these things for the bleached pallor of her face.

"Did ye hear?" she asked, "did ye hear that they're goin' to take the boy from us; him that I nursed in my bosom; that was the delight of our eyes; that was to take care of us in our old age? They're comin' for him to-morrow. I'll never see him again. Don't I know it? Didn't Biddy Neal have the foster-child took from her, an' didn't she lie on the road in her agony whin the Union van rowled away wid him, an' didn't she die widin the year, the poor woman, an' she callin' out on her dyin' bed for the little boy they'd robbed her of? Och, God help the poor! 'tis them that is helpless and trampled on! Sure there's no pity in earth or heaven!"

Father Meredith was horrified. His beautiful little edition of a classic fell from his hands. He had never imagined that Jimmie's contumacy was going to have such results. He stammered before the little distracted old woman who, he felt, had arraigned him.

"Oh," he said, "it won't go so far as that. The boy must be brought to see some sense, and the whole matter will blow over. I'm afraid Mr. O'Laughlin was unduly harsh with him. Poor man, he was hardly accountable for what he said or did. His boy is very bad to-night. I doubt that he'll see the morning."

"Do you know what they'll do with Jimmie?" Jane Brady asked, sternly waving away the question of another's grief. "They'll put him in the Reformatory School. Maybe ye know what that's like and maybe ye don't. Three months 'll destroy him: there won't be a disgraceful wickedness he won't know, him that's as innocent as wan o' them young lambs, the crathurs, shelterin' by the side o' their mothers from the cruel blast. Oh, I'm not sayin' that ye're not kind, that ye won't help us, if you can. But the board doesn't move in a day. The van 'ill come for him to-morrow, an' if it takes him I'd rather he'd lie where Willie O'Laughlin 'ill be lyin' to-morrow. I'd rather he'd be dead in his innocence. It'll be murder done on the white soul of him. He'll never be my Jimmie any more, in this world or the next."

Father Meredith was at his wit's end. It was quite true that the board was not to be moved in a day. It had moved, and

it could not undo its work for, at the very least, a week. Probably there would be arguments, discussions. The thing might drag itself out over several weeks. He remembered the Reformatory School; the boys sitting on the benches in the workshops, furtive-eyed, charged to the lips in many cases with the evil knowledge of the slums. Poor Jimmie! A soul might be murdered in less than a week. Absolute innocence is more easy to corrupt than innocence tempered by experience. A week, even less, of such company might mean, as the old woman had said, the murder of Jimmie's soul. He was their shepherd: the one answerable for the lambs!

Wild thoughts came to his mind of kidnapping Jimmie, of aiding and abetting his escape from that stony-hearted stepmother, the State. He was humble before the little old woman's accusing eyes. He did not excuse himself. He could be very rigid with himself; and now perhaps he was a sterner judge of his own actions than Jane Brady herself.

"I am coming with you," he said, huddling into his overcoat. It was a thin one, too thin for the season and for the attenuated form it covered. Father Meredith was a born ascetic. He needed little for himself, and he would not allow kindness to supplement his scanty allowance. As he took his stick and put on his soft hat under the light of the hall-lantern, his over-bright color, the stooped shoulders, and huddled air appealed to the old woman's motherly heart.

"Sure, God help your reverence, don't come out to-night!" she said. "The wind is bitter cowl'd that does be sweepin' down on us from the mountains. There'll be snow before the mornin'."

"It is all right, thank you, Jane," Father Meredith said gently. "I'm really very hardy. Whew! The wind is strong!" He had a battle with the wind before he could get out of the house. The sudden rush of it blew out the little hall-lamp and slammed all the doors in the house.

They stepped out side by side, not talking. The force of the wind was against conversation. They had as much as they could do to walk against it. The night was wild overhead. Now and again a dreary sough of wind came down from the mountains and clapped about their ears. There were flakes of dry snow in the wind. Overhead the moon sailed in a hurly-burly of cloud.

When at last they arrived at the little farmhouse at the end of the long boreen, John Brady opened the door, the pale frightened face of old Mary peeping over his shoulder. "God bless us all,

what a night," he said. "So ye've brought him home, Jane! Mary an' me was distracted wid you out an' the boy. He follied ye maybe. Ye weren't gone ten minits when he gave us the slip. Why, 'tis the priest. Where is the misfortunate boy strayed to, at all? An' him desperate. Och, glory be to God, he couldn't have took to the mountains on such a night!"

"He said he'd never be took alive," whimpered Mary in the background.

There was nothing to be done till morning, and meanwhile the priest did what he could to comfort the afflicted family. To be sure there was always the chance that Jimmie might come back, or might be in hiding somewhere nearer home than the mountains. He left them at last on their knees, saying the Rosary, and started out on the walk home, refusing to be driven. He was too wet to face the drive in the open cart in bitter weather. It would be better for him to walk, so as to keep warm on the way.

He faced steadily down the valley; his head bent before the wind and the snow; his hands deep in his overcoat pockets. He was really very cold. His teeth chattered in his head as he went. He said to himself that he must get into bed and have hot bricks rolled in flannel—the hot-water bottle proper was unknown in the Glen—to his feet to get the frozen feeling out of them. He would drink a cup of hot tea, and pile all the available blankets on his bed. He did not want to be laid up with a chill.

A bright light flashing in his eyes made him aware that he was near a cottage. He looked about him. He had not realized that he was so close to the schoolmaster's cottage.

He turned in at the little garden gate. The trim flower beds he had often admired, were blotted out by the falling snow. He fumbled for his handkerchief to wipe his glasses, and did it insufficiently. The window was a blur of light when he had put on the glasses again.

He knocked at the door and no one came. The schoolmaster was a widower. He had one old servant, rather deaf. Father Meredith supposed she must be out of hearing. Because of the sick boy he did not like to knock too loudly. But his second summons brought someone—O'Laughlin himself.

"Is it you, Father?" he asked, in a queer monotonous voice. "Old Bridget went to look for you a long time ago. I don't know why she went for you. There's nothing you can do. Willie died at five o'clock."

"My poor fellow!"

"I've nothing left now," said the man, closing the door upon the night, and opening the door of the little room beyond.

There, on a small bed, lay the dead boy. Someone had already performed for him the last offices. He lay in clean linen, his hands crossed on his breast, his golden hair smoothed, his eyes closed, in the strange majesty of death.

"He was a beautiful boy," said the man, in a dull voice. "He took after his mother. I used to wonder why she ever looked at a rough fellow like me."

Forgetting his wet garments, his fatigue, the priest sat down in the room where the fire had gone low. He set himself to the task of consolation, but he discovered after a while that what he said was not reaching the bereft man. He sighed to himself over his own helplessness, and he began to be acutely aware of his soaked garments. The most intense fatigue began to master him. He wondered if he should be able to get to his own house, nearly two miles further on. By accident he struck the right note for the distraction of the father's grief.

"If you could make up the fire and lend me a few things while my own are drying, I should be very grateful," he said. "I've been up to the Bradys, and I'm soaked through and dead-tired. I had pneumonia two years ago."

"To be sure," said the man, coming out of his stupor. "The Bradys, did you say? I'll have a fire and a cup of something hot in a minute or two. Come and change now. By the greatest of good luck I've a suit I never put on my back."

He led the priest into the little bedroom beyond, and found him the necessary clothes. When Father Meredith returned to the outer room he found that the fire had begun to burn briskly. The schoolmaster on his knees before it was watching a kettle, which was already singing.

"You were talking of the Bradys," he said after a silence. "A queer thing happened in the night. Willie was dozing and waking, dozing and waking. He'd start if there was the slightest sound inside or outside the house, and his hand in my hand was as wet as water. 'Father,' he said, 'I had a dream.' 'And what was your dream, Willie?' I asked. 'I dreamed, father,' he said, 'that Jimmie Brady was in the cave at the North Chimney, and that the snow was beating in at the door. I could see him where he lay asleep, and the snow wasn't whiter than his face.'"

Father Meredith, beginning to nod in the big armchair with the broken springs, roused himself.

"Willie said that, did he?" he asked in a tone of subdued excitement. "Supposing it was true! Jimmie Brady's run away. They were sending for him from the Union to-morrow, going to shut him up in the Reformatory School, the boy that was always as free as a blackbird. We were wrong, you and I. We might have been more patient. He's gone. He and your Willie used to climb up there together in the Summer."

"I know. Willie showed me the spot. Don't blame yourself, Father Meredith. It was my fault. I couldn't bear to see him strong and Willie dying. I hated all the strong children, God forgive me: and this poor lad opposed me. I ought to have remembered that he was good to Willie last Summer, when they went up the Chimney together. The little cave was full of dead leaves. The snow would be blown in at the mouth of it with this wind."

"He might be safe enough in the cave if Willie's dream was true," said the priest.

"If Willie's dream was true," assented the father, "Jimmie's face was whiter than the snow and he asleep. If he was to die it would be at my door."

"We must have search-parties out as soon as it's daylight," Father Meredith said; and remembered that he had not eaten for hours and was faint, despite the hot tea which the schoolmaster had provided.

"I think I'll be going," he said, getting up.

"You won't be going out of it to-night," returned the schoolmaster, with a rough kindness. "I'll get you a bit to eat: and then I'll step down and let your housekeeper know. You can say your Office by Willie when you've eaten a bit. I'll be back as soon as I can."

Father Meredith dozed in his chair. The schoolmaster had heaped on fuel before he went, but the fire was all but out, and the room turning chilly, when the priest woke with a start. He recognized that he must have slept for some hours, even before he looked at his watch, and found that it was eleven o'clock. Eleven o'clock; and there was no sign of the schoolmaster. The storm was raging about the house. Snow was falling thickly. When he pressed his face to the pane, he could make out nothing for the snow. It was the prelude to a blizzard which the people still talk of in the Glen.

Perhaps no man who cared for his life would have tried to climb the Chimney on such a night. Andrew O'Laughlin, having

come to the end of his joys, did not care; but, nevertheless, going forth, he had made his preparations as collectedly as though life were still dear to him. He had taken his lantern, with an additional candle in case he should need it, and a box of matches. He had put in his overcoat pocket a flask of whiskey. He had put on his hobnailed boots, which would give him purchase in the snow or on a precipitous slope. When he had made all his preparations he went quietly so that he should not waken the priest, who was nodding in his chair before the fire. He had a curious idea, as he strode through the night, that it was not Jimmie Brady, the boy who had fretted and worried him, that he must go out to seek and save, but Willie, his own boy, whom he had left quiet and cold in the lit room. Willie and Jimmie Brady—it was not Willie—it was the strange boy he had hated: no, it was Willie. The confusion of his thoughts helped him as he struggled up the mountain side in the wind and the snow, unconscious of the dangers and discomforts of the way.

The Chimney is a steep precipitous wall of rock, rising above a mountain tarn, beautiful in Summer, but most desolate in wild weather. There is no ascending the Chimney from the water-side, but it is easy enough, although a stiff climb, from the land side. From the top it is possible, if you have a good head and plenty of courage, to climb some little way down the face of the Chimney. There is a cave which some people have cared to visit, because a certain famous outlaw found refuge there in the Rebellion of '98. But it would be a passionate pilgrim indeed who would attempt it on such a night as Andrew O'Laughlin accomplished it, in the teeth of the famous blizzard.

No man perhaps could have achieved it in cold blood. But to a man half-crazed with grief, possessed of only one idea, and that that the child of his love needed pity and help, was beyond there in the cave in the face of the Chimney, perishing of cold and hunger, it was possible. Andrew O'Laughlin could never tell afterwards how he accomplished the descent, but he did it. He stood upright in the cave, holding above him the lantern which he had pushed before him as he wriggled along the narrow paths, and saw in the further corner, with the snow creeping up to the bed of dead leaves, the form of a sleeping boy.

At the same moment something came wriggling towards him—a dog. Shep, the Bradys' dog, the son of the old Shep, had found the lost boy first. He had slept across the body, keeping it warm. It was no dead child, but a living one, that looked at Andrew

O'Laughlin out of the heap of dead leaves, looked at him with a blind terror that smote the man to the heart, as though his own dead child had looked at him like that.

"Whisht, Jimmie," he said, "don't look at me like that. 'Twas Willie sent me to you. Poor Willie's dead. I've come to save you. You won't go back to the Union, child, not if I was to hide you from them myself. I think Willie meant us to be friends."

As a matter of fact the Union messengers did not find Jimmie the next day, nor the next. The Glen was snow-bound for some three weeks, during which both the schoolmaster and Father Meredith had been almost at death's door. When once more the Glen was in touch with life the menace was over. Miss Keenan had come back to affairs, looking rather bleached, but indomitable as of old, and had swept the committee off its feet with her wrath when she heard what had nearly befallen in her absence. The order for Jimmie's recall from the Glen was rescinded. The committee, with quite astonishing unanimity, recommended that the proposal of the Bradys to adopt their foster-child should meet with the sanction of the Board of Guardians: and the Guardians were quite willing to adopt the recommendation of the Committee.

So peace reigned in the Glen. Jimmie could never again be threatened with the death in life of the Reformatory School. Jane and John and Mary were more devoted to the lad than ever, seeing how narrowly they had escaped losing him. All the Glen was inclined to make much of him; and a strange, touching tenderness had grown up between Jimmie and Andrew O'Laughlin since the night they had crept together for warmth, Shep making a third, in the cave on the Chimney the night the great blizzard began, waiting for daylight and a little cessation in the falling snow to make the return journey. There was no more difficulty about the boy's going to school. If you had seen him stepping down to the school with a shining morning face any day of that Summer, you would never have believed he was the boy whose enemy had been the schoolmaster.

"I'll never make a scholar of him," Andrew O'Laughlin would say regretfully, "but he's a good boy, a good boy. We can't all be scholars."

"He'll be more useful to the old people without too much scholarship," Father Meredith said; looking benignly at the man who had found courage to live because his dead son had made a pact of love between him and the child he had hated.

RENÉ BAZIN.

BY JOSEPH L. O'BRIEN.



WE are told that the literature of an epoch is the truest interpretation of the inner life of a nation which is handed down to posterity—that a nation's literature is always the biography of its humanity. If there be any truth in these aphorisms, then recent French fiction gives Catholics a ray of hope for better things of a country which on the surface offers us a picture which saddens the heart. The French political world of the hour gives no evidence of relenting in the bitter persecution of Christianity, which has marked its course of action since the rise of the third republic—a course which has piled wrong upon wrong and insult upon insult without shame or blush. On the other hand, the literary world presents an aspect which at first sight appears incredible. Perhaps, outside of France, the literary movement, which has been working for the past twenty years, has not been appreciated. But at home its influence has been recognized and encouraged. To-day the fact is evident—the country which has offered to the world the most consistent and the most relentless persecution of the Church in modern times, is in the midst of a Catholic revival of letters. For the first time in decades, French literature of the very highest class is Catholic in tone and spirit.

Within the last twenty years such masters of literature as Coppée, Brunetière, Verlaine, Huysmans, Retté, and Bourget have renounced their old ways, deserted the irreligious schools in which they had been trained, and have openly avowed that Christianity was the only force in the world which could give a vital and lasting spirit to art. Under their guidance and example, an army of young disciples has sprung up and infused new life and vigor into a literature which was dying of dry rot, the aftermath of realism run riot.

It is not our intention to catalogue the names of the many able writers who at the present time are in the front rank of the movement, or even to enter into details on the history of its progress. We shall confine ourselves to the position of one man, and give a survey of the principles which underlie his work. A man who represents the movement at its best, and who from the beginning of his literary career has been one of the most ardent workers for the regeneration of French literature; a man who has done more to

rescue the French novel from the mire into which Zola and his school dragged it than any of his contemporaries, and who is acknowledged, even by critics who are opposed to his principles, as one of the greatest of French romancers—René Bazin.

Bazin was born at Angers, December 26, 1853. His father, educated as a lawyer and for some years a practitioner at the bar, retired and successfully engaged in commercial pursuits. The future novelist received his early education at the Lycée of Angers, and at the College of Montgazon conducted by secular priests. Owing to delicate health, and on the advice of physicians, his vacations were regularly passed in the country amidst the sturdy peasant people, to whom he became very much attached. Of his days in these surroundings he writes: "I worked little enough on *De Viribus illustribus*, but I learned that which is not taught—to see and to hear the mysterious life of nature. In place of having a class-room or a courtyard for a horizon, I had the forests, the meadows, the ever-changing sky, and the waters of a winding river which reflected the heavens." This daily communion with nature was the apprenticeship of the future artist. The scenes of natural beauty which then sank into his boyish soul were later to furnish the background for his greatest novels.

After completing his preparatory studies, from 1872-1875, he studied law at the University of Paris. When he had received the degree of licentiate there, he returned to Angers, where he prepared for his doctorate in the Catholic University of that city. In 1878 he was appointed Professor of Law at the University of Angers, a position he holds to-day despite his great literary activity.

But for three years Bazin passed as a student at the University, he has avoided Paris, and has been content to remain a provincial. Had he fallen under the spell of the great city, it is doubtful if he would have won the place in letters he now occupies. At least it can be asserted that his originality never would have developed along the lines which are to-day his greatest asset if his environments had been Parisian rather than provincial. "That which is best in him I attribute for the greater part to the surroundings in which he has lived, to the education which he has received, and to the impressions which he has gathered from his exterior environments. We, others, who have not been brought up in the country, have lost forever a world of joys and emotions. For us the charm of nature will remain forever a dead letter. We can never know the secrets which nature confides to those who at an early age learn the mysteries of her language." Thus writes

one of the ablest French critics, René Doumic, in his *Etudes sur la littérature française*, when he writes of Bazin and his work.

When Bazin, early in the eighties, began his work as a novelist, Zola and his school were the dominant factors in French fiction. Naturalism was the cry of the day. All the sores of human nature, all the moral ills of man, furnished the themes for the writers of this school. The finer qualities of human nature were scoffed at and ridiculed. Religion, love, and tenderness were made the butt of their poisoned darts. License in everything was their standard. Detailed pictures of infidelity, immorality, brutality, cruelty; debased workmen and peasants, profligate men and women of the world, and corrupt society filled their pages. Under the influence of this school modern French literature fell so low that decent people in other countries turned away in disgust. In America and in England the French novel and indecent reading were placed upon the same level.

All through his career Bazin has been hostile to the writers of the naturalistic school. He saw the contradiction of their position, and tried to make others see it. Calling themselves naturalists they were unnatural; realists they were unreal. He contends that they overshot their mark, and missed the truth which they so blatantly boasted was the sole aim of all their work. They missed the truth because they abused the mission of the writer, which is to make life worth living, to spread comfort and peace among his readers. They missed the truth because they were incapable of pity, and because they ignored the goodness and the sorrows of the humble, and finally they deceived themselves in depicting vice so complacently and so crudely, which is not only useless, but dangerous.

Among the many sins which can be laid at the door of the naturalistic school of fiction, none is more crying than the corruption of popular taste. Under the influence of books which, with the keenness of a surgeon's knife, cut into the sins of society and exposed to popular imagination vice and depravity in every form, little by little false ideas of the novel crept into the minds of the greater part of the ordinary reading public, taste was spoiled, and the finer feelings dulled. Outside of the lurid novel, where decency was outraged, everything was insipid. There was one Zola, but he had a thousand imitators, not only in France but elsewhere. The *littérature brutale* became the food for the people—the *littérature brutale* without beauty, without morality, and for the greater part without any pretence at literary finish.

M. Faguet, a noted French essayist, in his work *Politiques et Moralistes*, holds that popular art is an impossibility. "Literature and Art," he says, "are popular only when they are mediocre," and in so saying he reflects a very common opinion. The educated and the aristocratic feel that art of any kind is their special property—that it is above the common level, and that it is a sphere only for the initiated. According to this opinion a novel which is artistic must sacrifice popularity. Bazin shatters this contention, and shows that an artistic novel should first of all be a work for the people. According to him, art and literature are not the privilege and the distraction of the few. They have other means at hand to amuse themselves. The people, on the contrary, have need of something which will not only offer them means of enjoyment, but which will educate them as well. Popular art can exist in literature as well as in the other fields of art. The builders of the great cathedrals, the painters and the sculptors who decorated and adorned them, worked for the people. Plain chant, the most magnificent form of religious music ever devised, is essentially popular. The people of Germany, Belgium, and France (unfortunately the same is not true of England and the United States) are satisfied only with the music of the greatest masters. Popular taste has been cultivated to appreciate only the best of the musical art. And so Bazin holds that the people will appreciate good literature if it is offered to them. There is no incompatibility between literary excellence and popular intelligence.

Against those who on the one hand hold to the exclusiveness of art, and on the other hand against the writers whose only aim is to pander to a perverted taste, Bazin draws his sword. "Every great work of art," he says, "is a work of elevation and of education. It can be morally indifferent, but it must at least refresh the spirit by the presentation of beauty, it must lighten the burden of life, and give an hour of peace and rest. It fulfills its destiny when it soars above, when it elevates man and makes him better, strengthens him for sacrifice and for the service of God. It can never legitimately drag down humanity."

A great novel can be popular, provided it be written with an aim other than the amusement of the cultured—that the author choose his subjects from common life, and not from the narrow world of society. The common people, the backbone of a nation, may lack the delicacy of spirit and the refinement of taste which characterize the educated and the aristocratic, but withal they are not without a certain element of culture. Humble they may be,

but they have a heart which is touched by the joys and the sorrows of their fellowmen, a soul which expands under the influence of beauty. And in general they have more humanity than their brethren who are endowed with the good things of this world.

The novelist who knows how to interpret the popular emotions will be well on the way to create a popular novel. This is the secret of Bazin's immense popularity. Shunning the false philosophy of modern preachers, leaving aside the world of society, he turns to the people for his inspiration. In their joys and sorrows; in their ups and downs; in a study of the questions which confront them; in their struggle for daily bread; he has found the vital material for his books. By bringing home to the people a sympathetic delineation of their own life, he has struck the key-note of interest.

The peasant and the workman have all the sympathy of Bazin. True it is that many other writers have treated of them, but the greater part of these novelists have approached them the wrong way. They understood the common life little; they loved it less. The type of toiler they offer us is very seldom a pleasant acquaintance. Brutal, drunken, repulsive, the character is for the most part unnatural, and not representative of the class. With Bazin the treatment of the character is different. He is not drawn toward the humble of the earth through curiosity or false charity, but through love. He studies the toiler from his human side, and pictures him as a man. If he sees his faults he also sees his virtues, and if he lays bare his failings he offers a wholesome remedy. Bazin has the interest of the toiler at heart, and seeks not only to elevate him, but to make him better understood by his fellowmen in the other walks of life.

After making clear Bazin's attitude against Faguet and those who hold that an artistic popular literature is impossible, let us examine what he has to say against the advocates of naturalism in fiction. What Bazin urges against this school in France is applicable especially at the present time to the writer of English fiction. Of late years the tendency toward the *litterature brutale* has become more pronounced in England and America. Continental influences were slow to take a firm hold of our novelists. But realism has crept in, and has marred the work of many of the leading English and American writers. It is but a few months ago since a writer in a leading English review pointed out that Bernard Shaw and his like represent the greatest force in our modern literature. If this be true then we have reason to fear the outlook, and have much to learn from the strong words of Bazin, who is the greatest re-

former of the modern novel. His three principles which govern the novel and novel writing are summed up in the following:

(1) The romancer must know vice, but he must not dwell on it alone. He must see health as well as disease, the remedy as well as the malady, and when he touches wounds he has not the right to aggravate them or to treat them as a mere matter of description.

(2) The romancer should draw or at least imply a healthy conclusion; I do not say an optimistic conclusion. I do not mean to celebrate the triumph of good over evil, which, alas! is not always the case in life. I simply hold that a book will be a good book if the reader, when he has finished it, has felt more vividly the danger, personal or social, of the point which the author had in view; or if he has more clearly understood the grandeur and the necessity of the moral law to which he as a man is bound.

(3) The right to say everything does not exist. I know well that this right is proclaimed as a dogma by a whole school of publicists, who maintain that art knows no rule, no shame or no danger. I hold that this principle is absolutely false.

And a careful reading of Bazin's works proves beyond all doubt that he has never deviated from these principles—that he has at all times been true to himself. He has written novels—over thirty of them—which can be read and understood by the majority, and which are read and understood if the repeated editions of his books furnish a criterion. He has avoided theories and analysis which serve to no purpose other than to expound some philosophy which the writer has to offer, and to confuse the ordinary reader. He takes no pleasure in psychological subtleties, makes no pretence at writing a “psychologic novel,” and yet at all times he portrays man's inner self with exactness and depth of feeling. Action is preferred to reasoning, and demonstration to explanation, by novel readers, and in his novels action and demonstration are the characteristic points. He knows the secret of avoiding what *not to say*, the great fundamental rule of the story-teller's art. He has avoided the means usually employed by popular writers to gain the attention of the reader. Complications, intrigues, accumulation of incidents, a mixture of vulgarity, and strained tragedy find no place in his books. Everything is perfectly balanced—adventures and vicissitudes—and reduced to a minimum. Characters are developed in a normal manner, with the least number of circumstances required to show them forth. His stories are simple, logical, harmonious, and measured. He has the happy faculty of finding the most significant trait, the revealing detail which puts us in touch with the

inner workings of the thought and sentiment of the character. Such powers as these betray the real artist.

He has avoided the exaggerations, the vulgarity, and the violence of the realistic school. He knows that of which he writes, and says nothing of which he is not certain. He had living models under his eyes when he worked out the sketches of his characters. He has neither embellished nor deformed reality. Yet his books are neither coarse nor cynical. He never shocks his reader. He preserves at all times cleanness of thought, prudence in expression, and the desire to speak well of men and things which mark an honorable man. His realism rings clear and true, and shows the resources common life offers to a writer of taste and tact.

He instructs and elevates. All his work is a defence of order, of authority, and of religion. Bazin is a man of strong faith, who has the courage of his convictions. This courage he instills into his books, not by exaggerations nor by heated polemics, but by gentle persuasion. He inspires confidence, because he knows that every fault has its excuse; that every offence merits pardon; that love and joy, peace and comfort, are to be found in life, as well as misery and suffering. He has sought the spirit of the eternal youth and beauty of nature, and he infuses this spirit into his work. The world is beautiful; life is good because God has made them so. This is the moral which is evident throughout all of his writings. The moral which has the power of giving the reader a more healthy and more optimistic outlook of life, and which is altogether too uncommon in the popular novel of the day, which seems to have taken unto itself the duty of demolishing the present order of things, and reconstructing the world on a different scale.

Bazin has fulfilled to the utmost his ideal of what a novelist should be, and to-day is acknowledged one of the few great, if not the greatest, of French romancers. Quietly he pursues his course of writing novels, which satisfy all the requirements of literary art, and at the same time uphold and defend the teaching of Christian morals. Difficult as it is to follow the middle course in analyzing human nature, Bazin has proved that such a course is possible. He is a realist in the proper sense of the word, for his realism is not the representation of the part nor of the external. It is the real whole and entire. The real in which the soul is considered as well as the body. Latouche has well said that the novel is "life related with art," and this is just what Bazin's novels are: life and art.

New Books.

CHRIST'S TEACHING CONCERNING DIVORCE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Rev. F. E. Gigot. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50 net.

Father Gigot of the New York Diocesan Seminary has written "the present exegetical study to vindicate the indissoluble nature of Christian marriage, as distinctly maintained by the living tradition of the Roman Catholic Church, and solemnly proclaimed by the Council of Trent." He examines in turn all the New Testament texts bearing on divorce, viz.: Mark x. 2-12; Luke xvi. 18; 1 Cor. vii. 10, 11; 1 Cor. vii. 12-16; Matt. v. 31, 32; Matt. xix. 3-12, and shows conclusively that "the Church of God is simply re-echoing the voice of her Divine Founder, concerning the absolute indissolubility of holy matrimony, when she proclaims that whoever avails himself or herself of a legal form of divorce and contracts a new marriage is guilty of the sin of adultery."

The words of Christ and St. Paul are so clear that Father Gigot has no difficulty whatever in proving their absolute prohibition of remarriage after divorce. "And the two shall become one flesh.... What therefore God has joined together, let not man put asunder.... Whoever shall put away his wife and shall marry another, commits adultery against her; and if the wife shall put away her husband and be married to another, she committeth adultery." (Mark x. 8, 9, 11, 12.) "But to them that are married, not I, but the Lord, commandeth that a wife depart not from her husband. And if she depart, that she remain unmarried, or let her be reconciled to her husband. And let not the husband put away his wife." (1 Cor. vii. 10, 11.) "A woman is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband die, she is at liberty: let her marry to whom she will; only in the Lord." (1 Cor. vii. 39; cf. Rom. vii. 2, 3.)

Perhaps the best part of Father Gigot's book is his exegesis of the clause "except because of fornication" in Matt. v. 32 and Matt. xix. 9, which so many Protestants cite as allowing divorce for adultery. He points out clearly the decided opposition between verses 31 and 32 of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, which is absolutely disregarded by the scriptural defenders of divorce for adultery. The Jewish official interpreters of Deut. xxiv. 1-4, in Our Lord's time, made Moses the legislator of easy divorce. But as our author well states: "Jewish tradition notwithstanding, Israel's

lawgiver had not been prompted to require a bill of divorce by the desire of supplying the Jews with a simple and safe means lawfully to sever the marriage tie, since dismissal for the cause of fornication and with a bill of divorce leaves the marriage tie intact in the eyes of Moses, who expressly qualifies as adulterous ('after she is defiled,' Deut. xxix. 4) the subsequent remarriage of which he speaks. Moses had really been actuated to legislate concerning divorce by the purpose of discountenancing its practice as far as this lay in his power. He was so opposed to this 'abomination before Yahweh' that he stopped only short of its abolition, restricting its practice to the case of a husband who has the cause of unfaithfulness against his wife."

Matt. v. 32 is the "doctrine of One Who, like the Mosaic lawgiver, looks upon remarriage after divorce as an adulterous defilement; the dismissed wife commits adultery if she remarries, and 'whoever marries one put away commits adultery.' It is a doctrine entirely opposed to the false Pharisaic interpretation that any reason was valid for a man to divorce his wife."

A very clear exposition of the Pauline privilege is given in Chap. v. St. Paul in this passage, 1 Cor. vii. 12-16, "is dealing only with marriages contracted by two parties when as yet non-Christian, and transformed into, so to speak, 'mixed' marriages by the subsequent conversion of either husband or wife to Christianity." Marriage in this case is viewed by the Apostle "as a simple contract which one of the parties might either give up, or, on the contrary, ratify, because the other party had materially altered his condition in relation to it, and the binding force of which persevered only when the latter alternative was actually realized."

The two appendices on the harmony of Matt. xix. 3-12 with Mark x. 2-12, and the exact meaning of the Mosaic decree, are meant to complete the discussion of the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew. The book concludes with a copy of the usual form of a Jewish bill of divorce, and a brief bibliography mentioning the principal works on the question of divorce.

More care might have been taken with the literary makeup of the book. We rather tire of such verbal repetitions as: "The careful interpreter," "the interpreter of," "the impartial examiner," "the impartial interpreter," and the same idea is frequently repeated over and over again. But these are blemishes that may easily be corrected in a new edition.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CHRIST. By Robert Hugh Benson.
New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.20 net.

This series of sermons was preached by Monsignor Benson in London (1910), Rome (1911), and New York (1912). During his stay in this city the past Lent his charming personality gained for him many new American friends. While lacking many of the graces of the orator—voice, manner of delivery, gesture were in a measure defective—he still attracted many; first, perhaps, because he was a convert son of a Protestant Archbishop come to us from afar, and, secondly, because of the simplicity and earnestness of his direct appeal.

As a writer in the *London Tablet* said lately: "He has identified himself with a special understanding of the meaning of the Church—that understanding of the life of Christ within Her which makes Her one; and with the fertility of adaptation which approaches to genius, he preaches this doctrine in almost everything he writes." He adds the following critique: "More than once we have felt impressed—perhaps we should rather say depressed—with the breathless hurry in which they have been produced. The ideas merely suggested and left undeveloped, the very sentences and paragraphs sometimes incomplete, the contentment to skirmish where battle has been offered, all these are particularly striking in this collection of sermon notes."

There is none of the literary finish of Newman, there is none of the eloquence of Lacordaire, there is not the slightest evidence of the keen intellect of D'Hulst; but still Monsignor Benson gives us always good orthodox spiritual doctrine, and says many things that linger in the memory. Let us quote a few of his sentences: "There is no obstinacy like religious obstinacy; for the spiritual man encourages himself in his wrong course by a conviction that he is following divine guidance"....."While it is comparatively easy to distinguish between Christ, and, let us say, ecclesiastical music, it is not easy to distinguish between Christ and grace."....."The stronger the interior life, and the higher the degree of illumination, the more is the strong hand of the Church needed."....."We cannot know Christ in His most characteristic aspect until we find him among the sinners.".... "The only charge against Her (the Church) is that She is no friend of Caesar—no friend, *i. e.*, to any system that seeks to organize society apart from God"....."We seek to bend the Divine Will to ours,.... and we fail of course, lamentably and ignominiously, every time."

The best sermons in the whole book are those on the Seven Words of Christ.

SPIRITUAL PERFECTION THROUGH CHARITY. By Rev. H. Reginald Buckler, O.P. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50 net.

The title-page of this book announces that it is "Superseding 'The Perfection of Man by Charity.'" Learned, solid, and practical, the treatise consists of two parts or books, "The Study of Perfection" and "The Life of Charity."

In Part I. it is thus described: "The Perfection of Charity means the full subjection of nature to grace, of man to God, of self-love to Divine love." On this principle, Part I. approaches the study of the perfection requisite to dispose the soul for the indwelling of Divine Love.

In Book II. this life of charity is depicted with clearness and unction. "Here is the vastly practical principle. It may be called the indirect but very effectual method—not engaging immediately and directly with the lower man, but grasping the higher power of the spirit by the light and love of God. There God and the soul meet together in mutual love: and thus by the strength of Divine Charity the natural man is ruled into order."

This idea runs like a golden thread through the book linking up the soul's progress from one degree to another, finally leading it to the feet of God. Very beautiful is the chapter on the "Love of God Above All Things," and even more full of unction is the one entitled "The Degrees of Charity." But this latter would perhaps have been still more effective had it been the last in the book, rather than the last but one. Prayer is treated in an extremely lucid manner, also the active life, while the practical appeal of the chapter on "Suffering" and its uses may be summed up in the prayer quoted from St. Augustine: "O God Thou commandest that these things should be endured, not that they should be loved; for no one loves what he endures, though he loves to endure it." In conclusion we would say that the study of perfection under Father Buckler's guidance will be found an effective aid in the spiritual life.

PROSPERITY; CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT. By Rev. Father Graham. St. Louis: B. Herder. 15 cents.

It seems to many Protestants that one of the most conclusive

arguments against the Catholic Church is the present material prosperity of certain Protestant nations. Why is it, they are continually asking, that Catholic nations like Italy or Spain are less prosperous than Protestant nations like England, Germany, or the United States. They point to wealth, worldly greatness and commercial success as if these were certain divine marks, characterizing the Church of Jesus Christ. As Bishop Vaughan says in his *Foreword*: "Such a strange theory may commend itself to persons who never think, but its utter absurdity grows evident to any sincere student, so soon as he begins to form even a distant acquaintance with history; and melts away altogether when he has read enough to convince himself that (a) the most prosperous nations were at one period not even Protestant but pagan; that (b) at another period the most prosperous were precisely those which were likewise the most Catholic, and further that it is (c) only in these latter days that Protestant nations are having their turn."

Father Graham in a clear and convincing volume shows that Our Lord never intended His gospel to make men or nations rich and powerful or progressive; that the prosperity theory is contrary to the whole trend of Our Lord's teaching; that real temporal prosperity, which consists in the social and economic welfare of the people as a whole, did exist in *Catholic* England before the Reformation, and does exist in *Catholic* Belgium to-day; that the Church teaches that the main object of life is not to make money but to save one's soul; that if *de facto* Protestant nations are more wealthy on account of their religion, this only proves that Protestantism is more worldly and material-minded than Catholicism.

Since many speak of England's greatness and riches, and accept without criticism her wonderful prosperity as something that cannot be surpassed, he calls attention in three chapters to a few aspects of her national life, which show conclusively that no typically Catholic land should in any way envy her. He discusses in turn pauperism and destitution, the disgraceful housing of the poor, the general ignorance about religious truth, and the falling off in church attendance, the besetting sins of drunkenness and immorality, the evils of divorce, infanticide, dishonesty, and crime of every description, and lastly the industrial discontent shown by the rise of Socialism, and the great strikes that lately have all but paralyzed English commercial life. He compares the England of to-day to the Merrie England prior to the Reformation, referring his readers to books like Dr. Jessop's *Before the Great Pillage*,

H. W. Lee's *The First of May*, Keir Hardie's *From Serfdom to Socialism*, and Abbot Gasquet's *Eve of the Reformation*. "In the old Catholic days the Church was the centre of life of town or village; everything gathered around it and everybody was attracted to it as to a magnet; its welfare was the common care and business of the parishioners, and it formed the one enduring bond of unity and brotherhood among them. There was a beautiful and edifying equality, too, among people of all classes, a homely familiarity between landlord and tenant, master and servant, without loss of respect and authority, which can only be seen in a community framed on Catholic ideals. . . . Their successors to-day are mere machines or beasts of burden in comparison, whose main interest is to wring as much cash as possible out of their employers."

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION. By Arthur Judson Brown. New York: Student Volunteer Movement. 75 cents.

War is always a great educator. Few of us knew anything about South Africa before the Boer War, or about Japan and Manchuria before the Russo-Japanese War; in like manner the Boxer troubles of 1899 and the Chinese Revolution of 1911 have caused us to ask questions about China and its future. The present volume by an American Presbyterian missionary gives a brief account of the origin and progress of the Chinese revolution, and a rather superficial picture of present conditions in China.

He has a good chapter on the anti-Western attitude of the Chinese.

The victory of Japan over Russia, which had been regarded by the Chinese as the most powerful of western nations, awakened new hopes of successful resistance. They, like the Japanese, are more and more disposed to resent the leadership of foreigners. They feel an irritation, which we should be reasonable enough to understand, in realizing that the new railway thoroughfares of the country are largely in the hands of outsiders. Only 1,930 miles of the 6,300 in the Empire are under Chinese control.

Intense resentment was felt by the Chinese on account of the brutalities perpetrated by the allied armies after the Boxer troubles. Their exasperation increased when most of the legations took advantage of the panic which followed the raising of the siege of Peking, to seize large tracts adjoining their former compounds. Massive walls were built and cannon mounted upon them. The allied troops took possession of a great part

of the city wall, constructed several barricades, and built a fort there. Of course the legations were bound to guard against the repetition of their grievous experiences during the Boxer uprising. But looking at the matter from the viewpoint of the Chinese can we marvel that it is resented? Would Americans endure it at Washington?

The author has some interesting chapters on the progress of railroad building, commerce, education, constitutional and social reform, the leaders of the New China, and the constructive influence of Christianity. Only one page is given to the work of the Catholic Church in China from the thirteenth century to the present moment. While admitting that "it is not to the credit of Protestantism that it was centuries behind the Roman Church in the attempt to Christianize China," he still speaks as a dyed-in-the-wool evangelical of "the new era for the mightiest reconstructive and uplifting force in the world (*sic.*)—the preaching of the open Bible." He speaks with pride of the 46,400,000 copies of the Bible that have been printed and distributed, but we have only to turn to the pages of Father Wolferstan's *Catholic Church in China* to find out to what profane purposes these pages have been put.

The wonderful results wrought by Protestant revivals in China, with their "waves of confession and prayer," may be taken *cum grano salis*. With regard to educational work, however, we must admit that Protestants have been far more active than ourselves. Father de la Servière, S.J., says in the June number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*: "Even in Kiangnan, the educational work performed by Catholics is inferior to that of the Protestant mission, if not in so far as regards the value of the secondary and higher education given, at all events in respect of the number of institutions and students. Nanking, the southern capital, and such provincial chief towns as Soochow and Nganking possess no higher Catholic educational establishments than elementary schools, whereas the Protestant missions have everywhere founded magnificent institutions to which students flock by hundreds. In other vicariates the disproportion is even more striking still."

The progress of Catholic missions in China since 1899 has been most gratifying. There were then in all 542,664 Catholics; to-day there are nearly 1,500,000. "The annual increase in the number of Catholics has for several years past," writes Monsignor De Guebriant, Vicar Apostolic of Kientchang, "exceeded 50,000; last year it rose to 84,000, and this year (1911) will reach 100,000."

Some of these Chinese Christians have accepted important positions under the new government; one is director of the military arsenal at Shanghai, the first in China; another, as Governor of Nanking, received the votes of the National Assembly for the election of the president, Yuan Shih-Kai. Many Christian officers are to be found among the general staff of the Republican army, and peasants and workmen have joined its ranks in multitudes. When we reflect that for nearly two hundred years the Manchu dynasty has been a most bitter persecutor, and that the Mandarin government now overthrown was most corrupt and dishonest, we cannot wonder that the Chinese Christians are flocking to the standard of the revolution.

The future of China will depend upon the character of those now at the head of affairs. Many of these have passed through American and English schools. While a great number are "liberal" Protestants, they still adhere in part to the morals and civilization of the Gospel. What the future of the Chinese Republic will be it is impossible to foretell. Some critics have declared "that they have been painfully impressed by the self-sufficiency, levity, and incapacity of the *literati* of the new school," while others assert "that among them are many upright souls capable of all truth." Mr. Brown calls for hundreds of American volunteers for the Chinese missions. We trust that the Missionary College of Hawthorne, N. Y., may soon be sending some American apostles to China to help offset the false teachings of an imperfect gospel.

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY—REV. W. H. JUDGE, S.J. By Rev. Charles J. Judge, S.S. Hawthorne, N. Y.: Catholic Foreign Mission Society. 75 cents.

We gladly welcome the third edition of the life of Father Judge, S.J., which has just been published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of Hawthorne, N. Y. A book of this kind will prove a most effective pleader for the cause of foreign missions. It tells of a Jesuit of to-day, full of the spirit of St. Francis Xavier, gladly giving up his life as a sacrifice for souls in far-away Alaska. Nothing seems to daunt the soul of this zealous apostle. He loses the trail on a long sledge journey and trudges along up to his waist in snow; he camps out in a lonely hut with the thermometer registering fifty below zero; he makes frequent trips of hundreds of miles, visiting the sick, baptizing the dying, teaching catechism to the little ones, combating the superstition of the Indian Medicine

Man, eating the most unpalatable food, and suffering untold hardships; yet through it all he is ever bright, cheerful and hopeful.

His work at Dawson City among the gold miners, especially his care for them in the hospital, endeared him to many of these rough souls. Many careless Catholics were won back to the practice of their religion, and many non-Catholics learned to love the Church in first loving her saintly and untiring apostle.

The writer of this review can recall vividly some of these letters which were read to him by the missionary's brother, Rev. Charles Judge, at St. Charles College, Maryland, in the early nineties. The saintly Sulpician was proud of his brother's labors, and realized at once their effectiveness in arousing apostolic zeal. Any priest who wishes to foster vocations in his parish would do well to present this book to some of his boys.

NEWMAN AS A CATHOLIC.* By Paul Thureau-Dangin. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

The Catholic Renaissance in England during the nineteenth century has been most eloquently described for the French public by Thureau-Dangin. He has already contributed five volumes to this important study; namely, *Newman and the Oxford Movement*, *From the Conversion of Newman to the Death of Wiseman*, *From the Death of Wiseman to the Death of Manning*, *Catholicism in England in the Nineteenth Century*, and a *Life of Cardinal Vaughan*.

In the present volume he gives us a brief sketch of the Catholic life of Cardinal Newman. It is based entirely on the letters, diaries, and other documents recently published by Wilfrid Ward in his new life of the English Cardinal. He brings out clearly Newman's idea of winning over to the Catholic Church the scholarly world of to-day which has gone over in such numbers to agnosticism, and of confirming the faith of those inside who are troubled with modern intellectual difficulties. He gives an accurate synopsis of all the controversies that arose in connection with the Irish University, the proposed foundation at Oxford, the liberalism of the *Rambler Review*, the definition of papal infallibility, and shows us Newman in all his keenness of intellect, fervor of piety, and sensitiveness of soul.

We may say of his book as he says of Mr. Ward's life of

**Newman catholique d'après des documents nouveaux.* Par Paul Thureau-Dangin. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 3 fr.

Cardinal Newman: "By revealing to us the soul of Newman in its hour of trial, by describing in most minute detail the part he played in the controversies of his age, by picturing him in his worries, his sadness, and if you will, his weaknesses, he has brought out at the same time the depth of his intellectual viewpoint, and the generosity of his ardent faith. His soul speaks to us now with even a more human appeal, for it has been laid bare to us in all its beauty and purity. We are forced to love him the more without admiring him the less."

This life is written throughout with that clearness and beauty of style which always characterize a member of the classic French Academy.

STUDENT'S HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Rev. O. L. Jenkins, A.M., S.S. Baltimore: John Murphy Co. \$1.25.

Jenkins' handbook of British and American literature has long been honorably known; and the present *twenty-second* edition—bringing the immemorial record quite up to the moment by the inclusion of such names as Chesterton, Henry James, Thomas Hardy, *et cetera*—can scarcely fail of a welcome by the Catholic public: one hopes by the non-Catholic public as well! If there exists a more generally sound and comprehensive review of English letters, popular in style and compact in a single volume of readable type, it is unknown to the present reviewer.

It is hard to overestimate the importance of a wise study of literature—that queen of the "humanities," so inextricably bound up with the history of man, his aspirations and his philosophies. "More than anything," Aubrey de Vere declared, "a great and sound literature seems to be now the human means of promoting the cause of divine truth." Every intelligent effort to foster the taste for such literature, to provide a touchstone for determining such literature, is a service to the race. Catholic students, then, Catholic teachers and Catholic schools are to be congratulated upon the possession of this volume, which comes to them with the approbation of Cardinal Gibbons and the rector of the Catholic University. Perhaps a not-impossible *twenty-third* edition may further add to the usefulness of the handbook by bringing certain nineteenth-century authors into stricter historical sequence. It is to be hoped, also, because of their influence upon present-day letters, that room may be found for a more liberal consideration of Mrs. Humphrey

Ward and George Bernard Shaw; while Catholic readers will assuredly profit by some brief appreciation of the poetry of Katharine Tynan and our own Miss Guiney, as of the delicate subtlety and finality of Alice Meynell's essays. To be sure, these judgments upon contemporary writers enter upon the most difficult field of critical work, and from the very nature of the case must be either tentative or *personally* dogmatic! But one has learned to expect all but the impossible from Jenkins' handbook!

CATHOLIC STUDIES IN SOCIAL REFORM. A Series of Manuals edited by the Catholic Social Guild. London: P. S. King & Son.

I. Destitution and Suggested Remedies. With Preface by Monsignor Henry Parkinson. 12 cents net.

II. Sweated Labour and the Trade Boards Act. Edited by Rev. Thomas Wright. 12 cents net.

A Series of Manuals has been planned by the Catholic Social Guild, "with the express object of examining current problems of citizenship in the light of Christian principles, thus furnishing, for the benefit of those who are bewildered by the number and variety of the social panaceas proposed, some means of distinguishing what is ethically sound from what is based upon false or distorted ideals. . . . In this series, then, it is proposed, after a sketch of the history of each question, to show in what points and to what degree Catholic doctrine is involved, what projects are, at least negatively, sound, what motives exist for energetic action, and what Catholic agencies are already at work."

The first volume discusses three solutions of the problem presented by the indigent poor. It is a debated discussion of the different opinions brought out in the Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Man—a matter of particular interest to the English people of course, and yet involving principles and considerations of very general interest. The questions are discussed most practically.

The second volume collects data on the new phases of the sweating evil, suggesting to Catholics in particular the motives and the means that may make for coöperation in the eliminating of sweating. The essays are by Leslie A. Toke, Father John A. Stratton, S.J., and the Editor, and are well done. The frequent citation of Father Ryan's *A Living Wage* we note with satisfaction.

WOMAN AND SOCIAL PROGRESS. A Discussion of the Biologic, Domestic, Industrial, and Social Possibilities of American Women. By Scott Nearing and Nellie M. S. Nearing. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

Though not particularly distinguished for accuracy or for depth, this study of contemporary women draws attention to certain urgent questions, and does something toward the suggesting of practical answers. The writers are over-hasty sometimes, and inclined to be extreme in their partisanship. They have gathered too many generalizations, and quote too freely at second-hand. Yet they do uncover not a few marks of progress, and raise issues to which conventionality will be hard put to reply. The chapters which relate to the industrial opportunities of women are the most practical and the most useful.

CRIME, ITS CAUSES AND REMEDIES. By Cesare Lombroso. 45 cents net.

THE INDIVIDUALIZATION OF PUNISHMENT. The Modern Criminal Science Series. By Raymond Saleilles. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$4.50.

These two volumes form part of a series, nine volumes in all, now being published under the auspices of the American Institute of Criminal law and Criminology. Realizing that the United States is many years behind European nations in the study of modern criminal science, the Institute purposes to translate the most important works of foreign authors on this subject. "The great need of a thorough study of criminal science is recognized not only by those engaged in the practice of criminal law, but by judges, professors, sociologists, penologists, physicians, police officials, and other professional classes."

Lombroso is best known by his arbitrary and now commonly rejected theory of the criminal type. Professor Saleilles, one of the most brilliant jurists in France, gives the following critique of it in his chapter on the Italian school of criminology:

It is well to recognize that the criminal type, which forms the sole reliance of this system, does not exist; or if it does, it is not yet determinable by any exact method. Unquestionably no one can deny that pathological abnormalities are found among the majority of criminals. Marks of degeneracy, in part

hereditary, in part acquired, are almost always present. But it is not possible to interpret such symptoms as a characteristic sign, infallibly, universally, and necessarily indicative of criminality; and still less is it possible thus to determine particular varieties of criminals. There are born criminals who are thorough perverts, who lack every moral sense, and have lost all feeling of compassion and uprightness, and who yet bear the normal features of honest men; and on the other hand there are persons who conform to the degenerate type, who present all the Lombrosian abnormalities, who may be, and probably are, neuropathic and ineffective, who have not committed crimes, and are not likely to do so.

After destroying the basis of Lombroso's system, the French jurist asks: What is there left of the Italian school? His summary is as follows: (1) Punishment is but a simple measure of prevention, in no way different from the precautionary measures taken with reference to the insane. (2) Punishment is not the sole measure of prevention to be taken against criminals, for in place thereof use may be made of a whole series of measures, in part economic or social rather than purely individual. (3) Punishment is not a penalty but a sort of individual treatment, which must not be fixed in advance by law in terms of an abstract crime considered solely as to its objective character. (4) Crime retains its purely symptomatic value.

Naturally these views are influenced by Lombroso's brand of Italian infidelity and his philosophic determinism. "He cannot find in religion a remedy against crime." "Religion is always individual, limited, and less effective than the economic influence which alone is universally felt by the masses." "Crime is not dependent upon free will." He brings together a mass of statistics to show the effect on crime of variation of temperature, climate, soil, and race. He tries to prove that crime increases with civilization, the chief difference being that new crimes are substituted for the old. The factors of density of population, subsistence, alcoholism, education, heredity, sex, civil status, etc., are discussed at length, although the reader frequently remains unconvinced by many of the deductions of this over dogmatic statistician.

A teacher who maintains that suicide is a real advantage to the security of the state, "that by abortion no right is injured," that infanticide is practically unimportant, etc., can hardly be a safe guide for a Catholic jurist.

Prof. Saleilles discusses at length the means of attaining a system of individualization of punishment; viz., that punishment should not be classified objectively according to the crime committed, but should in all cases be adapted to the character and circumstances of the individual criminal. Criminals must be punished, not crimes—this is the party cry of his school.

While we differ totally from his rationalist philosophy regarding free will and responsibility as set forth in Chapters VI. and VII. of his book, we find him courteous and scholarly throughout, a marked contrast to his unbelieving Italian confrère. Of course, like most of the criminologists of to-day, he insists too much on the remedial and deterrent ideas of punishment, ignoring totally the vindictive. He has something good to say about the indeterminate sentence, release on parole or under suspended sentence, and approves of reformatories of the Elmira type, which, with some modifications, he commends to the French people. It is a book to be read by every lawyer and judge.

A NEW CONSCIENCE AND AN ANCIENT EVIL. By Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00 net.

Miss Addams has written from a sense of her own "need for a counter knowledge" to the information daily brought to her through the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago. That she felt such need is not surprising to anyone familiar with that ghastly document, the Report of the Vice Commission of Chicago. Rather it seems wonderful that she has been able to find so many grounds of sober hope, and to preserve undaunted her old spirit of boundless sympathy and quenchless zeal.

In a sense her book is a review of the conditions made known by the Vice Commission, and may serve as a politer resumé of its contents. The details refer to Chicago, but the problem is the common one of large cities. The unspeakable horrors and the incredible degradation forced upon public attention so repeatedly in the last few years, might well appal the bravest optimist. Yet clearly there are means of at least improvement ready to hand, and if any notable number of us assimilate the sympathy and the courage embodied in Miss Addams, a fair measure of relief cannot be long delayed. Both in principles and in practical judgments, we would sometimes differ from Miss Addams, but in the present matter there is no gainsaying either the justice of her cause, the fitness of the measures she advocates, or the power of her presentation.

**THE CORRESPONDENCE OF INNOCENT XI. WITH HIS
NUNCIOS, SEPTEMBER, 1676—DECEMBER, 1679.*** By F.

D. Bojani. Two Volumes. Rome: Desclée et Cie.

The first volume of this scholarly work embraces the correspondence of Pope Innocent XI., with his Nuncios at the various European courts, on the most important political affairs of the years 1676 to 1679. The second volume records all the dispatches relating to ecclesiastical matters.

"In political affairs," writes the author in his preface, "Innocent is always reserved, and advocates peace and concord for the well-being of the nations; but in ecclesiastical affairs, on the other hand, he speaks with all the might of his Pontifical authority. His words are no longer mild and conciliatory, but energetic and unyielding; he never tolerates the least questioning of the rights of the Church. Still he is always most patient and prudent when face to face with determined opposition, and ever most kindly to those who show signs of penitence."

These letters reveal an austere, reforming Pope of extraordinary ability, an enemy of clerical abuses and of nepotism, a firm defender of the Faith, a stern denouncer of error, and an absolute opponent of compromise with recalcitrant kings and bishops.

He made many a strong protest against the abuses of the *régale*; he fought the ambassadors of France and Venice, who in Rome acted like soldiers in a foreign country, rather than representatives of Catholic princes at a friendly court; he did his utmost to arouse the old-time mediaeval enthusiasm for a crusade against the Turks; he was always a most ardent advocate for peace; he spoke plain though unavailing words to the despotic Gallican king, Louis XIV. of France, when, forgetful of his Catholic loyalty, he tried to make the State override the rights of the Church.

Every scholar will welcome these original despatches, which have been transcribed with the greatest accuracy from the Vatican archives. Some of these pages make most tedious reading, for we of to-day are not very much interested in minute details of ancient court etiquette and precedence, the petty squabbles of the seventeenth century princes and ambassadors, etc. But still letters of this kind, written with no idea of the future, give a perfect picture of conditions in those far-off days.

**Innocent XI. Sa correspondance avec ses nonces: 21 Septembre, 1676—31 Decembre, 1679. Par F. D. Bojani. Two Volumes. Rome: Desclée et Cie.*

MISS BILLY'S DECISION, by Eleanor H. Porter. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.25 net.) Miss Billy is an emotional creature who, after falling in love more than once, finally accepts a suitor she had rejected. Of this suitor she had once thought: "Bertram never was—and never will be—a marrying man." So argued all his relatives and all her friends. "He is too temperamental—too thoroughly wrapped up in his art. Girls have never meant anything to him but a beautiful picture to paint." But she discovers that he loves her for herself alone, and promises to marry him within a week.

There is much talk of wonderful tenors and wonderful musicians, who are able to express at will any mood of the human heart; but most of it is forced and unnatural. Some characters are fairly well drawn, like Aunt Hannah with her many shawls, Mrs. Gregory and her daughter, "who have known better days," and Billy herself, a rather impulsive creature without much depth.

THE ESSENTIALS OF SOCIALISM, by Ira B. Cross. (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.) In a little handbook, Professor Cross gives very clearly the terms and issues pertinent to the question of Socialism. What is set down in his pages is purely expository, and, though very succinct, is enriched with bibliography quite sufficient to carry the reader as far as he may desire to go. It is just the kind of primer which the general reading public demand in order "to know what Socialists and their opponents are talking about."

SOCIALISM: THE NATION OF FATHERLESS CHILDREN, by David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. (Boston: Thomas J. Flynn & Co. \$1.25.) The Preface to the second edition of Mr. Goldstein's book contains excerpts from a number of Socialist writers, who were made very indignant by the first edition. They are sufficiently abusive to raise antecedent suspicion in the disinterested mind that the author must have pretty nearly hit the mark. The reading of these pages will make it plain enough that the author has nailed the Socialist party fast to principles and tendencies which of late it has endeavored to repudiate. The philosophical basis, the historical associations, and illuminating chance incidents which proclaim Socialism to be something more than a mere economic question cannot be counterbalanced by the affirmation of a party platform. We do not say that the present

writer is always dignified and always temperate. But his work will help to open many an eye, and to furnish many an unanswerable argument.

SOCIALISTS AT WORK, by Robert Hunter. (New York: The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.) This book, first published in 1908, has since then been four times reprinted. It describes the recent phases of socialistic activity, and sketches the men who have ranked as leaders in the political struggles. Written from the standpoint of the journalist rather than the scholar, and in the tone of a panegyric rather than a critical study, it gives a glorified and consoling account of the great strides toward universal happiness that humanity has made in the last few years. It is not discriminating.

JESUS THE BREAD OF CHILDREN, by Rev. F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. (St. Louis: B. Herder. 35 cents), is inspired by some lines of the beautiful *Lauda Sion*, "*Vere panis filiorum*," etc., in which the children's claim to the Holy Eucharist is set forth, and very simply explained. Father de Zulueta has been indefatigable in his devotion to the cause of Frequent Communion since the Pope's decree. Here he labors earnestly to convince parents of the happy effects of an early reception of Our Lord on the hearts of children while yet in their first innocence.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD AND HIS LITTLE LAMBS, by Mrs. Herman Bosch. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cents.) Happy the mother who early endeavors to open her child's soul to the sweet influences of piety. The little ones in this book may seem precocious to some, but to those accustomed to observe the development of the child mind under the most favorable circumstances of combined piety, culture, and refinement, there is nothing abnormal. Long may the serpent be excluded from such paradises—veritable pastures where the Good Shepherd folds His lambs. The expression "littlest lamb," used by an adult several times, is the only thing to which we take exception; it adds nothing to the simplicity, and seems uncalled for.

Foreign Periodicals.

Preliminaries to Social Reform. By Hilaire Belloc. The problem of the healing of Industrial Society is not merely an economic one. Its three factors are the philosophy, or state of mind, which produced it, the economic circumstances which characterize it, the method of government which holds and moulds it. Of these the first is fundamental, yet is untouched by every specific plan of reform. England is sick economically because the institution of property has decayed. England is sick politically (although less grievously) because her legislative organ has fallen into contempt. English law and traditions presupposed every man subject to its jurisdiction to be an owner, with the responsibilities of ownership. To-day economic realities are at variance with traditions and laws which presuppose freedom, for even the name of freedom cannot long survive where most men politically free do not enjoy property. Two courses lie before us. We must choose between the re-establishment of servitude and the re-establishment of property. Every experiment in so-called "Social Reform" to-day tends to establish a state of society in which the proletarian class shall produce wealth by force of law under the guarantee of sufficiency and security alone, and this tendency is a diseased one.—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*, August.

The Intellectual Bankruptcy of Socialism. By W. H. Mallock. The essential doctrine of Socialism is that only one agency—labor—is concerned in the production of material wealth. Consistently to act on this principle means the abolition of all private capital. And to abolish private capital would destroy the advantages which property at present confers upon its possessors: the means of living without work which brings material gain; the freedom to save by investment; the freedom to use such savings as capital for one's self. Besides, Socialism would mean not less, but more slavery for wage earners. For the State, being the employer of all and unable simply to discharge a workman, would enforce a certain standard by penal discipline. Nor does Syndicalism, the ownership of the capital of all industry by all those engaged in it, offer any great advantage to the laborer. For as soon as adopted on a large scale, one syndicate of laborers would be fighting another, just as capitalists do now. Syndicalism is a "harking back to everything

in the Socialism of the past, which the educated Socialists of to-day have rejected as crude and obsolete."—*National Review*, August.

The Legal Minimum Wage in the British Coal Industry. By Constantine Noppel, S.J. The basis for the great strife between the employers and employees of the English Coal Industry was the question of an individual *Minimum Wage*. To put an end to the long-drawn out strife legal action was taken, and a law passed entitling every laborer to what may be called a "natural wage." This law was sanctioned on March 29, 1912. Opinions differ as to its probable effects. Some think it will react to the disadvantage of the employer, because the smaller capitalists will be put out of existence by the larger; some hold it places the laborer at the mercy of the employer, who can judge as to the exact wage a man is worth. This legal action is in perfect harmony with the words of Pope Leo XIII. in his encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, that it is a law of nature that every laborer is worthy of his hire, and the State is responsible, if not carried out, for his getting a fair wage for fair work.—*Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, No. 6.

Agricultural Vocation and the School. By Dr. Emmanuel Labat. Agriculture and the love of the soil, in the author's opinion, are the remedy for the low birth rate in France. He points out that the schools are the principal instruments in furthering a desire to farm, as the power lies chiefly with them to present in an attractive light that occupation to the child, and to prove to him that being born a peasant is a great boon rather than a dishonor.—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, July.

Social Movements. By Charles Calippe. A summary account of conditions in the working world of France, together with an examination of French, Danish, German, English, and Austrian laws for the welfare of the working classes. There is also in the article an account of the efforts made by private organizations to improve the working people's lot, and some suggestions as to the duty and ways of public coöperation in the work.—*Revue du Clergé Français*, July.

A Social Spiritualism. By Paul Archambault. An appreciative analytical review of Abbé Laberthonnière's book: *Positivism and Catholicity, a Study of L'Action française*. Both authors

are decidedly of the opinion that this society, despite its apparent and professed reverence for Catholic ideas and institutions, despite the approval it has won from many Catholic priests, is essentially pagan and materialistic, rejecting everything that savors of or makes for spirituality. The second and longer part of the essay deals with Abbé Laberthonnière's ideas concerning the rôle of authority, both spiritual and temporal, and with the system of social philosophy which he outlines.—*Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*, July.

The Belgian Elections of 1912. By M. Léon de Lantsheere. The Catholic party in Belgium has been in power for twenty-eight years, and the elections in June have further strengthened its position. This long enjoyment of power has been due to an enlightened social and political policy, which has brought peace and prosperity to the country. In Belgium every male twenty-eight years of age, who has lived in the commune a year, is entitled to one vote, and must use it by law. "Additional votes, never more than two in number, are conferred by the holding of certain situations, the possession of a certain amount of property or of a presumed intellectual capacity." The appeal of the Catholics to their record was effective against a coalition of the Liberals and Socialists called the *Cartel*.—*Dublin Review*, July.

The Decline of Religion in England. By John Straight. In spite of the inference of the Archbishop of Canterbury, figures show that the Catholic Church is holding her own in England. The figures point to a decline in the proportion of Protestant marriages, especially in the Church of England. The Church of England schools have also declined, while the Roman Catholic and Council schools have increased. Out of twenty-one million nominal members of the Church of England, less than two million and a half fulfill the minimum requirement of the Book of Common Prayer. The registration of the Wesleyan Methodists and other Non-conformist bodies shows a decrease of about seven thousand in a year. Altogether less than twelve per cent of the population give a whole-hearted allegiance to some form of organized Protestant Christianity. The figures showing the proportion of marriages in Catholic Churches give the minimum of the Catholic population—about two millions. This analysis is borne out by comment of Protestant authorities. The judgment of the same authorities on the

place of the Catholic Church in English life is totally different.—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*, August.

Is the Catholic Church Persecuted in Russia? The Russian government has, in practice, distorted the meaning of the imperial ukase of April 17, 1905, concerning religious toleration. The administration tries to stop the movement towards Rome by intimidating the peasants, by using every effort to bring them back again to the official Church. It aims at wrenching from the Polish kingdom the districts of Lublin and Siedlees, inhabited by former Uniats. "Intolerance is, in Russia, a method of government. Every man who obstinately refuses to become *orthodox* and *Russian* is a rebel."—*La Civiltà Cattolica*, July 20.

Freemasonry versus Christianity—Russia. By Flavien Brenier. Late in the eighteenth century Catherine II. introduced Freemasonry into Russia. The horrors of 1792 and 1793 opened Catherine's eyes to the anti-dynastic propaganda of Freemasonry, and she threw herself into a course of vigorous reaction. The lodges ostensibly closed their doors, only to foregather in secrecy and devise plans for the revolutionary upheaval of the Russian Empire. In 1822 the Societies of the North and the South and the United Slavs sprung from the Masonic lodges, with the establishment of a vast Slav Republic as a common project. In 1825 occurred the mysterious death of the Tsar. The Society of the North attempted the overthrow of Nicholas I. by declaring Constantine's abdication apocryphal. The energy of Nicholas stamped out the revolt, and under his conservative reign Freemasonry waned. A period of silence ensued; then the second period of the revolutionaries began with Alexander Herten as the father of Nihilism. Freemasonry cannot disown this movement, the leaders of which sprang from its bosom. Bakunin inherited the influence of Herten in 1862. His catechism preached the doctrine of Revolution; to him the anarchist party of to-day owes its existence. The ukase of October 17, 1905, has, however, removed from it the ban of law. In six years more than thirty lodges have been formed, affiliated to the French Grand Orient; others are forming. Generals, governors, members of the Imperial Council have become initiates.—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*, August.

The Centenary of William George Ward. By Canon William

Barry. Ward's prominent part in the Oxford Movement was not recognized in his lifetime. Only afterwards was he seen to be a great dynamic force to whom Tract XC. owed its existence. He antedated even Newman in his conception of the Church as ecumenical in fact as well as nature, and he effectually shattered the future Cardinal's illusion of a *Via Media*. In later years Newman and Ward drifted apart, because their natures were essentially different. Ward had little knowledge of history and no "historical sense." Hence his misconceptions of papal infallibility. Ward's suspicions of Newman and his sympathizers and the actions they inspired, did much to keep the Catholic body divided against itself, but on the whole he rendered valiant service. He has left us "a vision of the Church not as a memory or an antique, but as here and now speaking to all men; a method of silencing the skeptic by compelling him to see primary truths with his own intellect; a way into the realm of Ethical Law by conscience guiding and judging."—*Dublin Review*, July.

Probabilism. By Rev. C. J. Shebbeare. The author defines the various opinions of Catholic schools of theology on the question as to what is permissible when there is a doubt what course of action one should take. Among these opinions is *Probabilism*. He defends this system, and shows that it is "not the frankly immoral doctrine that it has sometimes been thought to be" by those outside the Church. He concludes by recommending "sensible and responsible Anglicans" to study "with care and respect the works of those systematic moral writers whom the Roman Church has so plentifully produced."—*Church Quarterly Review*, July.

Failure of Modern Educational Systems. By M'Hardy Flint. Modern educationalists fail to distinguish between what is meant by learning and by education. To-day those things that tend to develop the soul-qualities of the youth are eliminated. They are said to be unnecessary. The fine arts, music, drawing, etc., must give way to the present scientific trend of learning. And it is just those things that are being done away with that lead our boys and girls to cultivate a true moral taste. Again our present system is one of the moulding type; all are to bear the impress of the teacher, and individuality is put wholly in the background. The responsibility for the errors to be found in the present educational methods,

the author thinks, rests with those who are legislating. They are erudite indeed, but are little acquainted with the psychology of the child's mind. School days, therefore, instead of being bright and happy are to the youth of to-day a burden and hardship.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, August.

The Futurists. By Thomas J. Gerrard. A Futurist picture is a "synthesis of *what you see* and of *what you remember*. It is the dynamic sensation of the moment. The sensation of the artist is the first and last of all things." The philosophy underlying the school is what "troubles every lunatic in the asylums and out of them, namely, that things are something different from what they normally appear to be. If the human mind cannot penetrate such appearances and come to realities, then is there nothing left for it to feed upon but merely subjective sensations." Logically such subjectivism and rejection of reason must lead to a renouncement of morality. "Nothing is immoral in our eyes," says the Futurist manifesto. Inevitably, too, it must lead to a cult of the hideous. But while a mad and degenerate tendency, the Futurist movement should not be taken too seriously. Its exponents are little more than naughty children.—*Dublin Review*, July.

Studies (June): William Boyle discusses *Types of Irish Character* in fiction.—*A Pioneer in Modern Geometry*, by V. Bergeja, tells how Fr. Jerome Saccheri, S.J., almost became the discoverer of non-Euclidian geometry.—G. O'Neill traces back to Jewish sources the attempt called *The Legend of the Hermit and the Angel* to explain the problem of evil.—According to L. A. J. MacKenna, *The Educational Value of Irish* is second only to that of the classics.—In *The Intolerance of a Church*, J. Gwynn lays it down that truth must be intolerant. He complains of the false sentiment that only in religious matters attaches a stigma to "intolerance."

The Irish Theological Quarterly (July): Rev. Matthew Power, S.J., discusses the interpretations of the Greek of Luke ii. 49, 50. In his article entitled *Who Were They "Who Understood Not?"* he posits arguments for the different interpretations of the Greek *αὐτοῖς* and *συνῆκαν*. The conclusion will appear in the next issue of the *Quarterly*.—*The Genesis of Present Industrial Conditions*, by Father Kelleher, narrates the social and indus-

trial conditions of mediaeval times, and traces their progress through the terrible days of the Black Death, the stormy times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and concludes with a resumé of the present influence of Trades Unions.—Rev. E. J. Cullen, C.M., in *The Validation of Marriage*, briefly reviews the interest which non-Catholics take in the Catholic doctrine of marriage, and corrects the false impressions current among them regarding the *Ne Temere* decree. He emphasizes and explains the Pope's validation of certain marriages in Germany by his *Provida* of April 15, 1906.—The concluding article entitled *Literature of Investiture Struggle*, by Rev. Ghellinck, S.J., not only points the way to much reading concerning that great conflict, but also expresses many opposing views held in the Middle Ages concerning the Church, the Holy See, and the Sacraments.

The Tablet (July 20): A brief review of the history of the Catholic Party's twenty-eight years of power in Belgium.—W. H. K. defends Dickens against the charge of bigotry.

(July 27): *The Price of Catholic Freedom in Canada*, according to Abbot Gasquet, was the loss of the American colonies. Not taxation without representation, but fear that Protestantism was doomed on this continent caused the Revolution.

(August 3): Rev. Herbert Thurston reviews the very small results of the Anglican delegation to St. Petersburg.—The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of Canada has declared in effect that "what the marriage law of Lower Canada was yesterday, it is to-day."—The question *Is There a Catholic Vote That Matters?* is answered negatively by Robert Segar.

(August 10): An extensive account of the Catholic Congress at Norwich. Text of Cardinal Bourne's inaugural address, in which he dwelt upon the mission of the English language in restoring Catholicity throughout the world.—The pastoral of Pope Pius X. to the Bishops of South America. He condemns the Putumayo horrors in strong language, and urges action by the hierarchy.

Revue de Clergé Français (July 15): Vacandard thinks Aymar probably composed the *Salve Regina* about 1100. He discredits the authorship of St. Bernard for any part.—According to Venard, Harnack is getting closer and closer to Catholic tradition.—A full account of Holland's educational laws giving equal rights to private and State schools.

Recent Events.

France.

After a long contest, and with considerable modification, the government succeeded in securing the passing through the House of Deputies of the Bill for Electoral Reform. It will now have to go to the Senate, where it will meet with determined opposition. M. Clemenceau has published a Manifesto filling something like three newspaper columns, in which he points out what seem to him, and to not a few others, serious faults and dangerous consequences involved in the proposal. A Committee has been organized to give practical effect to these views. The Manifesto declares that reactionaries and revolutionists have joined their forces to perpetrate a crime against universal suffrage, and accuses the government of collaborating with the enemies of the Republic. Proportional representation is denounced as the contrary of the Revolution. It was by the principle of the majority's right to rule that the Monarchist and Church influences were conquered, and the preservation of this right of control, endangered by this Bill, is necessary to save the Republic from the same dangers. These influences are still, in the opinion of M. Clemenceau, quite powerful. In fact the Bill is supported by those who are in favor of the Church, because they realize that no hope exists of its restoration to power so long as election by majorities prevails; hence they have declared war against the existent electoral system. "It is," says M. Clemenceau, "the *revanche* of the Duc de Broglie that is being proposed." Another objection is found in the allegation that the system is so complicated, and the result of voting under it will prove so disappointing, that the mass of the people will lose all interest in elections, and in consequence cease to go to the polls. Even in *scrutin de liste* M. Clemenceau sees the danger, through the abolition of the representation of local interests, of the establishment of an all-powerful central bureaucracy, to which even Cabinet ministers will be subject. The government, however, seems determined to push the Bill through the Senate, even staking their own existence upon their success. It makes no bid for the support of Catholics, for the Premier has recently given utterance to his satisfaction at the establishment of the *école laïque*, and has declared that it was his intention, by administrative action, and the enforcement of the law, to defend the independence of the national school, and the neutrality of public instruction.

It is in accordance with the same devotion to the complete secularization of the nation that the proposal is being made, by classing the Grand Chartreuse as an historic monument, to secure its preservation as a museum of geology, forestry, and zoölogy, and to affiliate it to the University of Grenoble.

Nothing has happened to diminish the warmth of the *entente cordiale* with Great Britain. In fact, perfect agreement with that country's policy, as stated by its Foreign Secretary, is generally expressed. A new bond is found in the fact that the Prince of Wales has been spending some time in France for the purpose of perfecting his knowledge of the language. On his departure he was decorated by the President with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. The meeting of the Kaiser and the Tsar is believed not to have affected the alliance between Russia and France. If there be any doubt on this point, it will in all likelihood be removed by the visit which is being paid to Russia by the Prime Minister, who is also the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. As between France and Germany things remain as they were. A Commission is at work delimiting with exactitude that part of the French Congo which, under the recent agreement, is to be ceded to Germany. Nothing has happened in Morocco calling for particular mention, although it is too early to conclude that perfect peace is fully established, or that the country is as yet properly organized. Mulai Hafid has brought an end to his utterly detestable misrule by carrying out the resignation which he so long has threatened. His place has been taken by a near relative: but as the French are now in control, the last has been seen, it is to be hoped, of the evils brought about by absolute government.

Germany.

The German Emperor paid to the Russian Tsar the visit in return for that of the latter to Potsdam some eighteen months ago.

An official report, issued by agreement, says that this meeting was of a particularly cordial character, and that it gave a fresh proof of the relations of friendship which had united the two rulers for many years. The time-honored traditions between the two countries are to be observed. For the preservation of the general peace the mutual contact, based upon reciprocal confidence, is to be maintained. No new agreement was made, as no new question had arisen, nor yet was there any idea of producing alterations of any kind in the grouping of the European Powers. The value of this

grouping, the two monarchs declared, for the maintenance of the equilibrium and of peace has already been proved. The last declaration is looked upon as giving the German Emperor's approbation to what is called the Triple Entente of France, Russia, and Great Britain. If complete confidence could be taken in its being the sincere expression of his mind, the apprehensions felt by many would be relieved. Of this sincerity, however, no one can form a judgment. Nor does the Emperor, whether sincere or not, carry with him the acquiescence of his people as a whole. The German public, to a large extent, look upon the Entente as either a fiction or a conspiracy. Peace is to be preserved only by the sharpness of the German sword and the solidity, not indeed of the Triple Alliance, but of the Austro-German Alliance. There are those who go so far as to say that it is the duty of Germany to throw precaution to the winds, and by force of arms to destroy all of those who are keeping her from taking her proper place in the sun. And to judge by the action of the government, not by its professions, it would seem that it shares in this view. The result of the recent legislation in Germany, legislation made with absolute unanimity, so far as voting was concerned, is to place four-fifths of the German Fleet in a state of instant and constant readiness for war—a thing never before attempted by any nation in time of peace. This is the result of a policy which for several years has been marching unswervingly to its goal across the lifetime of a generation. There have been five Navy Bills within fourteen years. Naval expenditure has been doubled since 1900, quadrupled since 1898. In view of this action, it is not to be expected that the satisfaction expressed by the German Emperor with the present balance of power and the means taken to preserve it should inspire complete confidence. It certainly will not prevent the possible victim from making every effort to escape. No longer does Great Britain talk of a limitation of armaments. Two keels for every one built by Germany is called for by many. The government, however, is content with surpassing Germany's rate by sixty per cent, and to this it is now committed.

One of the most disquieting aspects of the case, and one which greatly increases the chances of war, is the bad feeling existing in Germany towards Great Britain, if the attitude of the German Press may be taken as representing the mind of the German public. The recent atrocities in the Putumayo district of Peru gave an occasion for the manifestation of that feeling. Although it was

to the efforts of the British government that the disclosures were due, and by it, along with that of this country, due punishment demanded, although not a single Englishman has been proved to have even known about what was taking place, certain German newspapers threw the whole responsibility upon the English, accused them not merely of complicity, but of the actual perpetration of the outrages, spoke of the "English Butchers of Indians," and declared them to be as bad as the late King of the Belgians. The only object for which this is mentioned is to show the existence of that bad feeling which is more often the cause of war than any real reason. At least, it more often brings things to a climax. The question, of course, may arise whether, and how far, the German Press represents the German people. On the whole, however, the prospect of the establishment of solid peaceful relations between Great Britain and Germany is by no means bright.

Spain.

Señor Canalejas, the Liberal Prime Minister of Spain, is coming to be looked upon as the one man necessary for the well-being of the country, at least for the present. Even the Conservatives adjured him to withhold the resignation which he was threatening. It is not that he is a statesman of commanding ability, able, as M. Venezelos has done in Greece, to find a remedy for the more urgent needs of the country. The fact is the political position is so chaotic, everything, it is thought, would go to pieces, in the event of his retiring. The Liberals are divided among themselves. The advent of the Conservatives would, many think, lead to a revolution. The Republicans are strong enough to prevent legislation, but would not, of course, be permitted by the other parties to form a government, and so a state of great uncertainty exists. Señor Canalejas is retained in view of greater evils that might ensue.

The Cortes has had under consideration a Bill of which the effect would be to diminish the powers of the central government, and to extend the scope of the various local administrations—granting in fact autonomy, under certain conditions of State control, to all the departments of local and provincial administration. The Bill has been under way for fifteen years. Some statesmen of long experience entertain the apprehension that undue strength might be given to separatist tendencies. The Catalans, especially, are known to have particularist aspirations, and as these provinces constitute the most industrious, richest, most hard-working and best educated

in Spain, the "Mancomunidades" Bill, as it is called, might, it is feared, lead to the creation of a State within the State.

The negotiations which have so long been carried on with France, for the settlement of Spain's position in Morocco, have not yet come to a conclusion. In the early stages, there was almost a state of tension. Now, however, it is somewhat confidently expected that a solution, satisfactory to both countries, will be found.

Portugal.

Great efforts have been made by Royalists to overturn the Republican government, and at one time these efforts gave considerable promise of success. Not only from the outside, but also at a few places within the borders of the country, did sympathizers with the monarchy give trouble to the supporters of the existing institutions. At a place near Oporto, some weeks ago, a large crowd paraded the principal streets, cheering for the monarchy, and raising seditious cries. These feelings of discontent encouraged the refugees in the Portuguese frontiers to organize expeditions for the capture of two towns, from which, had success attended their efforts, they would have been able to march upon Braga and Oporto. These refugees, it is said, were well provided with money and with arms. Strange to say, the money came, to a large extent, from the New World. At least it is reported that it was Brazilian supporters of the late dynasty that, to a large extent, furnished the funds. This would seem to have been the first time that the influence of the New World has been exerted in favor of royalty.

The hopes of the Royalists were, however, doomed to disappointment. The peasants of the North, although they were supposed to be favorable to the movement, proved quite apathetic: while the inhabitants of the towns were actively hostile. One of the towns which the Royalists hoped to seize was by stratagem denuded of the soldiers. The citizens themselves, however, made so vigorous a defence that the assailants at once abandoned the attempt. Within a few days as many of the Royalists as escaped capture were scattered in small bands, some of them in Portugal, some in Spain. The harboring by Spain, for so long a time, of persons preparing to overturn a friendly government has naturally given to the latter grave ground of complaint. The Portuguese government, in consequence, sent to the Spanish a strongly-worded protest demanding that it should take the measures to which the

Republic was entitled by international law, at the same time reserving the right to make such claims for compensation as might be just. The Spanish government has repeatedly made promises which it has failed to keep. The fault, however, may rather be that of the local authorities than of the government. There is, however, some reason to think that no small degree of sympathy exists in influential circles in Spain for the attempts of the refugees. A subsequent demand made by Portugal for their expulsion from Spain was refused by the Spanish Premier. Hence apprehensions are entertained that diplomatic relations between the two countries may be interrupted: this would complicate an already very intricate situation. Hundreds of starving *émigrés* are at present in Spain. According to the most recent reports, large numbers are now on their way to Brazil. Many royalists have been arrested, and have at once been brought to trial. This is in itself a sign of progress, for on previous occasions such offenders have been left to languish for many months in prisons of a horrible description. The sentences, too, do not seem excessive—six years' imprisonment with subsequent deportation.

The difference between the Spanish and the Portuguese governments is aggravated by the fact that the Republicans of Spain are manifesting open sympathy with Portugal. A leading Republican Deputy to the Cortes has recently paid a visit to Lisbon, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the population. As this Deputy has been the chief critic in Spain of its government's attitude toward the refugees, this visit and the reception given to it, do not tend to the promotion of good relations. In fact, it is strongly suspected that between Spanish and Portuguese Republicans a close understanding exists, which may not be without a detrimental influence on the Spanish throne. Practically the whole press of Lisbon has been making violent attacks upon the Spanish government, and especially on the Premier Señor Canalejas.

As it is to be expected, the internal affairs of Portugal offer few signs of improvement. The country is sinking deeper into debt, the Royalist attempts having, of course, an aggravating influence. An internal loan has been raised to meet the demands of the moment. The Coalition Cabinet, which was formed in June, is not so completely under the influence of the extreme Radicals as was its predecessor. It resisted the attempt to suppress the Legation to the Vatican, not indeed from any religious motive, but in order to preserve the political influence of Portugal in its colonies. Some of

the workingmen in Lisbon have manifested their discontent with their condition by a strike, attended with violence and bomb-throwing, for the suppression of which the Republican Guards had to be called out. That the Republicanism of Portugal is by no means Puritanical is shown by the fact that the Senate has framed a Bill which legalizes gambling. If it passes the Lower House this demoralizing practice will be lawful at seaside and country pleasure resorts. In most cases, the Municipality is to grant the license, and this is to be given to the highest bidder. A percentage of the profits is to go to the State. Some effort is made to guard against the evil effects of such a measure by the provision which prohibits any person under twenty-one years of age from entering a gambling house.

There have now been two sessions of Parliament since the establishment of the Republic. During this period one hundred and eighty-seven Bills have been passed into law. A fund has been created for disabled workmen; a new Civil Code has been elaborated; the building of new warships has been authorized. An enormous amount of time has been passed in petty discussions and constant bickerings. The cleavage between the Conservative and the Democratic parties has been widened. At the present moment, however, a truce has been made. The head of the Cabinet is a non-party man of considerable reputation, and of no little energy. The recent strike in Lisbon, which was causing great anxiety, was put an end to by his arrest of all the agitators. These he put on board a ship lying in the Tagus, and then proceeded to guarantee the right to work of anyone who wished to do so. Most of the men at once returned to their posts. The dissatisfaction of the working classes is widespread. They are constantly clamoring, as everywhere else, for better conditions of living and higher wages. For the Portuguese government, however, the difficulty is greater than for other governments, because the belief was strong among the mass of the population that the change to a Republic would bring an end, not merely to political, but also to economic evils. It is expected, should the present Cabinet be able to retain its power, that a revision will be made of the Dictatorial Decrees framed under the Provisional Government, of which the most detrimental were the law of the separation of Church and State, and the Divorce Law.

Whether the Republican government has kept the promises it made in its advent to power to put an end to the abuses connected

with coolie labor in the cocoa islands of San Thomé and Principe is a matter which admits of considerable doubt. Those who are interested in the matter, and who have devoted themselves to the work of reform, are by no means satisfied. They indicate their intention, unless the official attitude undergoes an immediate change, of making a straight fight to cause pressure to be brought by the Powers upon the Portuguese government in order that a real remedy may be found. The truth seems to be that the authorities in Lisbon are quite willing to put an end to the existent evils, but are not able to find agents capable of emancipating themselves from the control of the planters who derive their profits from the abuses.

Turkey. The internal situation in Turkey is in a high degree critical. That it may be at all understood, the events of the past few years

must be called to mind. The Young Turks who brought about the revolution were ardent Ottomans, and to a large extent army officers. They were mortified and chagrined at the weakness of Abdul Hamid in his dealings with foreign Powers, with the Commissions appointed under their auspices to supervise and, to a certain extent, to limit the powers of the Turkish government in its internal affairs. To strengthen Turkey was their main motive—they were Turks of the Turks. Abdul Hamid was a traitor. The loathsome methods of his government—espionage and delation, arbitrary banishments, and wholesale murder—rendered it easy for them to excite the feelings of the people against him. And when they succeeded in dethroning the detested tyrant, the sympathies of the whole world went out to them. Such confidence was felt in their profession of a desire to establish constitutional rule, that the Powers removed the officials who had been serving in Turkey for the protection of the subject races. This confidence they have abused. They have become themselves oppressors in their turn. The privileges which for centuries the various nationalities had possessed, they made every effort to take away. In this respect they have proved themselves worse than the deposed Sultan. Parliamentary government has been a mere pretense, for the Committee of Union and Progress exercised an extra-constitutional control, usurping to itself by various devices the executive and legislative power. When the Parliament was dissolved a few months ago, they “made” the elections so thoroughly that two days

before the late Cabinet fell it succeeded in obtaining a vote of confidence by a majority of 194 to 4. These proceedings naturally aroused opposition. The Albanians in particular have revolted in three successive years. But opposition was not confined to these subjects. It spread to the army itself. A considerable number of officers and soldiers broke out into open mutiny: and as Mussulman will not as a rule fire on Mussulman, the soldiers who remained loyal could not be trusted to suppress it by force, and in fact refused to do so. This led to the fall of the Cabinet, which had been formed immediately after the outbreak of the war with Italy, of which Said Pasha was the head, and which had been completely under the control of the Committee of Union and Progress. Its fall was the culmination of the efforts of the Moderates, and of those who are supposed to wish to govern on lines really constitutional. It does not represent the victory of the civil element in contradistinction to the military, for the active agents in the movement were to a large extent officers in the army. In fact it may be doubted whether in Turkey there is any civil element worthy of consideration, for the power of Turkey is essentially that of an army encamped among subjects whom it controls by force.

The new Cabinet—the first one freed from external domination—includes men of the highest reputation and of the greatest experience. They may in fact be looked upon as Turkey's "elder statesmen," corresponding to those of Japan. Its head is the veteran Mukhtar Pasha, styled the Victorious, who served in the Crimean War, and among its members are three who have been Grand Viziers. The great question is whether it will be able to hold its ground against extremist opponents on both sides. The Committee of Union and Progress is not likely to relinquish the power which it has so long and so disastrously wielded. It, in fact, threatens violent resistance, and even the recall of Abdul Hamid. On the other side, the demand is made for the dissolution of the Parliament elected quite recently, but in such a manner as to be in no wise a representative body. Those who made this demand were almost as violent as their opponents, and they have accomplished their purpose. Between the two the Turkish Empire runs the risk of being rent apart, and its much-to-be-desired dissolution brought about. The situation gives renewed hopes to the various Balkan States that the time may at last have arrived for them to shake off the accursed yoke. Their mutual

jealousies have for long kept them asunder, and thereby helped to hold them in bondage. But recent events have brought them closer together than ever before. Greeks and Bulgarians have become quite friendly. The Moslem Albanians are fraternizing with the Christian. The great obstacle, however, is the mutual jealousy of Austria and Russia, and their selfish interests and desire of aggrandizement. So far as appears, there is no prospect of this being removed. The whole situation is very uncertain; but it seems likely that we are on the eve of great events. In favor of Turkey the patriotic resistance to Italy has had no small influence. The fact that the Committee of Union and Progress had not taken the necessary measures in advance, and that Italy's attack found the country unprepared, contributed in some measure to its downfall. In the war between the two countries, no event of great importance has taken place.

Japan.

Although Japan does not as a rule come within the scope of these notes, it is scarcely fitting to omit all mention of the recent death of the last Emperor, especially as it was in his reign that Japan was freed from complete subjection to his absolute rule, and endowed with the blessing of at least some degree of self-government. It was from the Regent who had charge during his minority that the Emperor in early youth derived the liberal views which, after the abolition of the office of Shogun, first made him open Japan to freer intercourse with foreigners, abandon the seclusion in which his predecessors had lived, and enter into Treaties with other nations. When the time came he willingly divested himself of a large portion of his prerogatives for the good of the people over whom he ruled. He lived to see the result, for now Japan must be numbered among the Great Powers of the world. He is succeeded by his son, who will be the one hundred and twenty-third representative of a line of sovereigns whose record goes farther back than that of any Imperial or Royal Family in the world. Japanese annals claim that in the year 600 B. C. the first Emperor of the line came to the throne. This claim, indeed, is not corroborated, but from 461 A. D. no reasonable doubt exists that the Emperor's ancestors in an unbroken line on the father's side have succeeded one another.

With Our Readers.

IT is with great regret that THE CATHOLIC WORLD records the death on August 9th at San Francisco, California, of its former Editor, the Reverend Alexander P. Doyle, Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. In his death the Congregation lost one of its most zealous and influential members; Catholic literature an able representative; and the entire Church of this country an untiring apostle. Father Doyle's name and work were known from one end of the country to the other, to every class of citizen—Catholic and non-Catholic, high and low. The recognition which his work received, and the many channels into which his influence extended, are the more noteworthy, because he never received any ecclesiastical dignity. As often as it was offered he humbly refused.

Father Doyle was born in California, February 28, 1857. He was the first native Californian to be raised to the priesthood. In 1875 he entered the Paulist novitiate, and was ordained priest on May 22, 1880. He immediately went out into the mission field, and with others of the Fathers gave missions in many parts of the country. In 1892 he left that field of work, and was appointed Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD and Manager of the publishing house of the Paulist Fathers, known as the Columbus Press. It is to Father Doyle that we owe the cheapening in price and the popularization of Catholic doctrinal and apologetic literature. As Editor and Manager he labored from 1892 to 1904. In the last-named year he was appointed Rector of the Apostolic Mission House at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. He retained that office till his death. Many years ago he formed plans for the erection and endowment of this Apostolic Mission House. Father Doyle put his whole heart and soul and body into that work, and it may be said in all truth that the work cost him his life—but not until after success had crowned his efforts, and the Mission House was made such an institution as will live after him, and carry out his ideals for the conversion of America. The story of its growth and its success is familiar to our readers. Father Doyle not only built and endowed the Mission House—he also founded and edited *The Missionary*, and made known the worth of missionary labor in every town of the country. He gained for the movement thousands of supporters; brought the necessity of it home to our Catholic people, and guided an army of children—Holy Innocents—who daily pray God for its success.

It would be impossible to chronicle the many labors to which he

gave himself during these years. A true disciple of Father Hecker, one great enthusiasm possessed him—the conversion of America to the true Faith. This was the secret of his unbounded enthusiasm and his untiring zeal. The conversion of America was the end toward which he bent his every effort. He never counted the cost; physical health, personal comfort might be neglected; he might feel now and again the strain of untiring work, but such things were of little moment when the one great call was so urgent, so imperative. To promote zeal and knowledge among Catholics; to lead Catholics to greater holiness of life, that their light might shine before men and be the beacon for others into the true Church of Christ; to stand valiantly for the rights of the Church at all times and in all places; to take away by kindness and charity the prejudices of the non-Catholic; to lead the other sheep into the true fold, was the passion—we may call it such—that possessed Father Doyle. If to this great passion for the cause of Christ, one adds steadfastness of purpose, and an almost incredible physical energy, he will realize in some measure the characteristics of Father Doyle, and the things which, under God's grace, crowned his work with success.

He was zealous for the conversion of America. The zeal of God's house had devoured him. He was steadfast in purpose. No one ever accused Father Doyle of weakness or vacillation in the execution of what he knew to be his duty. He was steadfast in his duty; and steadfast in his friendships. Because he had given his life to a cause more than human, he possessed, what is so very rare among men, an immense grace of charity. His work was subject to much criticism. Oftentimes with good reason might he have resented in anger a false charge. But he would never be party to a quarrel. No one could forgive an injury quicker than Father Doyle. What to many would have been an unforgivable insult, and would have led to years of estrangement and even enmity, was brushed aside by him, and treated almost as if it had never happened. He would serve an enemy as quickly as a friend. Criticisms of others never marked his conversation. His charity was not limited to the deserving. Sympathy with him was a habit. No one was excluded from his far-reaching affection. Hence the desire by which he sought to bring as many as possible to the all-encompassing and saving charity and truth of Jesus Christ and His Church. Every field of labor that he could reach was tilled for this holy purpose. For years he was National Secretary of the Total Abstinence Union of America, and one of the foremost Catholic lecturers in the cause of temperance.

Father Doyle stood as a representative of the Church in this

country to our government in the matter of appointing Chaplains for our Army and Navy. His eye was vigilant to see where our Catholic priests were needed; his soul eager to see that Catholic sailors and soldiers were not neglected, and he enjoyed the confidence and respect of the hierarchy and the government.

Father Doyle had the power to plan and to accomplish. He was the embodiment of human force. How he worked so unceasingly; how he handled the numerous problems and questions that he had to meet, was a mystery to those who knew him well. Not gifted with natural oratory, he was a successful speaker. He elicited from all his hearers this feeling: "There speaks a strong man whose convictions overmaster him; whose purpose to win us is entirely disinterested." That is why, finding men of one frame of mind, he was able to change them to another. The divine art of persuasion was in him; not indeed of the highest kind, but his force of character compensated for this by raising it to the supreme degree. He had the drive of a powerful nature; and when God called him to use it for divine purposes, he responded with a devotedness which never relaxed its earnestness till he fell dead in his armor.

Father Doyle truly spent himself in the service of God. He never delivered a good stroke against error, or paid a ringing tribute to truth and virtue, but that his single motive was the expenditure of every resource for the honor and glory of God as embodied in Holy Mother Church. May his soul be at peace with God!

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OUR readers will be pleased to read the following words of appreciation of Father Doyle and his work from President Taft, Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Farley, Archbishop Ireland, and Theodore Roosevelt:

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

August 10, 1912.

REV. JOHN J. BURKE, *Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD*:

I deeply regret to hear of the death of Father Doyle. Under the law and the regulations each Church has a representative to recommend and become sponsor for the Army and Navy Chaplains selected from their denomination. I knew Father Doyle as the representative of the Catholic Church in this connection, and I always found him most careful, conscientious, and candid in his recommendations. I shall miss him much as a valuable assistant in the discharge of a delicate duty.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

MY DEAR FATHER HUGHES:

August 10, 1912.

I was painfully shocked on learning a few moments ago of the death of Rev. Father Doyle. Few clergymen were more conspicuously before the American people, or enjoyed their esteem more, than this distinguished Paulist.

As a member of the Apostolic Mission House in Washington, he was thrown into relation with several of our leading Prelates, who learned to admire his apostolic zeal. The conversion of America was the aim of his life and activity.

I regard his demise as a distinct loss to the American Church. It is an event of peculiar sadness to myself, for I kept up with him a steady correspondence.

Faithfully yours in Christ,
J. CARDINAL GIBBONS.

NEW YORK, August 13, 1912.

VERY REV. JOHN J. HUGHES,
Superior General of the Paulist Fathers.

MY DEAR FATHER HUGHES:

When your telegram came to my house, some days ago, announcing the death of our lamented friend, Father Doyle, I was in Syracuse presiding at the solemn obsequies of the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Ludden. I now hasten to express to you and the Paulist community my deepest sympathy in the great loss your community has suffered, a loss which will be keenly felt by the Church throughout the United States.

Outside of his own Fathers I presume my relations with him, during his religious and priestly career, were amongst the most intimate he had; and the knowledge of his beautiful character thus gained has left on me an impression which will last during my life.

His great and large love for the Church in everything that made for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ was the most prominent and inspiring note in his many and varied activities. His boundless zeal in imparting to others his ardent missionary spirit left no place in his heart for self. I do believe he spent himself, and was spent unto death, in ceaseless and devoted service for our Blessed Master.

"He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me" seemed to have seized and possessed his whole being. One cannot but think that he died a martyr of charity.

It is at least one consolation for us to know that when Our Heavenly Father was pleased in His mercy and goodness to call him to his reward, He first led him into the bosom of his family that his own might have the comfort of closing his dying eyes, and that he might have the joy of giving to them face to face his last blessing and farewell.

I shall miss him very much. We were associated together in many undertakings for the good of religion, the last, and not the least, of which was the work of the Apostolic Mission House in Washington. No nobler monument could be erected to his memory and to the zeal aflame within his apostolic soul. He beheld, with the clear vision of faith, America ready for the seed and the harvest, needing here the sowers and there the reapers, so that the Catholic Church would be recognized and accepted by the people of the United States as the one true exponent of Christianity, the staunchest bulwark of stable society, and the best guarantee of the permanency of American institutions.

May his great and gentle soul rest in peace!

Faithfully yours in Christ,
J. M. CARDINAL FARLEY,
Archbishop of New York.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, August 11, 1912.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

The unexpected announcement of the death of my dear and revered friend, the Paulist, Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, has given to me grief more poignant than words of mine can tell. Is it possible, I ask myself in confusing wonderment, that I shall not again meet my olden and true friend, Father Doyle; take cheer and brightness of soul from his ever-welcomed presence; talk with him on so many matters in which he and I found equal interest? To meet Father Doyle, in New York, Washington, St. Paul, was one of the ever-to-be-remembered charms now and then allotted to me by a Gracious Providence. And the oft-coveted favor is not again to be mine! I bow in submission to God's mysterious orderings: Thy will be done. How much is lost to religion in America in the death of Father Doyle? A noble, true-hearted priest he was; priestly in every stepping; utterly void of selfishness; wholly wrapt in work for God and his neighbor.

Always the enduring thought of his mind was what he might do for religion, and when the opportunity for action came, it was boundless joyousness to him to seize upon it promptly, to throw into it all his talent, all his energy. Pen and tongue were so ready for the task, and both moved so eloquently, so touchingly, that rich fruitage did not fail to crown his labor. The soldier of the faith, he was firm and dauntless; quick, yet measured in the advance; ardent, yet tactful and prudent in the execution. The Apostle he was, embodying in himself the best traditions of the Heckers, the Hewits, the Deshons of that community of modern apostleship to which the Church in America owes such a heavy debt, the Order of Paulist Fathers. Two works for which American Catholics should hold Father Doyle in grateful remembrance marked the latter years of his noble career. The Mission House in Washington, and the directorship, under the guidance of the Archbishops of America, of the Catholic Chaplaincies in the Army and Navy of the United States. The Mission House in Washington was the creation of Father Doyle and of his brother Paulist, Father Elliott. The active management of the work fell largely into the hands of Father Doyle, and in those hands it was eminently successful. It will be his lasting monument. The work is too important for religion not to call for the continuous encouragement of the Hierarchy, not to be deemed by the Paulist Order one of the chief glories, one of the chief blessings, bestowed through it upon the Church in America. Few others, perhaps know and esteem, as I have been permitted to know and to esteem, the labors of Father Doyle with regard to Catholic Chaplaincies in the Army and Navy. The work was much needed, and few could do it well. Tact, patience, intelligence, prudence were the requisites in the work. All these qualifications were God's gifts to Father Doyle. Through those gifts he won the esteem and willing coöperation of the officials of the government, and also the trustful confidence of the Chaplains themselves. His presentations of candidates for the Chaplaincies were the fittest; his counsels to Chaplains in active service were the wisest. The records of Catholic Chaplains is an honor to country and to Church; the honor is largely the result of Father Doyle's wisdom and zeal. The gentleman, the patriot, the priest, the apostle, be these words my epitaph to the memory of Father Doyle. Peace to his soul in a better world!

JOHN IRELAND,
Archbishop of St. Paul.

TO FATHER JOHN J. BURKE,
Editor THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

NEW YORK, August 13, 1912.

MY DEAR FATHER BURKE:

I am genuinely shocked and grieved at the death of Father Doyle. I have known him ever since I was Police Commissioner, seventeen years ago, when I became closely associated with Father Doyle, the late Father Casserly, and others of the Paulist Fathers. For Father Doyle, as for Father Casserly, I had a peculiarly strong feeling, and I worked hand in glove with both of them, and after Father Casserly's death with Father Doyle for many years. It was with Father Doyle that I first discussed the question of my taking some public stand on the matter of race suicide, it having been developed in one of our talks that we felt equally strong on the matter. I have never known any man work more unwearily for the social betterment of the man, woman or child whose chance of happiness is least in our modern life. Their welfare was very dear to him. Again and again in speeches which I made I drew largely on the great fund of his accumulated experience. I mourn his death, not only because he was my friend, but because he was so fearless and resolute a worker for the betterment of mankind.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

AN uncommonly stimulating pleasure is being offered to readers of *Scribner's Magazine* these days in the advance publication of George Meredith's letters. Many are the facets of that vital and varied personality which flash from the pages of this correspondence now half a century old! The August installment reveals Meredith in his young manhood—in those thirties and early forties when the strong man rejoices to run his race for life. There are playful and affectionate epistles to Janet (Duff Gordon) Ross, a youthful bride whom he had known in childhood; and there is one blithe fragment to William Hardman, written in the inebriation of a May morning, only less Greek than Elizabethan in its rollicking abandonment. Literary discussions with Swinburne and the Rev. Dr. Jessop, weighings of realism and idealism, comments upon the novelist's own poems ("flints, perhaps, not flowers," as he called them), and confusions of his discouragement in the old cry, gay yet heartsick—"Do you know Vexation, the destroyer?"—these alternate with letters to the son of Meredith's first marriage, his "Darling Little Man," Arthur, off at school and eager for vacation time.

The virile humanism of Meredith, the tenderness which went coupled with his irony, is nowhere more conspicuous than in his correspondence with Captain Maxse, culminating as this does in the revelation of his love for Marie Vulliamy. To his union with her Meredith looked forward, in spite of material difficulties and the probable head-shakings of friends, with a hope which burned "like a fixed lamp in his brain." "My friend," he wrote, "I cannot play

at life.....I have written of love and never felt it till now." In view of Meredith's later theories about marriage, it is interesting to note his opinion when touched by this pure and compelling passion: "I know that I can work in an altogether different fashion, and that with a wife, and such a wife at my side, I shall taste some of the holiness of this mortal world and be new-risen in it. Already the spur is acting, and health comes, energy comes!" All this is precisely the beautiful, inevitable sacramentalism so poignantly expressed throughout *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.

OUR Catholic educators have much to feel proud of in the past Summer. The meetings of the Catholic Educational Association in Pittsburgh were well attended by representatives of all the great educational agencies of the Church, and the discussions were sincere and scholarly. Several Catholic Summer schools, principally for sisters, attracted large numbers, and there is every reason for enthusiasm at the spirit shown. While not primarily educational, the Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians showed the interest of laymen in our schools by founding several additional scholarships at the Catholic University in Washington. It has long been a complaint of our colleges that they get no such magnificent gifts as the non-sectarian institutions. Let us hope that the generosity shown by the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Knights of Columbus in this regard is but the prelude to further splendid gifts, such as Mrs. Ryan's \$250,000 to a Philadelphia academy and Miss Hill's \$110,000 to another sisterhood.

Boston College is to move out into its new home this month. A magnificent site has been secured on Commonwealth Avenue in the beautiful suburb of Newton. One building has already been erected, and twenty more will eventually follow. The whole scheme of development has been carefully worked out, and the style of architecture selected is that English Gothic known as collegiate. This move of Boston College, however, means more than simply a change of location, more even than the launching out of a college into a university, for it marks a very radical change in policy on the part of the Maryland-New York province of the Society of Jesus. The old Boston College in the heart of the city is to be simply a high school, and only the college classes go to Newton. Heretofore the Jesuit Colleges in the East, unlike the great non-sectarian institutions, have had preparatory schools attached to them in the same buildings or grounds. This plan has some advantages, but it tends to make the average age of the college students lower than elsewhere, and on this account reduces the standard of scholarship, while increasing the difficulties of discipline. Under the new plan (which has also been put into effect in New York by reducing St. Francis Xavier's College to a high school and transferring

the college classes to Fordham) older and hence better college students are expected, which in the long run will greatly strengthen the college in numbers and efficiency. It is thought that this is but the prelude to similar changes in all the Jesuit Colleges.

THE National Conference of Catholic Charities will hold its second meeting at the Catholic University, September 22d, 23rd, 24th, and 25th. This Conference was organized in February, 1910, at the Catholic University, and it held its first meeting in the following September. There were approximately four hundred delegates present. Our readers will recall an extended review of the work of that meeting which we published in our November, 1910, issue.

Abundant proof of sustained interest in the aims of the Conference is not lacking. Prospects point to a very large attendance at this year's meeting. Twenty-two States are represented in the membership of the Committees of the Conference, and eleven States are represented among the authors of the papers to be presented.

The aims of the Conference are:

1. To bring about exchange of views among experienced Catholic men and women who are active in the work of charity.
2. To collect and publish information concerning organization, problems and results in Catholic charity.
3. To bring to expression a general policy toward distinctive modern questions in relief and prevention, and toward methods and tendencies in them.
4. To encourage further development of a literature in which the religious and social ideals of charity shall find dignified expression.

The programme of the Conference will embrace a general evening session, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday; committee meetings in the morning, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; and meetings of various organizations each afternoon.

The much-loved presence of Monsignor White, of Brooklyn, will be sadly missed. His energetic, progressive, optimistic spirit did much to make the first Conference a success, and his death was a blow not only to Catholic charitable work in Greater New York, but throughout the whole country.

The following are the officers of the Conference: *Honorary President*, His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons; *President*, Rt. Rev. Monsignor T. J. Shahan, Rector Catholic University; *Vice-Presidents*, Hon. Chas. A. DeCourcy, Lawrence, Mass.; C. C. Desmond, Los Angeles, Cal.; John A. Grehan, New Orleans, La.; John C. Hagan, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Thomas H. Kelly, New York, N. Y.; James F. Kennedy, Chicago, Ill.; *Secretary*, Rev. Dr. Wm. J. Kerby; *Treasurer*, Hon. William H. De Lacy.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Unbeliever; a Romance of Lourdes. By a Non-Catholic. \$1.25 net.
Peronne Marie. By a Religious of the Visitation. \$1.25 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

English Songs of Italian Freedom. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. \$1.25 net.
Early History of the Christian Church: From Its Foundation to the End of the Fifth Century. Volume II. By Monsignor Louis Duchesne. \$2.50 net.

CHARITIES PUBLICATION COMMITTEE, New York:

The Delinquent Child and the Home. By S. P. Breckinridge, Ph.D., and Edith Abbott. \$2.00.

ROBERT APPLETON Co., New York:

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Volume XIV.

G. W. DILLINGHAM Co., New York:

The Decision. From the French of Léon de Tinseau. Translated by Frank Alvah Dearborn. \$1.25.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

A Prisoner of War in Virginia, 1864-5. By George Haven Putnam. 75 cents net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Around the World. By Rev. J. T. Roche, LL.D. \$1.00.

MEANY PRINTING Co., New York:

A Study of Francis Thompson's Hound of Heaven. By Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J. Pamphlet.

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